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THE
W O R K S
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

==
VOL. III.
==

Strahan and Preston,
New-Street Square, London.



Engraved by W. Lisle, from a Drawing by Kneller.

ALEXANDER POPE.

*From an enamelled Painting in a Miniature,
given by Pope, to M^{rs}. Nugent. Now
in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at Stowe.*

THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.
IN VERSE AND PROSE.

CONTAINING
THE PRINCIPAL NOTES OF
DRS. WARBURTON AND WARTON:
ILLUSTRATIONS, AND CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY REMARKS,
By JOHNSON, WAKEFIELD, A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.
AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,
SOME ORIGINAL LETTERS,
WITH ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS, AND MEMOIRS OF THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By the Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, A. M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY, AND
CHAPLAIN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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AN
ESSAY ON MAN,
IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO
H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING propos'd to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to Men's Business and Bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the abstract, his *Nature* and his *State*; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being*.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The *disputes* are all upon these last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate*, yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short*, yet not *imperfect*, system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily

easily retained by him afterwards : The other may seem odd, but is true. I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself ; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious ; or more *poetically*, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning : If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are now to follow. Consequently these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the passage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

POPE.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

*Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to
the UNIVERSE.*

OF Man in the abstract.—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, Ver. 17, &c.* II. *That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, Ver. 35, &c.* III. *That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, Ver. 77, &c.* IV. *The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, Ver. 109, &c.* V. *The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, Ver. 131, &c.* VI. *The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, Ver. 173, &c.* VII. *That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, re-*
flection,

fection, reason: *that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties*, Ver. 207. VIII. *How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed*, Ver. 233. IX. *The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire*, Ver. 250. X. *The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state*, Ver. 281, &c. *to the end.*

POPE informs us, in his first preface to this Essay, “ that he chose this epistolary way of writing, notwithstanding his subject was high, and of dignity, because of its being mixed with argument which of its nature approacheth to prose.” He has not wandered into any useless digressions; has employed no fictions, no tale or story, and has relied chiefly on the poetry of his style for the purpose of interesting his readers. His style is concise and figurative, forcible and elegant. He has many metaphors and images, artfully interspersed in the driest passages, which stood most in need of such ornaments. If any beauty in this Essay be uncommonly transcendent and peculiar, it is brevity of diction; which, in a few instances, and those perhaps pardonable, has occasioned obscurity. On its first publication Pope did not own it, and it was given by the public to Lord Paget, Dr. Young, Dr. Defaguliers, and others. Even Swift seems to have been deceived. There is a remarkable passage in one of his letters: “ I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— said to me on that occasion; how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that, on the first reading those Essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: On the second, most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased: On the third, he had no doubt remaining, and then he admired the whole.”

The subject of this Essay is a vindication of Providence; in which the poet proposes to prove, ‘That, of all possible systems, Infinite Wisdom has formed the best: That in such a system, coherence, union, subordination, are necessary; and if so, that appearances of evil, both moral and natural, are also necessary and unavoidable: That the seeming defects and blemishes in the universe conspire to its general beauty: That as all parts in an animal are not eyes; and as in a city, comedy, or picture, all ranks, characters,

acters, and colours are not equal or alike ; even so excesses and contrary qualities contribute to the proportion and harmony of the universal system : That it is not strange that we should not be able to discover perfection and order in every instance ; because, in an infinity of things mutually relative, a mind which sees not infinitely, can see nothing fully. This doctrine was inculcated by Plato and the Stoics, but more amply and particularly by the later Platonists, and by Antoninus and Simplicius.

In illustrating his subject, Pope has been much more deeply indebted to the Theodicée of Leibnitz, to Archbishop King's Origin of Evil, and to the Moralists of Lord Shaftesbury, (particularly to the last,) than to the philosophers above mentioned. The late Lord Bathurst repeatedly assured me, that he had read the whole scheme of the Essay of Man, in the hand-writing of Bolingbroke, and drawn up in a series of propositions, which Pope was to amplify, versify, and illustrate. In doing which, our poet, it must be confessed, left several passages so expressed, as to be favourable to fatalism and necessity, notwithstanding all the pains that can be taken, and the artful turns that can be given to those passages, to place them on the side of religion, and make them coincide with the fundamental doctrines of revelation.

The doctrine obviously intended to be inculcated in this Essay is, " That the dispensations of Providence in the distribution of good and evil, in this life, stand in no need of any hypothesis to justify them ; all is adjusted in the most perfect order ; whatever is, is right ; and we have no occasion to call in the notion of a future life to vindicate the ways of God to man, because they are fully and sufficiently benevolent and just in the present." If we cannot subscribe, on one hand, to Dr. Warburton's opinion, " that these epistles have a precision, force, and closeness of connection rarely to be met with, even in the most formal treatises of philosophy : " yet neither can we assent to the severe sentence that Dr. Johnson has passed on the other hand ; namely, " that penury of knowledge, and vulgarity of sentiment, were never so happily disguised as in this Essay ; the reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing ; and, when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse." WARTON.

The difference between Lord Bolingbroke's system and Pope's is very well stated by Ruffhead :

" Pope's Essay on Man is a real vindication of Providence against libertines and atheists, who quarrel with the present constitution

tution of things, and deny a future state. To these he answers, that *whatever* is, is *right*; and he assigns this reason,—that we see only a part of the moral system, and not the whole: therefore these irregularities serving to great purposes, such as the fuller manifestation of God's goodness and justice, they are *right*.

“On the other hand, Lord Bolingbroke's *Essays* are a *pretended* vindication of Providence against what he considers an *ingenious* confederacy between *Divines* and *Atheists*; who use a common principle, namely, the *irregularities* of *God's moral government* here, for different ends and purposes; the one, to establish a *future state*, and the other to discredit the *being* of *God*. Lord Bolingbroke opposes both *conclusions*, by endeavouring to overthrow the *common principle*, by his friend's maxim, “*Whatever is, is right* ;” *not* because the present state of our moral world (which is part only of a *general system*) is *necessary* for the *perfection* of the *whole*, but because our *moral world* is an ENTIRE SYSTEM OF ITSELF. In a word, the poet directs his reasonings against *Atheists* and *Libertines* in support of religion; Lord Bolingbroke against *Divines* in support of *naturalism*. Mr. Pope's argument is mainly, systematical, and convincing; Lord B.'s confused, prevaricating, and inconsistent.”

It is well known, that M. de Croufaz wrote remarks on the *Essay*, accusing the Author of inculcating “*Naturalism*.” These remarks were answered by Warburton, whose interpretation, as it was adopted by Pope, is here retained. It is plain, that Pope did not in his *Essay* *intend* to inculcate *Naturalism*; but there are some passages which, notwithstanding all Warburton has done, seem to look that way. It is but fair, however, that he should have that interpretation by which he deliberately wished to abide. The eagerness with which Warburton's explanations were adopted, appears evidently from Pope's letter to him on the subject, in which I have no doubt he spoke the *truth*: “You have made my system as clear as I ought to have done, and could not; you understand me as well as I understand myself, but you express me better than I could myself.”

This poem is of the moral and philosophical kind, and is to be classed with the ‘*Poem of Lucretius*,’ &c. It has very little resemblance to didactic or preceptive pieces, such as the *Game of Chess* by Vida, Boileau's *Art of Poetry*, Phillips' *Cyder*, and other poems of the kind, which Warton enumerates. In its cast and character it is almost as different from these, as *they* are of a

different rank and character from poems which (as Warton says) "describe events." Its merit is to be estimated from the depth of thinking which it evinces as a philosophical treatise, and from the *propriety* and *beauty* of the language and illustrations which it displays as a poem.

This Essay was translated into Latin verse by J. Sayer.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
 Let us (since Life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us and to die)

Expatiate

COMMENTARY.

THE opening of this Poem [in fifteen lines] is taken up in giving an account of the subject; which, agreeably to the title, is an *ESSAY ON MAN*, or a Philosophical Inquiry into his *Nature and End*, his *Passions* and *Pursuits*.

The exordium relates to the whole work, of which the *Essay on Man* was only the first book. The sixth, seventh, and eighth lines allude to the subjects of this *Essay*, viz. the general Order and Design of Providence; the Constitution of the Human Mind; the Origin, Use, and End of the Passions and Affections, both selfish and social; and the wrong Pursuits of Happiness in Power, Pleasure, &c. The tenth, eleventh, twelfth, &c. have relation to the subjects of the books intended to follow, viz. the Characters and Capacities of Men, and the Limits of Science, which once transgressed, ignorance begins, and errors without end succeed. The thirteenth and fourteenth, to the Knowledge of Mankind, and the various Manners of the Age.

The

NOTES.

VER. I. *Awake, my ST. JOHN!*] Henry St. John, son of Sir Henry St. John, Baronet, of Lydiard Tregose in Wiltshire, by Mary, second daughter and heiress of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, was born in 1678. He was educated first at Eton School, from thence he went to Christ Church, Oxford, where, as through life, he was distinguished both by talents and excesses.

Of

Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man ; 5
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;

A wild,

COMMENTARY.

The Poet tells us next (line 16th] with what design he wrote, viz.

“ To vindicate the ways of God to Man.”

The men he writes against, he frequently informs us, are such as *weigh their opinion against Providence* (ver. 114.), such as *cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust* (ver. 118.), or such as fall into the notion, *that Vice and Virtue there is none at all* (Ep. ii. ver. 212.). This occasions the Poet to divide his vindication of the ways of God into two parts. In the first of which he gives direct answers to those objections which libertine men, on a view of the disorders arising from the perversity of the human will, have intended against Providence ; and in the second, he obviates all those objections, by a true delineation of human nature ; or a general, but exact, *map of Man*. The first epistle is employed in the management of the first part of this dispute ; and the three following in the discussion of the second. So that this whole book constitutes a complete *Essay on Man*, written for the best purpose, *to vindicate the ways of God*.
WARBURTON.

NOTES.

Of his political career more will be said in another place. His talents were shewy and brilliant, if not solid ; though he certainly wished to be considered in the light of a *great* genius, born for *great conjunctures* ! His predominant ambition, or, as Pope would say, “ his ruling passion,” was to unite the characters of a man of business and of pleasure. By the favour of Mr. Coxe, I have seen a collection of his letters, belonging to the Egremont family.

His letters to Sir William Wyndham, from Paris, are sensible, unaffected, and eloquent, with some plausible accounts of his virtues and philosophy in his exile ; at the same time he corresponds with Charles Wyndham, his son, a youth (afterwards Earl of Egremont), encouraging him in his earliest schemes of pleasure, and promoting an intrigue with a favourite actress ; on which subject, though sixty years old at the time, he evidently writes *con amore*. He married the niece of Madame de Maintenon, after the death of his first wife.

A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
 Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield ; 10
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or flightless soar ;
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise ;
 Laugh

NOTES.

Of his Philosophy, in which he was the preceptor of Pope, we may say with Burke, "*Who now reads Bolingbroke? Who ever read him through?*" But this Poem will continue to charm, from the music of its verse, the splendour of its diction, and the beauty of its illustrations, when the Philosophy that gave rise to it, like the coarse manure that fed the flowers, is perceived and remembered no more.

VER. 6. *A mighty maze! but not without a plan;*] In the first edition, it was "*a mighty maze, without a plan.*" It is singular that Mr. Gray fell into something like the same contradiction. In the first edition of his Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, it was printed, "*What cat's a foe to fish?*" when the strongest proof of it was this very ode. It was altered to "*What cat's averse to fish?*" but it is bad enough still. I mention this to shew that the most correct writers are subject to these inadvertencies, "*quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura.*"

VER. 12. *Of all who blindly creep, &c.*] *i. e.* Those who only follow the blind guidance of their passions; or those who leave behind them common sense and sober reason, in their high flights through the regions of Metaphysics. Both which follies are exposed in the fourth epistle, where the popular and philosophical errors concerning Happiness are detected. The figure is taken from animal life.

WARBURTON.

VER. 13. *Eye Nature's walks,*] These metaphors, drawn from the field sports of setting and shooting, seem much below the dignity of the subject, and an unnatural mixture of the ludicrous and serious.

WARTON.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can; 15
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?

Of

COMMENTARY.

VER. 17. *Say first, of God above, or Man below, &c.*] The Poet having declared his *subject*; his *end of writing*; and the *quality of his adversaries*; proceeds (from ver. 16 to 23.) to instruct us, *from whence* he intends to draw his arguments; namely, from the *visible* things of God in this system, to demonstrate the *invisible* things of God, his *eternal Power* and *Godhead*. And *why*? Because we can *reason only from what we know*; and as we *know* no more of *Man* than what we see of his station here, so we know no more of *God* than what we see of his dispensations in this station; being able to trace him no further than to the limits of our own system. This naturally leads the Poet to exprobate the miserable folly

NOTES.

They are the more so, as Pope is not content with barely touching the metaphor of shooting *en passant*, but pursues it with so much minuteness. Let us “*beat this ample field*”—“*try what the covert yields,*”—“*eye*” *Nature’s walks*,—“*shoot*” Folly. I need not mention the *want of exactness*, into which this illustration has betrayed him, when he talks of “*eying a walk,*” &c.

VER. 15. *Laugh where we must, &c.*] Intimating, that human *follies* are so strangely absurd, that it is not in the power of the most *compassionate*, on some occasions, to restrain their mirth: and that its *crimes* are so flagitious, that the most *candid* have seldom an opportunity, on this subject, to exercise their virtue.

WARBURTON.

VER. 15. *Laugh where we must,*] “*La sottise (says old Montaigne) est une mauvaise qualité; mais ne la pouvoir supporter, & s’en dépitier & rouger, comme il m’advient, c’est une autre sorte de maladie, qui ne doit gueres à la sottise en importunité.*”

WARTON.

VER. 16. *But vindicate the ways of God to Man*]

“*And justify the ways of God to Man.*”

Milton.

Of Man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs, 25
 What other planets circle other suns,

What

COMMENTARY.

folly and impiety of pretending to pry into, and call in question, the profound dispensations of Providence: which reproof contains (from ver. 22 to 43.) a sublime description of the Omniscience of God, and the miserable blindness and presumption of Man.

WARBURTON,

NOTES.

VER. 19, 20. *Of Man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer?*]

The sense is, "we see nothing of Man but as he stands at present in his station here: From which station, all our reasonings on his *nature* and *end* must be drawn; and to this station they must all be referred." The consequence is, that our reasonings on his *nature* and *end* must needs be very imperfect.

WARBURTON.

VER. 23. *He, who through vast immensity, &c.*] If the imagery in the preceding page gave a moment's depression to the Poet's song, how amply does he here make amends! Let me not, however, be thought to imply, that a poem of this kind should be always (to say so) "*on the stretch*"; but that an illustration, if not at all dignified, or in correspondence with the theme, should not be pursued so minutely, that the mind must *perforce* observe its meanness.

VER. 26. *What other planets*] What must the great Sage have felt, when the idea of "other planets circling other suns," and the magnificent conceptions of the UNIVERSE, as wonderful in detail as awful and sublime in its general view, first opened on his conviction!

What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
 But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
 Is

NOTES.

VER. 29. *But of this frame, the bearings*] “Imagine only some person entirely a stranger to navigation, and ignorant of the nature of the sea or waters, how great his astonishment would be, when finding himself on board some vessel anchoring at sea, remote from all land prospect; whilst it was yet a calm, he viewed the ponderous machine firm and motionless in the midst of the smooth ocean, and considered its foundations beneath, together with its cordage, masts, and sails above. How easily would he see the whole one regular structure, all things depending on one another; the uses of the rooms below, the lodgments, and the conveniencies of men and stores? But being ignorant of the intent, or of all above, would he pronounce the masts and cordage to be useless and cumbersome, and for this reason condemn the frame and despise the architect? O my friend; let us not thus betray our ignorance; but consider where we are, and in what universe. Think of the many parts of the vast machine, in which we have so little insight, and of which it is impossible we should know the ends and uses: when, instead of seeing to the highest pendants, we see only some lower deck, and are in this dark case of flesh, confined even to the hold and meanest station of the vessel.” I have inserted this passage at length, because it is a noble and poetical illustration of the foregoing lines, as well as of many other passages in this Essay. *Characteristicks*, vol. ii. p. 188.

The whole doctrine of Plato is contained in this one short sentence: Μέρος μὲν ἕνεκα ὅλων, καὶ οὐχ' ὅλον ἕνεκα μέρους ἀπεργάζεται. See a very fine passage in A. Gellius, lib. vi. cap. 1. containing the opinion of Chrysippus on the origin of evil. WARTON.

VER. 31. *has thy pervading soul*] The reader will perhaps remember some of the sublime apostrophes in Job:

“I have

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous Man! the reason would'st thou
find, 35

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?

First, if thou can'st, the harder reason guess,

Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?

Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made

Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,

Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of

NOTES.

“Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? and hast thou walked in the search of the depth? Have the gates of death been opened unto thee, and hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death? Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth? Declare, if thou *knowest it all!*”

VER. 33. *Is the great chain, that draws all to agree?*] I should have pointed out the expression and great effect of this line, as illustrating the subject it describes; but Ruffhead says,—“it is the most *heavy, languid, and unpoetical*, of all Pope ever wrote; and that the expletive “*to*” before the verb is *unpardonable!*”

“Who shall decide,” &c.

Warburton, however, seems to think that *its slowness might have been attended!*

VER. 41. *Or ask of yonder, &c.*] On these lines M. Voltaire thus descants: “Pope dit que l’homme ne peut savoir pourquoi les Lunes de Jupiter sont moins grandes que Jupiter? Il se trompe en cela, c’est une erreur pardonnable. Il n’y a point de Mathématicien qui n’ont fait voir,” &c. [Vol. ii. p. 384. Ed. Gen.] And so goes on to shew, like a great mathematician as he is, that it would be very inconvenient for the Page to be as big as his Lord and Master. It is pity all this fine reasoning should proceed on a ridiculous blunder. The Poet thus reproves the impious

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confest
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where

COMMENTARY.

VER. 43. *Of Systems possible, &c.*] So far the Poet's modest and sober Introduction; in which he truly observes, that no wisdom less than omniscient

"Can tell why Heav'n has made us as we are."

Yet, though we be unable to discover the *particular* reasons for this mode of our existence, we may be assured in *general* that it is *right*. For now, entering upon his argument, he lays down this evident proposition as the foundation of his Thesis, which he reasonably supposes will be allowed him, *That, of all possible systems, infinite*

NOTES.

complainers of the order of Providence: "You are dissatisfied with the weakness of your condition. But, in your situation, the nature of things requires just such a creature as you are: in a different situation, it might have required that you should be still weaker. And though you see not the reason of this in your own case; yet, that reasons there are, you may see in the case of other of God's creatures:

"Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?"

Here (says the Poet) the ridicule of the *weeds'* and the *Satellites'* complaint, had they the faculties of speech and reasoning, would be obvious to all; because their very situation and office might have convinced them of their folly. Your folly, says the Poet to his complainers, is as great, though not so evident, because the reason is more out of sight; but that a reason there is, may be demonstrated from the attributes of the Deity. This is the Poet's clear and strong reasoning; from whence, we see, he was so far from saying, that Man could not know the cause *why Jove's Satellites were less than Jove*, that all the force of his reasoning turns upon this, that Man did see and know it, and should from thence conclude, that there was a cause of this inferiority as well in the *rational*, as in the *material* Creation. WARBURTON.

Where all must full or not coherent be, 45
 And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
 Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man :
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong? 50

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.

In

COMMENTARY.

infinite wisdom hath formed the best. Ver. 43, 44. From whence he draws two consequences :

1. The *first* (from ver. 44 to 51.) is, that as the best system cannot but be such a one as hath no inconnected void ; such a one in which there is a perfect coherence and gradual subordination in all its parts ; there must needs be, in some part or other of the scale of reasoning life, such a creature as MAN : which reduces the dispute to this absurd question, *Whether God has placed him wrong?*

WARBURTON.

VER. 51. *Respecting Man, &c.*] It being shewn that MAN, *the subject* of this inquiry, has a necessary place in such a system as this is confessed to be ; and it being evident, that the abuse of Free-will, from whence proceeds all moral evil, is the certain effect of such a creature's existence ; the next question will be, How these evils can be accounted for, consistently with the idea we have of God's moral attributes ? Therefore,

2. The *second* consequence he draws from his principle, *That of all possible systems infinite Wisdom has formed the best*, is, that whatever is wrong in our private system, is right as relative to the whole :

“ Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to ALL.”

That it *may*, he proves (from ver. 52 to 61.) by shewing in what consists the difference between the *systematic* works of God, and those of Man ; viz. that, in the latter, a thousand movements scarce

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
 In God's, one single can its end produce; 55
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud Steed shall know why Man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;

When

COMMENTARY.

gain one purpose; in the former, one movement gains many purposes. So that

“ — Man, who here seems *principal* alone,

Perhaps acts *second* to some sphere unknown.”

And acting thus, the appearance of *wrong* in the *partial* system may be *right* in the *universal*: For

“ 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.”

'That it *must*, the whole body of this epistle is employed to illustrate and enforce. Thus *partial Evil is universal Good*, and thus Providence is fairly acquitted. WARBURTON.

VER. 61. *When the proud Steed, &c.*] From all this the Poet draws a general conclusion (from ver. 60 to 91.), that, as what has been said is sufficient to vindicate the ways of Providence, Man should rest submissive and content, and own every thing to be disposed for the best; that to think of discovering the *manner* how God conducts this wonderful scheme to its completion, is as absurd as to imagine

NOTES.

VER. 53. *In human works,*] Verbatim from Bolingbroke; Fragments 43 and 63. WARTON

VER. 53. *In human works, &c.*] How clearly and closely is this sentiment expressed, and yet how difficult to render into verse with precision and effect!

When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God :
 Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;
 Why doing, suff'ring; check'd, impell'd; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
 Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought : 70
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.

If

VARIATIONS.

VER. 64. In the former Editions,

Now wears a garland an Egyptian God :
 altered as above for the reason given in the note.

After ver. 68. the following lines in the first Edition :

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matters soon or late, or here or there ?
 The blest to-day is as completely so,
 As who began ten thousand years ago.

COMMENTARY.

Imagine that the horse and ox shall ever be able to comprehend why they undergo such different treatment in the hand of Man ; nay, that such knowledge, if communicated, would be even *pernicious*, and make us neglect or desert our duty here. This he illustrates by the case of the lamb, which is happy in not knowing the fate that attends it from the butcher ; and from thence takes occasion to observe, that God is the equal master of all his creatures, and provides for the proper happiness of each and every of them.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 64. *Egypt's God* :] Called so, because the God *Apis* was worshipped universally over the whole land of Egypt.

WARBURTON.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
 The blest to-day is as completely so, 75
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of
 Fate,

All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
 Or who could suffer Being here below? 80
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, 85
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n :
 Who

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 88, in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed,
 'That Virgil's Gnat should die, as Cæsar bleed.

NOTES.

VER. 77. *The book of Fate,*] It would obviate the heavy difficulties in which we are involved, when we argue on the Divine Prescience, and consequent Predestination, if we were to adopt Archbishop King's opinion, and say, "that the knowledge of God is very different from the knowledge of Man, which implies succession, and seeing objects one after another; but the existence and the attributes of the Deity can have no relation to time; for that all things, past, present, and to come, are all at once present to the Divine Mind."

WARTON.

VER. 81. *The lamb thy riot dooms*] The tenderness of this striking image, and particularly the circumstance in the last line, has an artful effect in alleviating the dryness of the argumentative parts of the Essay, and interesting the reader.

WARTON.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.

What

COMMENTARY.

VER. 91. *Hope humbly then ; &c.*] But now an Objector is supposed to put in, and say, "You tell us, indeed, that all things shall terminate in good ; but we see ourselves surrounded with present evil ; yet you forbid us all inquiry into the manner how we are to be extricated from it, and, in a word, leave us in a very disconsolate condition." Not so, replies the Poet ; you may reasonably, if you please, receive much comfort from the HOPE of a happy futurity ; a *hope* implanted in the human breast by God himself for this very purpose, as an earnest of that bliss, which, always flying from us here, is reserved for the good Man hereafter. The reason why the Poet chooses to insist on this proof of a future state, in preference to others, is in order to give his system (which is founded in a sublime and improved *Platonism*) the greater grace of uniformity. For HOPE was *Plato's* peculiar argument for a future state ; and the words here employed—*The soul uneasy, &c.* his peculiar expression. The Poet in this place, therefore, says in express terms, that GOD GAVE US HOPE TO SUPPLY THAT FUTURE BLISS, WHICH HE AT PRESENT KEEPS HID FROM US. In his second epistle, ver. 274, he goes still further, and says, this HOPE quits us not even at Death, when every thing mortal drops from us :

" Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die."

And, in the fourth epistle, he shews, how the same HOPE is a *proof* of a future state, from the consideration of God's giving his creatures no appetite in vain, or what he did not intend should be satisfied :

" He

NOTES.

VER. 87. *Who sees with equal eye, &c.*] Matth. x. 29.

What future blifs, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast : 95
 Man never Is, but always To be blest.
 The soul, uneasy and confin'd, from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ; 100
 His

VARIATIONS.

VER. 93, 94. In the first Fol. and Quarto,
 What blifs *above* he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that Hope to be thy blifs *below*.

COMMENTARY.

“ He fees, why Nature plants in Man alone
 Hope of known blifs, and Faith in blifs unknown :
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv’n in vain, but what they seek they find.) ”

It is only for the *good man*, he tell us, that *Hope* leads from goal to goal, &c. It would then be strange indeed, if it should prove an illusion.

WARBURTON.

VER. 99. *Lo, the poor Indian ! &c.*] The Poet, as we said, having bid Man comfort himself with expectation of future happiness : having shewn him that this HOPE is an earnest of it ; and put in one very necessary caution,

“ Hope *humbly* then ; with *trembling* pinions soar ; ”
 provoked at those miscreants whom he afterwards (Ep. iii. ver. 263.) describes as building *Hell on spite, and Heaven on pride*, he upbraids them (from ver. 98 to 113.) with the example of the poor Indian, to whom also Nature hath given this *common* HOPE of *Mankind* : but though his untutored mind had betrayed him into many childish fancies concerning the nature of that future state, yet he
 is

NOTES.

VER. 99. *Lo, the poor Indian ! &c.*] Pope has indulged himself in but few digressions in this piece ; this is one of the most poetical.

WARTON.

His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;

Yet

COMMENTARY.

is so far from excluding any part of his own species (a vice which could proceed only from the *pride* of false Science), that he humanely, though simply, admits even his *faithful dog to bear him company*.
WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 100. *Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;*] In John Wesley's curious journal, there is a singular, and not uninteresting, account of his conversation with the Indians. Their religious ideas are literally those of "seeing God in clouds, and hearing him in the wind :"—

"*Tuesday, July 20.* Five of the Chicafaw Indians came to see us : they were all warriors. The two chief were Paustoobee and Mingo Mattaw. Our conference was as follows :

Question. Do you believe there is One above, who is over all things ?

PAUSTOOBEE *answered.* We believe there are four beloved things above ; the Clouds, the Sun, the Clear Sky, and He that lives in the Clear Sky.

Q. Do you think He made the Sun, and the other beloved things ?

A. We cannot tell ; who hath seen ?

Q. Cannot He save you from your enemies ?

A. Yes ; but we know not if he will. We have now so many enemies round about us, that I think of nothing but death. If I am to die, I shall die, and I will die like a Man ; but if He will have me live, I shall live. Though I had ever so many enemies, He can destroy them all.

Q. How do you know that ?

A. From what I have seen. When our enemies came against us before, then the beloved Clouds came for us ; and often much rain, and sometimes hail, has come upon them, and that in a very hot day : and I saw when many French and Choctaws, and other Nations, came against one of our towns, the ground made a noise under them, and the Beloved Ones in the air behind them ; and they were afraid, and went away, and left the meat, and drink, and guns. I tell no lie. All there saw it too."

Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire ; 110
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou ! and, in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy Opinion against Providence ;
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such, 115
 Say, Here he gives too little, there too much :

Destroy

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the first Ed.

But does he say the Maker is not good,
 Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd :
 Himself alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
 Alone made happy when he will, and where ?

COMMENTARY.

VER. 113. *Go, wiser thou ! &c.*] He proceeds with these accusers of Providence (from ver. 112 to 123.), and shews them, that complaints against the *established order of things* begin in the *highest absurdity*, from misapplied *reason* and *power* ; and end in the *highest impiety*, in an attempt to degrade the God of heaven, and to assume his place :

“ Alone made perfect here, immortal there : ”
 That is, be made God, *who only is perfect, and hath immortality* :
 to which sense the lines immediately following confine us :

“ Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.” WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 104. *Behind the cloud-top't hill,*]

“ Cloud-top'd hill,” is from Milton.

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
 If Man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there : 120
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
 In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

Pride

COMMENTARY.

VER. 123. •*In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies ; &c.*] From these men, the Poet now turns to his friend ; and (from ver. 122 to 131.) remarks, that the ground of all this extravagance is *Pride* ; which, more or less, infects the whole reasoning Tribe ; shews the ill effects of it, in the case of the fallen Angels ; and observes, that *even* wishing to invert the laws of Order, is a lower species of their crime : he then brings an instance of one of the effects of *Pride*, which is the folly of thinking every thing made *solely* for the use of Man, without the least regard to any other of the creatures of God.

“ Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,” &c.

The ridicule of imagining the *greater portions* of the material system to be solely for the use of Man, true Philosophy has sufficiently exposed : and Common Sense, as the Poet observes, instructs us to conclude, that our fellow-creatures, placed by Providence as the joint inhabitants of this Globe, are designed to be joint sharers with us of its blessings :

“ Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for *thy* good,
Thy joy, *thy* pastime, *thy* attire, *thy* food ?
 Who for *thy* table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For *him* as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn.”

Epistle iii. Ver. 27.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 120. *Alone made perfect here,*] It is a singular fact, that neither the ancient philosophers nor poets, though they abound in complaints of the unequal distribution of good and evil at present, yet

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, 125
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel :

And

NOTES.

yet do not ever infer or draw any arguments, from this supposed inequality, for the necessity of a future life, where such inequality will be rectified, and Providence vindicated. WARTON.

VER. 126. *Men would be Angels,*] Verbatim from Bolingbroke, vol. v. p. 465. ; as are many other passages. WARTON.

VER. 127. *If Angels fell,*] Milton, in book v. copies from the Rabbinical writers, from the fathers, and some of the schoolmen, the causes of the rebellion of Satan and his associates, but seems more particularly to have in view an obscure Latin poem written by Odoricus Valmarana, and printed at Vienna in 1627, intitled, “*Dænomachia, five de Bello Intelligentiarum super Divini Verbi Incarnatione* ;” in which the revolt of Satan, or Lucifer, is expressly ascribed to his envy at the exaltation of the Son of God. See Newton’s Milton, vol. i. p. 407. But the commentators on Milton have not observed that there is still another poem which he seems to have copied, “*L’Angeleida di Erasmo di Valvasone*,” printed at Venice, in quarto, in 1590, describing the battle of the Angels against Lucifer, and which Gordon de Porcel, in his Library of Romances, tom. ii. p. 190. thought related to Angelica, the heroine of Boiardo and Ariosto. I beg leave to add, that Milton seems also to have attended to a poem of Tasso, not much noticed, on the Creation, “*Le Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato*,” in 1607. WARTON.

VER. 128. *Aspiring to be Angels,*] One of the most pernicious tenets of Hobbes, was the debasing and disparaging human nature, attempting, in the language of Cudworth, to “villanise mankind.” We know it has fallen from its original beauty and perfection : but “Intellectual Pride,” the subject of so continued an invective through this Essay, being confined to a few, cannot be so dangerous to general morality, as the contrary extreme. This observation, however, does not affect the general sense in which Pope employs the idea, that it is from *presumption* we pretend to judge, of what we can see and know so little.

“*Cælum ipsum petimus, stultitia.*”

And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause. 130

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine :
" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;
" Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew, 135
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
" For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;
" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
" My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When

COMMENTARY.

VER. 141. *But errs not Nature from this gracious end,*] The author comes next to the confirmation of his Thesis, That *partial 'moral Evil is universal Good* ; but introduceth it with an allowed instance in the natural world, to abate our wonder at the phenomenon of moral evil ; which he forms into an argument on a concession of his adversaries. If we ask you, says he (from ver. 140 to 151.), whether Nature doth not err from the gracious purpose of its Creator, when plagues, earthquakes, and tempests unpeopled whole regions at a time ; you readily answer, No : for that God acts by general, and not by particular laws ; and that the course of matter and motion must be necessarily subject to some irregularities, because nothing is created perfect. I then ask, why you should expect this perfection in Man? If you own that the *great end of God* (notwithstanding all this deviation) be *general happiness*, then it is
Nature,

NOTES.

VER. 141. *But errs not Nature*] " Whence evil in the universe, and why? Some things, perhaps, which thou think'st such, are

When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

“ No

COMMENTARY.

Nature, and not God, that deviates; and do you expect greater constancy in Man?

“ Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?

That is, if Nature, or the inanimate system (on which God hath imposed his laws, which it obeys, as a machine obeys the hand of the workman) may in course of time deviate from its first direction, as the best philosophy shews it may; where is the wonder that Man, who was created a free Agent, and hath it in his power every moment to transgress the eternal rule of Right, should sometimes go out of Order?

WARBURTON.

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not evil, but in appearance. Where the whole is vastly great, the connections will be innumerable. When, therefore, a part only is seen, many of these connections will be inexplicable. Being inexplicable, they will often exhibit appearances of evil, where yet in fact is no evil, but only good not understood.

“ Again, throughout the whole, there is more good than evil: for in the system of the heavens we know of no evil at all. The same perhaps is true in many other parts of the whole. And with respect even to men, 'tis their interest to be good, if it be true that by Nature they are rational and social. So that if, by vice of any kind, they chance to introduce evil, 'tis by deviating from Nature, and thwarting her original purpose. Indeed, all evil in general appears to be of the casual kind; not something intended by the Maker of the world, (for all his preparations plainly tend towards good,) but something which follows, without being intended, and that perhaps necessarily, from the nature and essence of things. Indeed, the nature and essence of every being is immutable; and, while it exists itself, all its attributes will exist likewise. To say, therefore, a thing should be, without its inseparable and constitutive attributes, is the same as to say, it should be, and not be. A miller works in his mill, and becomes white; a collier works in his mine, and becomes black: yet were neither of these incidents intended by either; but other and better ends being purposed to be answered, they were necessarily attended by these

“ No ('tis reply'd), the first Almighty Cause 145
 “ Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;
 “ Th'

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these collateral incidents. So it is in the universe. The good leads, the evil follows: the good is always designed, the evil only admitted: the good has existence, by being the final cause of all things; the evil has existence, because it cannot be avoided: the good appears to be something in character and form, which all beings some way or other are framed to enjoy; the evil, on the contrary, appears to be something which all beings some way or other are framed to avoid; some by talons, others by teeth; some by wings, others by fins; and, lastly, man, by genius ripened into arts, which alone is superior to the sum of all other preparations.

“ Again, some evil, though evil, is yet productive of good, and therefore had better be, than not be, else there had not been the good. For example, human nature is infirm; exposed to many and daily hardships; to pinching colds and scorching heats; to famines, droughts, diseases, wounds. Call this, all of it, evil, if you please: yet what a variety of arts arise from this evil, and which, if this evil had not urged, had never existed? Where had been agriculture, architecture, medicine, weaving, with a thousand other arts, too many to enumerate, had man been born a self-sufficient animal, superior to the sensations of want or evil? Where had been that noble activity, that never-ceasing energy of all his various powers, had not the poignancy of evil awakened them from the very birth, and dispelled all symptoms of lethargy and drowiness? Nay, more; courage, magnanimity, prudence, and wise indifference; patience, long-suffering, and acquiescence in our lot; a calm and manly resignation to the will of God, whatever he dispenses, whether good or bad; these heroic virtues could never have had existence, had not those things called evils first established them into habit, and afterwards given occasion for them to energize, and become conspicuous. But the most important circumstance of all is, that the very being and essence of society itself is derived from the wants and infirmities of human nature. 'Tis these various infirmities, so much more numerous and lasting in man than in other animals, which make human societies so eminently necessary; which extend them so far
 beyond

“Th’ exceptions few; some change since all began :

“And what created perfect?—Why then Man?

If

NOTES.

beyond all other animal associations, and knit them together with such indissoluble bands. Let each individual be supposed self-sufficient, and society at once is dissolved and annihilated. For why associate without a cause? And what need of society, if each can support himself? But mark the consequence: if society be lost, with it we lose the energy of every social affection; a loss, in which every man loses something, but in which a good man loses his principal, and almost his only happiness: for what then becomes of friendship, benevolence, love of country, hospitality, generosity, forgiveness, with all the charities

Of father, son, and brother?

A man detached from human connections and relations (if such a monster may indeed be supposed) is no better than an ignorant inhuman savage; a mere Cyclops, devoid of all that is amiable and good.” J. HARRIS, MS.

WARTON.

VER. 143. *When earthquakes swallow, &c.*] There is a singular story, of a city swallowed up by an earthquake, in Kircher; the account of which, as it is striking and awful, I beg to lay before the reader:

“After some time, this violent paroxysm ceasing, we again stood up, in order to prosecute our voyage to Euphemia, that lay within sight. In the mean time, while we were preparing for the purpose, I turned my eyes towards the city, but could see only a frightful dark cloud, that seemed to rest upon the place. This the more surprised us, as the weather was so serene; we waited therefore till the cloud was passed away: then turning to look for the city, it was totally sunk. Wonderful to tell! nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was seen where it stood. We looked about to find some one that could tell us of its sad catastrophe, but could see none. All was become a melancholy solitude, a scene of hideous desolation. Thus proceeding pensively along, in quest of some human being that could give us some information, we saw a boy sitting on the shore, appearing stupified by terror. Of him we inquired concerning the fate of the city, but he could not be prevailed on to give us an answer. We intreated

him

If the great end be human Happiness,
 Then Nature deviates ; and can Man do less ? 150
 As much that end a constant course requires
 Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires ;

As

COMMENTARY.

VER. 151. *As much that end, &c.*] Having thus shewn how moral evil came into the world, namely, by *Man's abuse of his own free-will*, our Poet comes to the point, the *confirmation* of his thesis, by shewing how *moral* evil promotes good ; and employs the *same* concessions of his adversaries, concerning *natural* evil, to illustrate it.

1. He shews it tends to the *good* of the *Whole*, or *Universe* (from ver. 150 to 165.), and this by analogy. You own, says he, that storms

NOTES.

him to tell us, but his senses were quite wrapt up in the contemplation of the danger he had escaped. We still persisted in our offices of kindness, but he only pointed to the place of the city, like one out of his senses ; and then, running into the woods, was never heard of after. Such was the fate of the city of Euphemia : and as we continued our melancholy course along the shore, the whole coast, for the space of two hundred miles, presented nothing but the remains of cities, and men scattered, without an habitation, over the fields. Proceeding thus along, we at length ended our distressful voyage, by arriving at Naples, after having escaped a thousand dangers both by sea and land."

Goldsmith's Translation.

VER. 148. *And what created perfect ?*] No position can be more true and solid ; for perfect happiness is as incommunicable as omnipotence.

WARTON.

VER. 150. *Then Nature deviates ; &c.*] " While comets move in very eccentric orbs, in all manner of positions, blind Fate could never make all the planets move one and the same way in orbs concentric ; some inconsiderable irregularities excepted, which may have risen from the mutual actions of comets and planets upon one another, and which will be apt to increase, till this system wants a reformation." *Sir Isaac Newton's Optics, Quest. ult.*

WARBURTON.

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
 Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline? 156
 Who

COMMENTARY.

storms and tempests, clouds, rain, heat, and variety of seasons, are necessary (notwithstanding the accidental evil they bring with them) to the health and plenty of *this Globe*; why then should you suppose there is not the same use, with regard to the *Universe*, in a Borgia or a Catiline? But you say you can see the one, and not the other. You say right: one terminates in this *system*, the other refers to the *Whole*: which *Whole* can be comprehended by none but the great Author himself. For, says the Poet in another place,

“ — of this Frame, the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd through? or can a *part* contain the *whole*?”

Ver. 29, & seq.

Own therefore, says he, that

“ — From Pride, our very Reas'ning springs;
 Account for *moral*, as for *nat'ral* things:
 Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
 In both, to *reason right*, is to *submit*.”

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 155. *If plagues, &c.*] What hath misled Mr. de Croufaz in his censure of this passage, is his supposing the comparison to be between the effects of *two things in this sublunary world*; when not only the elegance, but the justness of it, consists in its being between the effects of a thing in the *universe at large*, and the familiar known effects of one in *this sublunary world*. For the position enforced in these lines is this, *that partial evil tends to the good of the whole*.

“ Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.”

Ver. 51.

How does the Poet enforce it? If you will believe this Critic, in illustrating the effects of partial moral evil in a particular system, by that of partial natural evil in the *same* system, and so he leaves his

Who knows but He, whose hand the light'ning
forms,

Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms ;

Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind,

Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge man-
kind ? 160

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;

Account for moral, as for nat'ral things :

Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit ?

In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear, 165

Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;

That

COMMENTARY.

VER. 165. *Better for Us, &c.*] But, secondly, to strengthen the foregoing *analogical* argument, and to make the wisdom and goodness of God still more apparent, he observes (from ver. 164 to 173.), that *moral evil* is not only productive of *good* to the *Whole*, but is even productive of *good* in our *own syst.m.* It might, says he, perhaps

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his *position* in the lurch. But the Poet reasons at another rate : The way to prove his point, he knew, was to illustrate the effect of partial moral evil in the *universe*, by partial natural evil in a *particular system*. Whether partial moral evil tend to the good of the Universe, being a question which, by reason of our ignorance of many parts of that Universe, we cannot decide but from known effects ; the rules of good reasoning require that it be proved by *analogy*, i. e. setting it by, and comparing it with, a thing *clear and certain* ; and it is a thing *clear and certain*, that partial natural evil tends to the good of our *particular system*. WARBURTON.

VER. 157. *Who knows but He, &c.*] The sublimity with which the great Author of Nature is here characterised, is but the second beauty of this fine passage. The greatest is the making the very dispensation objected to, the periphrasis of his title. WARBURTON

That never air or ocean felt the wind ;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.

But

COMMENTARY.

perhaps appear better to us, that there were nothing in this world but *peace* and *virtue*:

“ That never air or ocean felt the wind ;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.”

But then consider, that as our *material system* is supported by the strife of its elementary particles ; so is our *intellectual system* by the conflict of our Passions, which are the elements of human action.

In a word, as without the benefit of tempestuous winds, both air and ocean would stagnate, corrupt, and spread universal contagion throughout all the ranks of animals that inhabit, or are supported by, them ; so, without the benefit of the Passions, such Virtue as was merely the effect of the absence of those Passions, would be a lifeless calm, a stoical Apathy.

“ Contracted all, retiring to the breast :

But health of mind is *Exercise*, not *Rest*.”

Epistle ii. ver. 103.

Therefore, instead of regarding the conflicts of the elements, and the Passions of the mind, as disorders, you ought to consider them as part of the *general order* of Providence : and that they are so, appears from their always preserving the same unvaried course, throughout all ages, from the creation to the present time :

“ The *gen'ral Order*, since the Whole began,
Is kept in *Nature*, and is kept in *Man*.”

We see, therefore, it would be doing great injustice to our author to suspect that he intended by this to give any encouragement to Vice. His system, as all his Ethic Epistles shew, is this : That the *Passions*, for the reasons given above, are necessary to the support of Virtue : That, indeed, the Passions in excess produce Vice, which is, in its own nature, the greatest of all evils, and comes into the world from the abuse of Man's free-will ; but that God, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, deviously turns the natural bias
of

NOTES.

VER. 167. *That never air or ocean*] An acute critic asks if it should not be—*That never earth or ocean*?—not air. WARTON.

But ALL subsists by elemental strife ;
 And Passions are the elements of Life. 170
 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What

COMMENTARY.

of its malignity to the advancement of human happiness, and makes it productive of general Good :

“ TH’ ETERNAL ART EDUCES GOOD FROM ILL.”

Epistle ii. ver. 175.

This, set against what we have observed of the Poet’s doctrine of a *future state*, will furnish us with an instance of his *steering* (as he well expresses it in his preface) *between doctrines seemingly opposite: if his Essay has any merit, he thinks it is in this.* And doubtless it is uncommon merit to reject the visions and absurdities of every System, and take in only what is rational and real.

The CHARACTERISTICS and the FABLE OF THE BEES are two seemingly inconsistent systems; the folly of the first is in giving scheme of *Virtue without Religion*; and the knavery of the latter, in giving a scheme of *Religion without Virtue*. These our Poet leaves to any that will take them up; but agrees, however, so far with the first, that “Virtue would be worth having, though itself was its only reward;” and so far with the latter, that “God makes Evil, against its nature, productive of Good.”

WARBURTON.

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VER. 169. *But ALL subsists, &c.*] See this subject extended in Epistle ii. from ver. 90 to 112. 155, &c.

WARBURTON.

VER. 171. *The gen'ral ORDER,*] It seems utterly impossible to explain these two remarkable lines in a way at all reconcilable to the doctrine of a lapsed condition of man, which opinion is the chief foundation of the Christian revelation, and the capital argument for the necessity of redemption.

“That system of philosophy,” says an able writer, “which professes to justify the ways of God to man, without having recourse to the doctrine of a future state, must ever be considered as in the highest degree inimical to religion, whose very nature and essence it is to direct our views beyond the narrow limits of the present

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he
 soar,
 And little less than Angels, would be more ;

Now

COMMENTARY.

VER. 173. *What would this Man? &c.*] Having thus justified Providence in its *permission* of partial MORAL EVIL, our author employs the remaining part of his Epistle in vindicating it from the imputation of certain supposed NATURAL EVILS. For now he shews (from ver. 172 to 207.), that though the complaint of his adversaries against Providence be on pretence of *real moral evils*; yet, at bottom, it all proceeds from their impatience under *imaginary natural ones*, the issue of a depraved appetite for visionary advantages, which if Man had, they would be either *useless* or *pernicious* to him, as repugnant to his state, or unsuitable to his condition. Though God (says he) hath so bountifully bestowed on Man faculties little less than *angelic*, yet he ungratefully grasps at higher; and then, extravagant in another extreme, with a passion as ridiculous as that is impious, envies, as what would be advantages to himself, even the peculiar accommodations of *brutes*. But here his own false principles expose the folly of his falser appetites. He supposes them all made for his use: now what use could he have of them, when he had robbed them of all their qualities? Qualities distributed with the highest wisdom, as they are divided at present; but which, if bestowed according to the froward

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state of existence." See Essays Philosophical, Historical, and Literary, p. 399, for some very acute observations on the Essay on Man.

Pope in these lines uses almost the very words of Bolingbroke: "To think worthily of God, we must think that the natural order of things has always been the same; and that a being of infinite wisdom and knowledge, to whom the past and the future are like the present, and who wants no experience to inform him, can have no reason to alter what infinite wisdom and knowledge have once done." Section 58. Essays to Pope. WARTON.

VER. 174. *And little less than Angels, &c.*] *Thou hast made him a little lower than the Angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.* Psalm viii. 9. WARBURTON.

Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears 175
 To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
 Say, what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all ;
 Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd ; 180
 Each ſeeming want compensated of courſe,
 Here with degrees of ſwiftness, there of force ;
 All in exact proportion to the ſtate ;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own : 185
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone ?

Shall

COMMENTARY.

froward humour of theſe childiſh complainers, would be every where found to be either *wanting* or *superfluous*. But even though endowed with theſe brutal qualities, Man would not only be no gainer, but a conſiderable loſer ; as the Poet ſhews, in explaining the conſequences which would follow from his having his ſenſations in that exquisite degree, in which thiſ or the other animal is obſerved to poſſeſs them.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 182. *Here with degrees of ſwiftness, &c.*] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for ſtrength, their ſwiftness is leſſened ; or as they are formed for ſwiftness, their ſtrength is abated.

POPE.

VER. 183. *All in exact proportion*] I cannot forbear thinking, that a little French treatiſe on Providence, published at Paris, 1728, formed on the principles of Leibnitz, ſomewhat moderated, had fallen into the hands both of Bolingbroke and Pope, from the great ſimilarity of the reaſoning there employed.

WARTON.

VER. 186. *Is Heav'n unkind to Man,*] Cudworth, Leibnitz, King, Shaftesbury, Hutcheſon, Balguy, have all ſtrenuouſly argued for the prepolleſſion of good to evil in our preſent ſyſtem ;

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all?

The blifs of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n, 195
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
'To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far

NOTES.

but none more forcibly than Balguy from p. 103 to p. 125 of his
Divine Benevolence. WARTON.

VER. 202. *And stunn'd him*] The argument certainly required
an instance drawn from real sound, and not from the imaginary
music of the spheres. Locke's illustration of this doctrine is not
only proper but poetical: "If our sense of hearing were but one
thousand times quicker than it is, how would a perpetual noise
distract us; and we should, in the quietest retirement, be less able
to sleep or meditate, than in the middle of a sea-fight." In line
before 193, the expression of microscopic eye is from Locke.

WARTON.

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends :
 Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grafs : 210
 What

COMMENTARY.

VER. 207. *Far as Creation's ample range extends,*] He tells us next (from ver. 206 to 233.), that the complying with such extravagant desires would not only be useless and pernicious to Man, but would be breaking into the order, and deforming the beauty of God's Creation, in which *this* animal is subject to *that*, and every one to Man ; who, by his Reason, enjoys the sum of all their powers.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 207. *Far as Creation's ample range extends,*] It may be doubted, whether our Author has excelled Dryden in the art of reasoning in rhyme, whose *Religio Laici*, and *Hind and Panther*, are in this respect admirable ; though the fable of the latter abounds in absurdities and inconsistencies.

WARTON.

VER. 209. *Mark how it mounts,*] When it is said that Pope was guilty of some contradictions and some inconsistencies in his reasonings on the *best*, let us also remember, that so also was his guide and philosophical friend, who, it is to be wished, had always expressed himself as in the following terms, p. 121, v. 5.

“ Methinks I hear a sincere and devout theist, in the midst of such meditations as these, cry out, “ No ; the world was not made for man, nor man only to be happy. The objections urged by atheists and divines against the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Being, on these arbitrary suppositions, destroy their own foundations. Mankind is exposed, as well as other animals, to many inconveniencies and to various evils, by the constitution of the world. The world was not, therefore, made for him, nor he to be happy. But he enjoys numberless benefits, by the fitness of his nature to this constitution, unasked, unmerited, freely bestowed. He returns, like other animals, to the dust ; yet neither he nor they are willing to leave the state wherein they are placed here. The wisdom and the goodness of God are therefore manifest. I thank thee, O my Creator ! that I am placed in a rank, low

What modes of fight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :

Of

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low in the whole order of being, but the first in that animal system to which I belong : a rank wherein I am made capable of knowing thee, and of discovering thy will, the perfection of my own nature, and the means of my own happiness. Far be it from me to repine at my present state, like those who deny thee ; or like those who own thee, only to censure thy works and the dispensations of thy providence. May I enjoy thankfully the benefits bestowed on me by thy divine liberality ! May I suffer the evils, to which I stand exposed, patiently, nay willingly ! None of thy creatures are made to be perfectly happy like thyself ; nor did thy goodness require that they should be so. Such of them as are more worthy objects of it than thy human creatures, superior natures that inhabit other worlds, may be affected in some degree or other by physical evils, since these are effects of the general laws of matter and motion. They must be affected too, in some degree or other, by moral evil, since moral evil is the consequence of error, as well as of disorderly appetites and passions, and since error is the consequence of imperfect understanding. Less of this evil may prevail among them. But all that is finite, the most exalted intelligences, must be liable to some errors. Thou, O God ! that Being who is liable to none, and to whom infallibility and impeccability belong,

“ Duc me, parens celsique dominator poli,

“ Quocumque placuit. Nulla parendi mora est,

“ Assum impiger*.”

WARTON.

VER. 210. *From the green myriads*] These lines are admirable patterns of forcible diction. The peculiar and discriminating expressiveness of the epithets ought to be particularly regarded. Perhaps we have no image in the language more lively than that of the last verse. “ To live along the line,” is equally bold and beautiful. In this part of the epistle the Poet seems to have remarkably laboured his style, which abounds in various figures, and is much elevated. Pope has practised the great secret of Virgil's art,

Of smell, the headlong lions between,
 And hound sagacious to the tainted green :
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew? 220
 How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier?
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!

Remem-

NOTES.

art, which was to discover the very single epithet that precisely suited each occasion. If Pope must yield to other poets in point of fertility of fancy, or harmony of numbers, yet in *point of propriety, closeness, and elegance of diction*, he can yield to none. Very inferior is the translation of Abbé du Resnel, of all this fine passage, to the original, though it is evident he took pains about it. See his four lines on the spider :

Contemplez l'araignée en son réduit obscur ;
 Que son toucher est vif, qu'il est prompt, qu'il est sur ;
 Sur ces pieges, tendus sans cesse vigilante,
 Dans chacun de ses fils elle paroît vivante.

WARTON.

VER. 213. *the headlong lions*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this : At their first going out in the night-time, they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackall's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by the observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

POPE.

VER. 224. *For ever sep'rate, &c.*] *Near*, by the similitude of the operations ; *separate*, by the immense difference in the nature of the powers.

WARBURTON.

Remembrance and Reflection, how ally'd ; 225
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide ?
 And Middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line !
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ? 230
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one ?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this
 earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth. •
 Above, how high, progressive life may go ! 235
 Around, how wide, how deep extend below !

Vast

COMMENTARY.

VER. 233. *See, through this air, &c.*] And further (from ver. 232 to 267.), that this breaking the order of things, which, as a link or chain, connects all beings, from the highest to the lowest, would unavoidably be attended with the destruction of the Universe : for that the several parts of it must at least compose as entire and harmonious a Whole, as the parts of a human body, can be doubted of by no one : yet we see what confusion it would make in our frame, if the members were set upon invading each other's office :

“ What if the foot,” &c.

Who will not acknowledge, therefore, that a connection, in the disposition of things, so harmonious as here described, is transcendently beautiful ? But the Fatalists suppose such an one. What then ? Is the First Free Agent, the great Cause of all things, debarred a contrivance infinitely exquisite, because some Men, to set up their idol, Fate, absurdly represent it as presiding over such a system ?

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 235. *Above, how high,*] This is a magnificent passage.

—— Ha.

Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from infinite to thee, 240
 From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours:

Or

VARIATIONS.

VER. 238. Ed. 1st,

Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man.

NOTES.

— — Has any seen

The mighty chain of beings, lessening down

From infinite Perfection, to the brink

Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyss!

From which astonish'd Thought recoiling turns? THOMSON.

WARTON.

The passage in Locke on this topic is so eloquent, that the reader will pardon its insertion:

“That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence: That in all the visible corporeal world we see no chasms, or gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. And when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the *magnificent harmony* of the Universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect, that the species of creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upwards from us towards his infinite Perfection, as we see from us they gradually descend downward.”

Vol. ii. p. 4.

VER. 240. *No glass can reach;*] “There are,” says Hooke the naturalist, “8,280,000 *animalcula* in one drop of water.” “Nature, in many instances,” says Themistius, “appears to make her transitions so imperceptibly, and by little and little, that in some beings it may be doubted whether they are animal or vegetable.”

WARTON

Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the Whole must fall. 250
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and stars run lawless through the sky ;

Let

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VER. 244. *the great scale's destroy'd :*] All that can be said of the supposition of a scale of beings gradually descending from perfection to non-entity, and complete in every rank and degree, is to be found in the third chapter of King's Origin of Evil, and in a note of the Archbishop, marked G, p. 137, of Law's Translation, ending with these emphatical words : " Whatever system God had chosen, all creatures in it could not have been equally perfect ; and there could have been but a certain determinate multitude of the most perfect ; and, when that was completed, there would have been a station for creatures less perfect, and it would still have been an instance of goodness to give them a being as well as others."

WARTON.

VER. 245. *From Nature's chain*] Almost the words of Marcus Antoninus, l. v. c. 8. ; as also v. 265. from the same. WARTON.

VER. 251. *Let Earth unbalanc'd*] *i. e.* Being no longer kept within its orbit by the different directions of its progressive and attractive motions ; which, like equal weights in a balance, keep it in an equilibrium.

WARBURTON.

It is observable, that these noble lines were added after the first folio edition. It is a pleasing and useful amusement to trace out the alterations that a great and correct writer gradually makes in his works. At first it ran,

How instinct varies ! What a hog may want,
 Compar'd with thine, half-reasoning Elephant.

And

Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world ;
Heav'n's

NOTES.

And again ;

What the advantage if his finer eyes
 Study a mite, not comprehend the skies.

Which lines at present stand thus :

How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning Elephant, with thine !
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the Heav'n.

Formerly it stood thus :

No self-confounding faculties to share,
 No senses stronger than his brain can bear.

At present ;

No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.

It appeared at first very exceptionably ;

Expatiate far o'er all this scene of Man,
 A mighty maze ! of walks without a plan.

Which contradicted his whole system, and it was altered to,

A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ! WARTON.

VER. 251. *Let Earth unbalanc'd*] Ruffhead says, "There is no reading these lines, without being struck with a *momentary apprehension* !" Without quite allowing this, we cannot but feel their great beauty and force. Line rises upon line, with greater effect and nobler imagery, and in the conclusion the Poet has touched the idea with *propriety*, as well as dignity and sublimity. If he had been more *particular*, the passage would have been *unworthy* the grandeur of the subject ; had he been *less*, it would have been *obscure*. He has at once evinced *judgment* and poetry. If there be a word or two not quite suitable, perhaps it is "*run*," and "*foundations nod*." I could have wished such a word as "*rush'd* lawless," or "*flam'd* lawless through the sky."

Let me here observe, that there are many truly great passages in this Essay. Such is that describing Superstition,

"When roll'd the thunder, and when rock'd the ground ;"
 which evince the hand of a master, and which are the more striking, as all along the poetical part is kept in *subservience* to the reasoning.

Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255
 And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
 All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!—oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head? 260
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains, 265
 The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;

That,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 267. *All are but parts of one stupendous whole,*] Our Author having thus given a representation of God's work, as *one entire whole*, where all the parts have a necessary dependance on, and relation to, each other, and where each particular part works and concurs to the perfection of the Whole; as such a system transcends vulgar ideas; to reconcile it to common conceptions, he shews (from ver. 266 to 281.), that God is equally and intimately present to every sort of *substance*, to every particle of *matter*, and in every instant of *being*; which eases the labouring imagination, and makes us expect no less, from such a *Presence*, than such a *Dispensation*.

WARBURTON.

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VER. 265. *Just as absurd, &c.*] See the prosecution and application of this in Ep. iv.

POPE.

VER. 266. *The great directing MIND, &c.*] “Veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus enim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam FATUM et NATURA.”
Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. sub finem.

WARBURTON.

That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same ;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame ; 270
 Warms

NOTES.

VER. 267. *All are but parts*] These are lines of a marvellous energy and closeness of expression. They are exactly like the old Orphic verses quoted in Aristotle, *De Mundo*. Edit. Lugd. folio, 1590, p. 378.; and line 289 as minutely resembles the doctrine of the sublime hymn of Cleanthes the Stoic; not that I imagine Pope or Bolingbroke ever read that hymn, especially the latter, who was ignorant of Greek. WARTON.

Ver. 268. *Whose body Nature is, &c.*] Mr. de Croufaz remarks, on this line, that “A Spinozist would express himself in this manner.” I believe he would; for so the infamous Toland has done, in his *Atheist's Liturgy*, called *PANTHEISTICON*: But so would St. Paul likewise, who, writing on this subject, the omnipresence of God in his Providence, and in his Substance, says, in the words of a pantheistical Greek Poet, *In him we live, and move, and have our being; i. e.* we are parts of him, *his offspring*: And the reason is, because a religious theist and an impious pantheist both profess to believe the omnipresence of God. But would Spinoza, as Mr. Pope does, call God *the great directing Mind of all*, who hath intentionally created a perfect Universe? Or would a Spinozist have told us,

“ The workman from the work distinct was known ? ”
a line that overturns all Spinozism from its very foundations.

But this sublime defeription of the Godhead contains not only the *divinity* of St. Paul; but, if that will not satisfy the men he writes against, the *philosophy* likewise of Sir Isaac Newton.

The Poet says,

“ All are but parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;” &c.

The Philosopher:—"In ipſo continentur et moventur univerſa. ſed abſque mutua paſſione. Deus nihil patitur ex corporum motibus; illa nullam ſentiunt reſiſtentiam ex omnipreſentia Dei.—Corpoꝛe omni et figura corpoꝛea deſtituitur.—Omnia regit et omnia cognoscit—Cum unaquæque Spatii particula ſit ſemper, et unumquodque Durationis indiviſibile momentum, ubique certe rerum omnium Fabricator ac Dominus non erit nunquam, nuſquam."

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

Lives

NOTES.

Mr. Pope ;

“ Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, .

“ As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;

“ As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,

“ As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns :

“ To him, no high, no low, no great, no small ;

“ He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.”

Sir Isaac Newton :—“ Annon ex phænomenis constat esse entem incorporeum, viventem, intelligentem, omnipræsentem, qui in spatio infinito, tanquam sensorio suo, res ipsas intime cernat, penitusque perspiciat, totasque intra se præsens præsentem complectatur.”

But now, admitting there were an ambiguity in these expressions, so great that a Spinozist might employ them to express his own particular principles ; and such a thing might well be, because the Spinozists, in order to hide the impiety of their principle, are wont to express the Omnipresence of God in terms that any religious Theist might employ ; in this case, I say, how are we to judge of the Poet's meaning ? Surely, by the whole tenor of his argument. Now, take the words in the sense of the Spinozists, and he is made in the conclusion of his epistle, to overthrow all he had been advancing throughout the body of it : for Spinozism is the destruction of an Universe, where every thing tends, by a foreseen contrivance in all its parts, to the perfection of the Whole. But allow him to employ the passage in the sense of St. Paul, *That we and all creatures live, and move, and have our being in God* ; and then it will be seen to be the most logical support of all that had preceded. For the Poet having, as we say, laboured through his epistle to prove, that every thing in the Universe tends, by a foreseen contrivance, and a present direction of all its parts, to the perfection of the Whole ; it might be objected, that such a disposition of things implying in God a painful, operose, and inconceivable extent of Providence, it could not be supposed that such care extended to *all*, but was confined to the more noble parts of the creation. This gross conception of the First Cause the Poet exposes, by shewing that God is equally and intimately present to every particle of Matter, to every sort of Substance, and in every instant of Being.

WARBURTON.

Lives through all Life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;

As

NOTES.

VER. 270. *Great in the earth,*] It is remarkable, that perhaps the most solid refutation of Spinoza is in the 5th volume of Bayle's Dictionary, p. 199. WARTON.

VER. 274. *operates unspent;*] To Lucretius, who, in these very bold and magnificent lines, has asked,

“ Quis ? regere immensi summam ; quis habere profundī
 Indu manu validas potis est moderanter habenas ?
 Quis pariter cœlos omneis convertere ? et omneis
 Ignibus æthereiis terras suffire feraceis ?
 Omnibus inque locis esse omni tempore præstô ?

To this question, I say, we may answer, “ That Great Being who is so powerfully described by Pope in this passage.”

See on this subject the fine and convincing Discourse of Socrates with Aristodemus, in the first book of Xenophon's Memorabilia.

VER. 276. *in a hair as heart;*] How much superior to a conceit of Cowley, addressed to J. Evelyne, Esq.

“ If we could open and intend our eye,
 We all, like Moses, should espy,
 E'en in a Bush, the radiant Deity !”

Very sublime is the idea of the Great First Cause in a Fragment of Empedocles :

—— Φρὴν ἱερὴν, καὶ ἀθεσφιστοῦς ἐπληθὺ μῦθον,
 Φρονήσις κόσμον ἀπαντα καίαισσεσα θεῶσι.

Ammonius, p. 199.

M. du Refuel has translated all this passage of Pope unfairly and absurdly.

Our Author strove hard to excel four fine lines of his master Dryden, and has succeeded in the attempt ; they are in a speech of Raphael, in the “ State of Innocence,” amidst much trash :

“ Where'er thou art, he is ; th' eternal Mind
 Acts thro' all places ; is to none confin'd :
 Fills ocean, earth, and air, and all above,
 And thro' the universal mass does move.” WARTON.

As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns :
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease

NOTES.

VER. 280. *He fills, He bounds,*] This is a noble passage. Aken-
 side entered the lists on this subject with our Author. It will be
 pleasant to compare two such writers :

—— “ Thee, O Father, this extent
 Of matter ; Thee, the sluggish earth and tract
 Of seas, the heavens and heavenly splendors feel
 Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
 Of thy great essence, forth didst thou conduct
 Eternal Form ; and there, where Chaos reign’d,
 Gav’st her dominion to erect her seat,
 And sanctify the mansion. All her works
 Well-pleas’d thou didst behold. The gloomy fires
 Of storm or earthquake, and the purest light
 Of Summer ; soft Campania’s new-born rose ;
 And the slow weed, which pines on Russian hills,
 Comely alike to thy full vision, stand :
 To thy surrounding vision, which unites
 All essences and powers of the great world
 In one sole order ; fair alike they stand,
 As features well consenting, and alike
 Requir’d by Nature ere she could attain
 Her just resemblance to the perfect shape
 Of universal beauty, which with Thee
 Dwelt from the first.”——

Book i. 569. The Pleasures of Imagination.

I will here add, as the best commentary on the prevailing doc-
 trines of this first Epistle, a very exalted passage from Plotinus, in
 which he has introduced a sublime prosopopœia of Nature, or the
 Universe, speaking of the design of Creation ; and I will give it
 in the forcible and energetic translation of Cudworth, book i.
 p. 881, without apology for any antiquated expressions that this
 truly great divine and philosopher has made use of :

“ That

X. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name :
Our proper blifs depends on what we blame.

Know

VARIATIONS.

After Verse 282. in the MS.

Reason, to think of God when she pretends,
Begins a Cenfor, an Adorer ends.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 281. *Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name :*] And now the Poet, as he had promised, having *vindicated the ways of God to Man*, concludes (from ver. 280. to the end), that, from what had been said, it appears, that the very things we blame contribute to our happiness, either as unrelated particulars, or at least as parts of the universal system; that our state of ignorance was allotted to us out of compassion; that yet we have as much knowledge as is sufficient to shew us, that we are, and always shall be, as blest as we

NOTES.

“ That which God made was the Whole, as One thing; which he that attends to may hear it speaking to him after this manner : “ God Almighty hath made Me, and from thence came I perfect and complete, and standing in need of nothing, because in Me are contained all things; plants and animals, and good souls, and men happy with virtue; and innumerable demons, and many gods. Nor is the earth alone in me adorned with all manner of plants and variety of animals; or does the power of soul extend at most no further than to the seas, as if the whole air, and æther, and heaven, in the mean time, were quite devoid of soul, and altogether unadorned with living inhabitants. Moreover, all things in me desire good, and every thing reaches to it, according to its power and nature. For the whole world depends upon that first and highest good, the gods themselves who reign in my several parts, and all animals and plants, and whatsoever seems to be inanimate in me. For some things in me partake only of being, some of life also, some of sense, some of reason, and some of intellect above reason. But no man ought to require equal things from unequal; nor that the finger should see, but the eye; it being enough for the finger to be a finger, and to perform its own office.

Know thy own point : This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.

Submit.—

COMMENTARY.

we can bear; for that NATURE is neither a *Stratonic* chain of blind causes and effects,

(All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee,)

nor yet the fortuitous result of *Epicurean* atoms,

(All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see);

as those two species of atheism supposed it; but the wonderful art and contrivance, unknown indeed to Man, of an all-powerful, all-wise, all-good, and free Being. And therefore we may be assured, that the arguments brought above, to prove partial moral Evil productive

NOTES.

office. As an artificer would not make all things in an animal to be eyes; so neither has the Divine Λόγος, or Spermatie Reason of the World, made all things gods; but some gods, and some demons, and some men, and some lower animals: not out of envy, but to display its own variety and fecundity: but we are like unskilful spectators of a picture, who condemn the limner, because he hath not put bright colours every where; whereas he had suited his colours to every part respectively, giving to each such as belonged to it. Or else are we like those who would blame a comedy or tragedy, because they were not all kings or heroes that acted in it, but some servants and rustic clowns introduced also, talking after their rude fashion. Whereas the dramatic poem would neither be complete, nor elegant and delightful, were all those worse parts taken out of it."

The learned reader will be highly gratified by turning to a fine passage on this subject in Plutarch, De Animi Tranquillitate, vol. ii. p. 473, folio, 1620, and to the noble lines of Euripides there quoted: and would be gratified still more by attentively perusing the short treatise of Aristotle, Περὶ Κοσμοῦ, concerning the beauty and concord of the Universe arising from Contrarieties; which treatise, notwithstanding the different form of its composition, ought to be ascribed to this philosopher, for the reasons assigned by Petit in his Observations, b. ii.; and by a dissertation of Daniel Heinsius, as well as the opinion of our truly learned Bishop Berkeley.

WARTON.

Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,

285

Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :

Safe

COMMENTARY.

productive of Good, are conclusive; from whence one certain truth results, in spite of all the pride and cavils of vain Reason, That WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

That the reader may see in one view the exactness of the Method, as well as force of the Argument, I shall here draw up a short synopsis of this Epistle. The Poet begins by telling us, his subject is an Essay on Man: That his end of writing is *to vindicate Providence*: That he intends to derive his arguments *from the visible things of God seen in this system*: Lays down this proposition, *That of all possible systems, infinite Wisdom has formed the best*: Draws from thence two consequences; 1. *That there must needs be somewhere such a creature as Man*; 2. *That the moral Evil, which he is author of, is productive of the Good of the Whole.* This is his general Thesis; from whence he forms this conclusion, *That Man should rest submissive and content, and make the hopes of Futurity his comfort; but not suffer this to be the occasion of PRIDE,* which is the cause of all his impious complaints.

He proceeds to confirm his Thesis.—Previously endeavours to abate our wonder at the phenomenon of *moral Evil*; shews, first, *its use to the perfection of the Universe*, by analogy, from the use of *physical Evil* in this particular system:—Secondly, *its use in this system*, where it is turned, providentially, from its natural bias, to promote Virtue. Then goes on to vindicate Providence from the imputation of certain *supposed natural Evils*; as he had before justified it for the permission of *real moral Evil*, in shewing that, though the Atheist's complaint against Providence be on pretence of *real moral Evil*, yet the true cause is his impatience under *imaginary natural Evil*; the issue of a *depraved appetite for fantastical advantages*, which, if obtained, would be *useless or hurtful* to Man, and deforming of, and destructive to, the Universe, as breaking into that order by which it is supported. — He describes that *order, harmony, and close connection of the parts*; and by shewing the intimate presence of God to his whole creation, gives a reason for an Universe so amazingly beautiful and perfect.

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
 All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see ; 290
 All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
 All partial Evil, universal Good :

And,

COMMENTARY.

perfect. From all this he deduces his general conclusion, *That Nature being neither a blind chain of Causes and Effects, nor yet the fortuitous result of wandering atoms, but the wonderful art and direction of an all-wise, all-good, and free Being ;* *WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT, with regard to the disposition of God, and its ultimate tendency ;* which once granted, all complaints against Providence are at an end.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 287. *Safe in the hand*] “ Be there two worlds, or be there twenty, the same God is the God of all ; and wherever we are, we are equally in his power. Far from fearing my Creator, that all-perfect Being whom I adore, I should fear to be no longer his creature.” Bolingbroke.

Si sic omnia dixisset !

WARTON.

VER. 289. *All Nature is but Art,*] Cudworth observes, upon Lucretius’ having said,

“ Usque adeo res humanas vis abdita quædam
 Obterit,”——

that here he reeled and staggered in his atheism ; or was indeed a Theist, and knew it not.

“ Nature is the art whereby God governs the world,” says Hobbes.

WARTON.

VER. 291. *All Discord, Harmony*] The words of Plato, in the Thæot. are, καὶ τὸ τοῦ μεγίστου τέχνης ἀγαθὸ ποιεῖν τὰ κακὰ. This must be acknowledged to be the greatest of all arts, to be able to bonifie evils, or tincture them with good.”

Cudworth, p. 221. Intellectual System.

I was

And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

NOTES.

I was surpris'd to see this philosophical doctrine amply illustrated in one of our quaint old writers, Feltham, in his *Resolves*, p. 130. 1633.

“The whole world is kept in order by Discord; and every part of it is but a more particular compos'd jarre. Not a man, not a beast, not a creature, but have something to ballast their lightnesse. One scale is not alwaies in depression, nor the other lifted ever high, but the alternate wave of the beame keepes it ever in the play of motion. From the pismire on the tufted hill, to the monarch in the rais'd throne, nothing but hath somewhat to awe it. Wee are all here like birds that boyes let flye in strings: when we mount too high, wee have that which puls us downe againe. What man is it which lives so happily, which feares not something that would sadden his soule if it fell? Nor is there any whom calamity doth so much tristitiate, as that hee never sees the flashes of some warming joy. Beasts with beasts are terrified and delighted. Man with man is awed and defended. States with states are bounded and upholded. And, in all these, it makes greatly for the Maker's glory that such an admirable harmony should bee produced out of such an infinite discord. The world is both a perpetuall warre, and a wedding. Heraclitus call'd a Discord and Concord the universall Parents. And “to raile on Discord,” saies the Father of the Poets, “is to speake ill of Nature. As in musicke sometimes one string is lowder, sometimes another; yet never one long, nor never all at once. So sometimes one state gets a monarchy, sometimes another: sometimes one element is violent, now another: yet never was the whole world under one long; nor were all the elements raging together. Every thing has his use, and his tune, and his turne.”

Feltham, we might imagine, did not know that this was a doctrine so old as Heraclitus, who speaks of *Παλίστροφος ἀρμονία κόσμου*, a versatile harmony of the world, whereby things reciprocate backwards and forwards, &c.; quoted by Cudworth, chap. iv. b. i. from Plutarch, *De Iside & Osiride*, of two principles, a good God and an evil Dæmon; the Manichean doctrine.



BAYLE was the person who, by stating the difficulties concerning the Origin of Evil, in his Dictionary, 1695, with much acuteness and ability, revived the Manichean controversy that had been long dormant. He was soon answered by Le Clerc in his *Parrhasiana*, and by many articles in his *Bibliothèques*. But by no writer was Bayle so powerfully attacked, as by the excellent Archbishop King, in his *Treatise De Origine Mali*, 1702. About 1705, Lord Shaftesbury frequently visited Bayle at Rotterdam, whose wit and learning he admired, and made him a present of an elegant watch by a delicate stratagem; and offered him a fine collection of books, which that philosopher declined to accept. He had many conversations and disputes with Bayle on the Manichæan controversy; and in 1709 wrote the famous Dialogue, intitled, *The Moralists*, as a direct confutation of the opinions of Bayle; though he had before touched on this subject, 1699, when the first edition of the *Enquiry concerning Virtue and Merit* was published: as did his disciple Hutcheson, 1725. In 1710, Leibnitz wrote his famous *Theodicée*; without entering into the metaphysical refinements of that piece, it may be more amusing to our reader just to mention the agreeable fiction with which he ends his philosophical disquisition. He feigns (in continuance of a Dialogue of Laurentius Valla), that Sextus the son of Tarquin goes to Dodona to complain to Jupiter of the crime which he was destined to commit, the rape of Lucretia. Jupiter answers him, that he had nothing to do but to abstain from going to Rome: but Sextus declares positively, that he could not renounce the hope of being a king, and accordingly to Rome he goes. After his departure, the high priest, Theodorus, asks Jupiter, why he did not give another will to Sextus? Jupiter sends Theodorus to Athens to consult Minerva; she shews to Theodorus the great palace of the Destinies, in which were placed all the pictures and representations of all possible worlds, from the worst model to the best. Theodorus beholds, in the latter, the crime which Sextus was doomed to commit; from which crime arose the liberty of Rome, and a mighty empire; an event so interesting to a great part of the human race. Theodorus was silenced.

In 1720 Dr. John Clarke published his Enquiry into the Cause and Origin of Evil, a work full of sound reasoning ; but almost every argument on this most difficult of all subjects had been urged many years before any of the above-mentioned treatises appeared, namely 1678, by that truly great scholar and divine Cudworth, in that inestimable treasury of learning and philosophy his Intellectual System, to which so many authors have been indebted, without owning their obligations.

I thought this little account of the writers who had preceded Pope, on the subject of this Essay, not improper to be subjoined in this place.

WARTON.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Himself, as an Individual.

- I. *THE business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His Middle Nature; his Powers and Frailties, Ver. 1 to 19. The Limits of his Capacity, Ver. 19, &c.*
- II. *The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary, Ver. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, Ver. 67, &c. Their end the same, Ver. 81, &c.*
- III. *The PASSIONS, and their use, Ver. 93 to 130. The Predominant Passion, and its force, Ver. 132 to 160. Its Necessity, in directing Men to different purposes, Ver. 165, &c. Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue, Ver. 177.*
- IV. *Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: What is the Office of Reason, Ver. 202 to 216.*
- V. *How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves in it, Ver. 217.*
- VI. *That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are answered in our Passions and Imperfections, Ver. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men, Ver. 241. How useful they are to Society, Ver. 251. And to Individuals, Ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, Ver. 273, &c.*

EPISTLE II.

I. **K**NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of Mankind is Man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A Being darkly wise, and rudely great :

With

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 2. Ed. 1st,

The only science of Mankind is Man.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 2. *The proper study, &c.*] The Poet having shewn, in the *first* epistle, that the *ways of God* are too high for our comprehension, rightly draws this conclusion ; and methodically makes it the subject of his Introduction to the *second*, which treats of the *Nature of Man*.

But here presently the accusers of Providence would be apt to object, and say, “Admit that we ran into an excess, when we pretended to censure or penetrate the designs of Providence, a matter, perhaps, too high for us ; yet have not you gone as far into the opposite extreme, while you only send us to the knowledge of OURSELVES. You must mock us when you talk of this as a study ; for who can doubt but we are intimately acquainted with our own Nature ? The proper conclusion, therefore, from your proof of our inability to comprehend the ways of God, is, that we should turn ourselves to the study of the frame of general NATURE.” Thus, I say, would they be apt to object ; for, of all Men, those who call themselves *Freethinkers* are most given up to *Pride* ; especially to that kind which consists in a boasted knowledge of Man, the effects of which pride are so well exposed in

NOTES.

VER. 3. *on this isthmus*] From Cowley, in the Ode on Life and Fame. As also line 205. in the 4th Epistle,

To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.

WARTON.

With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 5
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast ;
 In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer ;
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ; 10
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much :

Chaos

COMMENTARY.

in the *first* Epistle. The Poet, therefore, to convince them that this study is less easy than they imagine, replies (from ver. 2 to 19.) to the *first* part of the objection, by describing the dark and feeble state of the human Understanding, with regard to the knowledge of ourselves. And further to strengthen this argument, he shews, in answer to the *second* part of the objection (from ver. 18 to 31.), that the highest advances in *natural knowledge* may be easily acquired, and yet we, all the while, continue very ignorant of *ourselves*. For that neither the clearest science, which results from the Newtonian philosophy, nor the most sublime, which is taught by the Platonic, will at all assist us in this self-study ; nay, what is more, that Religion itself, when grown fanatical and enthusiastic, will be equally useless : though pure and sober Religion will best instruct us in Man's Nature ; that knowledge being necessary to Religion ; whose subject is Man considered in all his relations, and, consequently, whose object is God.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 11. *Alike in ignorance, &c.*] *i. e.* The proper sphere of his Reason is so narrow, and the exercise of it so nice, that the too immoderate use of it is attended with the same ignorance that proceeds from the not using it at all. Yet, though in both these cases he is *abused by himself*, he has it still in his own power to *disabuse himself*, in making his Passions subservient to the *means*, and regulating his Reason by the *end* of life.

WARBURTON.

VER. 12. *Whether he thinks too little,*] It was observed by Bayle, above an hundred years ago, " that philosophy might be compared

Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd ;
 Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
 Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

15

Go,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this state can bear
 In vain we sigh, Heav'n made us as we are.
 As wisely sure a modest Ape might aim
 To be like Man, whose faculties and frame
 He sees, he feels, as you or I to be
 An Angel thing we neither know nor see.
 Observe how near he edges on our race ;
 What human tricks ! how risible of face !
 It must be so—why else have I the sense
 Of more than monkey charms and excellence ?
 Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd ?
 And why this ardent longing for a Maid ?
 So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind,
 Till set on end, and married to his mind.
 Go, reas'ning thing ! assume the Doctor's chair,
 As Plato deep, as Seneca severe :
 Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,
 Then drop into thyself, &c.—

NOTES.

pared to certain powders, so very corrosive, that, having consumed the proud and spongy flesh of a wound, they would corrode even the quick and sound flesh, rot the bones, and penetrate to the very marrow. Philosophy is proper at first to confute errors, but if she be not stopped there, she attacks truth itself; and, when she has her full scope, she generally goes so far that she loses herself, and knows not where to stop." What would Bayle have said if he had seen the uses to which Philosophy has been applied in the present times?

WARTON.

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science
guides,

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ; 20

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,

Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun ;

Go, soar with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,

To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;

Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25

And quitting sense call imitating God ;

As

VARIATIONS.

VER. 21. Ed. 4th and 5th.

Show by what rules the wand'ring planets stray,

Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.

NOTES.

VER. 20. *Go, measure earth, &c.*] Alluding to the noble and useful labours of the modern Mathematicians, in measuring a degree at the equator and the polar circle, in order to determine the true figure of the earth ; of great importance to astronomy and navigation ; and which proved of equal honour to the wonderful sagacity of Newton.

WARBURTON.

VER. 22. *Correct old Time, &c.*] This alludes to Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on those two sublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men ; and the position of the colures of the equinoxes and solstices at the time of the Argonautic expedition.

WARBURTON.

VER. 26. *And quitting sense, &c.*] This alludes to that philosophical system, founded on the doctrines of Plato, which Ammonius Saccas taught, towards the conclusion of the second century, who laid the foundation of the sect which was distinguished by the name of the *New Platonists*. His object was to unite Platonism with Christianity. He taught his followers to abstract themselves from all worldly feelings, and, by a continual contemplation of the Divine Nature, to work themselves up to an imitation of the Supreme Being, to mortify the body, and to enjoy in spirit an holy and sublime communion with Heaven. See Mosheim, vol. i. p. 85. Maclaine's Transf.—Brucker's *Historia Philo.* vol. ii, iii.

As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

30

Superior Beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,

Admir'd

COMMENTARY.

VER. 31. *Superior Beings, &c.*] To give this second argument its full force, he illustrates it (from ver. 30 to 43.) by the noblest example that ever was in science, the incomparable NEWTON; who, although he penetrated so far beyond others into the works of God, yet could go no farther in the knowledge of his own nature than the generality of his fellows. Of which the Poet assigns this very just and adequate reason: In all *other sciences* the Understanding is unchecked and uncontrouled by any opposite principle; but in the science of *Man*, the Passions overturn, as fast as Reason can build up.

WAREURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 29, 30. *Go, teach Eternal Wisdom, &c.*] These two lines are a conclusion from all that had been said from ver. 18, to this effect: Go now, vain Man, elated with thy acquirements in *real* science, and *imaginary* intimacy with God; go, and run into all the extravagancies I have exploded in the first epistle, where thou pretendedst to teach Providence how to govern; then drop into the obscurities of thy own nature, and thereby manifest thy ignorance and folly.

WARBURTON.

VER. 31. *Superior Beings, &c.*] In these lines the Poet speaks to this effect: "But to make you fully sensible of the difficulty of this study, I shall instance in the great Newton himself; whom, when superior beings, not long since, saw capable of unfolding the whole law of Nature, they were in doubt whether the owner of such prodigious sagacity should not be reckoned of their order: just as men, when they see the surprising marks of Reason in an Ape, are almost tempted to rank him with their own kind." And yet this wondrous man could go no further in the knowledge of himself than the generality of his species. M. Du Resnel, who under-

Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind, 35
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?

Who

VARIATIONS.

VER. 35. Ed. 1st.

Could he, who taught each Planet where to roll,
Describe or fix one movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their points to rise, or to descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

NOTES.

flood nothing of all this, translates these four celebrated lines thus :

“ Des celestes Esprits la vive intelligence
Regarde avec pitié notre foible Science ;
Newton, le grand Newton, que nos admirons tous
Est peut-être pour eux, *ce qu'un Singe est pour nous.*”

But it is not the *pity*, but the *admiration* of those celestial Spirits which is here spoken of. And it was for no slight cause they admired ; it was, *to see a mortal man unfold the whole law of Nature.* By which we see it was not Mr. Pope's intention to bring any of the Ape's *qualities*, but its *sagacity*, into the comparison.

WARBURTON.

VER. 34. *as we shew an Ape.*] Evidently borrowed from the following passage in the Zodiac of Palingenius, and not, as hath been suggested by Dr. Hurd, from Plato. Pope was a reader and publisher of the modern Poets of Italy who wrote in Latin. The words are,

“ Simia Cœlicolum risusq; jocusq; Deorum est
Tunc Homo, cum temerè ingenio confidit, et audet
Abdita Naturæ scrutari, arcanaq; Divum.” WARTON.

VER. 34. *And shew'd a NEWTON, &c.*] This image gives an air of burlesque to the passage, notwithstanding all that can be said. It is degrading to the subject, to the idea of the “Superior Beings,” and to the character on whom it is meant as a panegyric.

Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning, or his end?
 Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide:
 First strip off all her equipage of Pride;

Deduct

COMMENTARY.

VER. 43. *Trace Science then, &c.*] The conclusion, therefore, from the whole is (from ver. 42 to 53.), that as, on the one hand, we should persist in the study of Nature; so, on the other, in order to arrive at Science, we should proceed in the simplicity of truth; and then the produce, though small, will yet be real.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 37. *Who saw its fires here rise, &c.*] Sir Isaac Newton, in calculating the velocity of a Comet's motion, and the course it describes, when it becomes visible in its descent to, and ascent from, the Sun, conjectured, with the highest appearance of truth, that Comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipses vastly eccentric, and very nearly approaching to parabolas. In which he was greatly confirmed, in observing between two Comets a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities.

WARBURTON.

VER. 44. *First strip off*] The abuses of learning are enumerated with brevity and elegance in these few lines. It was a favourite subject with our author; and it is said he intended to have written four epistles on it, wherein he would have treated of the extent and limits of human reason; of arts and sciences useful and attainable; of the different capacities of different men; of the knowledge of the world; and of wit. Such censures, even of the most unimportant parts of literature, should not, however, be carried too far; and a sensible writer observes, that there is not indeed any part of knowledge which can be called entirely useless. "The

Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dress, 45
 Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
 Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our Vices have created Arts; 50
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two

NOTES.

most abstracted parts of mathematics, and the knowledge of mythological history, or ancient allegories, have their own pleasures, not inferior to the more gay entertainments of painting, music, or architecture; and it is for the advantage of mankind that some are found who have a taste for these studies. The only fault lies in letting any of those inferior tastes engross the whole man to the exclusion of the nobler pursuits of virtue and humanity*." We may here apply an elegant observation of Tully, who says, in his Brutus, "Credo, sed Atheniensium quoque plus interfuit firma testis in domiciliis habere, quam Minervæ signum ex ebore pulcherrimum: tamen ego me Phidiam esse malletm quam vel optimum fabrum lignarium; quare non quantum quisque profit, sed quanti quisque sit, ponderandum est: præsertim cum pauci pingere egregiè possint aut fingere, operarii autem aut bajuli deesse non possint." WARTON.

VER. 47. *Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,*] Such as the mathematical demonstrations concerning the *small quantity of matter*; the *endless divisibility* of it, &c. WARBURTON.

VER. 48. *Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;*] *i. e.* when *Admiration* has set the mind on the rack. WARBURTON.

VER. 49. *Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our Vices have created Arts;*
i. e. Those parts of natural Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Poetry, &c. which administer to luxury, deceit, ambition, effeminacy, &c. WARBURTON.

* Hutcheson's Nature and Conduct of the Passions, p. 179.

II. Two Principles in human nature reign ;
 Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain ;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55
 Each works its end, to move or govern all :
 And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all Good ; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
 Man,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 53. *Two Principles, &c.*] The Poet having shewn the difficulty which attends the study of Man, proceeds to remove it, by laying before us the elements or true principles of this science, in an account of the *Origin, Use, and End* of the PASSIONS ; which, in my opinion, contains the truest, clearest, shortest, and consequently the best system of Ethics that is any where to be met with. He begins (from ver. 52 to 59.) with pointing out the two grand Principles in human nature, SELF-LOVE and REASON. Describes their general nature : The first sets Man upon acting, the other regulates his action. However, these principles are *natural*, not *moral* ; and therefore, in themselves, neither good nor evil, but so only as they are directed. This observation is made with great judgment, in opposition to the desperate folly of those Fanatics, who, as the Ascetic, vainly pretend to eradicate Self-love ; or, as the Mystic, are more successful in stifling Reason ; and both, on the absurd fancy of their being *moral*, not *natural*, principles.

WARBURTON.

VER. 59. *Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;*] The Poet proceeds (from ver. 58 to 67.), more minutely to mark out the distinct offices of these two Principles, which offices he had before assigned only in general ; and here he shews their necessity ; for without Self-love, as the *spring*, Man would be unactive ; and, without Reason as the *balance*, active to no purpose.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 59. *acts the soul ;*] *acts*, for *aquates*.

Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end :
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void, 65
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires :
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70
 Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh ;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
 That sees immediate good by present sense ;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.

Thicker

COMMENTARY.

VER. 67. *Most strength the moving principle requires :*] Having thus explained the ends and offices of each Principle, he goes on (from ver. 66 to 79.) to speak of their qualities; and shews how they are fitted to discharge those functions, and answer their respective intentions. The business of Self-love being to excite to action, it is quick and impetuous; and moving instinctively, has, like attraction, its force prodigiously increased as the object approaches, and proportionably lessened as it recedes. On the contrary, Reason, like the Author of attraction, is always calm and sedate, and equally preserves itself, whether the object be near or far off. Hence the moving principle is made more strong, though the restraining be more quick-sighted. The consequence he draws from this is, that if we would not be carried away to our destruction, we must always keep Reason upon guard.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 74. *Reason, the future, &c.*] From Bacon: "The Affections carry ever an appetite to good, as Reason doth. The difference is, that the Affection beholdeth merely the present, Reason beholdeth the future and sum of time."

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.

Attention, habit and experience gains ;

Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains. 80

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite ;

And

COMMENTARY.

VER. 79. *Attention, &c.*] But it would be objected, that, if this account be true, human life would be most miserable ; and, even in the wisest, a perpetual conflict between Reason and the Passions. To this, therefore, the Poet replies (from ver. 78 to 81.), first, that Providence has so graciously contrived, that even in the voluntary exercise of Reason, as in the mechanic motion of a limb, Habit makes what was at first done with pain, easy and natural. And secondly, that the experience gained by the long exercise of Reason, goes a great way towards eluding the force of Self-love. Now the attending to Reason, as here recommended, will gain us this habit and experience. Hence it appears, that our station, in which Reason is to be kept constantly upon guard, is not so uneasy a one as may be at first imagined. WARBURTON.

VER. 81. *Let subtle schoolmen, &c.*] From this description of Self-love and Reason, it follows, as the Poet observes (from ver. 80 to 93.), that both conspire to one end, namely, human happiness, though they be not equally expert in the choice of the means ; the difference being this, that the first hastily seizes every thing which hath the appearance of good ; the other weighs and examines whether it be indeed what it appears.

This shews, as he next observes, the folly of the schoolmen, who consider them as two opposite principles, the one good and the other evil. The observation is seasonable and judicious ; for this dangerous school-opinion gives great support to the Manichean or Zoroastrian error, the confutation of which was one of the Author's chief ends in writing. For if there be *two principles* in Man, a *good and evil*, it is natural to think him the joint pro-
duct

And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.

Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name, 85

Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.

Self-love and Reason to one end aspire.

Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire ;

But greedy That, its object would devour,

This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r : 90

Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,

Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call :

'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :

But

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted Fools,

Of good and evil Reason puzzled schools,

Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

COMMENTARY.

duct of the two Manichean Deities (the first of which contributed to his *Reason*, the other to his *Passions*), rather than the creature of one Individual Cause. This was Plutarch's opinion, and, as we may see in him, of some of the more ancient theistical Philosophers. It was of importance, therefore, to reprobate and subvert a notion that served to the support of so dangerous an error : And this the Poet hath done with much force and clearness.

WARBURTON.

VER. 93. *Modes of Self-love, &c.*] Having given this account of the nature of Self-love in general, he comes now to anatomize it, in a discourse on the PASSIONS, which he aptly names the MODES OF SELF-LOVE. The object of all these, he shews (from ver. 92 to 101.) is *good* ; and, when under the guidance of Reason, *real good*, either of ourselves, or of another ; for some goods not being capable of division, or communication, and Reason at the same time directing us to provide for ourselves, we
therefore,

But since not ev'ry good we can divide, 95
 And Reason bids us for our own provide ;
 Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
 Lift under Reason, and deserve her care ;
 Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name. 100

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
 'Their Virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;

Contracted

COMMENTARY.

therefore, in pursuit of these objects, sometimes aim at our own good, sometimes at the good of others : when fairly aiming at our own, the quality is called *Prudence* ; when at another's, *Virtue*.

Hence (as he shews from ver. 100 to 105.) appears the folly of the Stoics, who would eradicate the Passions, things so necessary both to the good of the Individual and of the Kind. Which preposterous method of promoting Virtue he therefore very reasonably reproves.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 93. *Modes of Self-love*] Modifications of ideas. LOCKE.

VER. 101. *In lazy Apathy*] Swift observes, that "the Stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our passions, is like cutting off our legs for want of shoes." How easy is it to expose assertions which were never asserted ; to refute tenets which were never held ; to become St. George when we make our own dragons ? What says old Epictetus, who knew Stoicism better than these men ? ἐ γαρ δεῖ μὴ ἔχειν Αἰσθησὶν ὡς Ἀνδράνδρα, &c. "I am NOT to be APATHETIC, or VOID OF passions, LIKE A STATUE. I am to discharge all the relations of a social and friendly life, the parent, the husband, the brother, the magistrate." From a manuscript of the late James Harris, Esq. author of *Hermes*, &c. Perhaps a stronger example cannot be found, of taking notions upon trust without any examination, than the universal censure that has been passed upon the Stoics, as if they constantly and strenuously inculcated a total insensibility with respect to passion, to which these lines of Pope allude ; when it is certain the Stoics meant only, a freedom from strong perturbation, from irrational and excessive agitations of the soul ; and no more. WARTON.

Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
 But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest :
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.

On

COMMENTARY.

VER. 105. *The rising tempest puts in act the soul,*] But as it was from observation of the evils occasioned by the Passions, that the Stoics thus extravagantly projected their extirpation, the Poet recurs (from ver. 104 to 111.) to his grand principle, so often before, and to so good purpose, insisted on, that *partial Ill is universal Good*; and shews, that though the tempest of the Passions, like that of the air, may tear and ravage some few parts of Nature in its passage, yet the salutary agitation produced by it preserves the Whole, in life and vigour. This is his *first* argument against the Stoics, which he illustrates by a very beautiful similitude, on a hint taken from Scripture :

“ Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.”

WAFBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 101. *In lazy Apathy*] Adam Smith's account of the Philosophy of the Stoicks, in his Theory of Moral Sentiments, is the most just. That sublime system is put in a new light, and the magnanimity which they professed *themselves*, contrasted with the benevolence they were equally required to shew to others. See Chapter on the Stoic Philosophy.

VER. 105. *The rising tempest, &c.*] From factions, and ferments, and political agitations, and commotions, and wars, arise the most striking and vigorous exertions of the human mind. Witness what happened in Greece, and Rome, and modern Italy; in France after the league; and in England after, and in, our civil war. Great occasions call forth great and latent abilities; and every man becomes capable of every exertion. A Socrates and a Sophocles were found, alone, in the time of Themistocles and Thrasylbulus. The dead calm of despotism, in such a government as China, for instance, crushes and overwhelms all effort and all emulation.

WARTON.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110
 Passions,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the MS.

A tedious Voyage! where how uselefs lies
 The compass, if no pow'rful gust arise?

NOTES.

VER. 108. *Reason the card,*] This passage is exactly copied from Fontenelle, tom. i. p. 109.

“Ce sont les passions qui sont et qui desfont tout. Si la raison dominoit sur la terre, il ne s’y passeroit rien. On dit que les pilotes craignent au dernier point ces mers pacifiques, ou l’ont ne peut naviger, et qu’ils veulent du vent, au hazard d’avoir des tempêtes. Les passions sont chez des hommes des vents qui sont nécessaires, pour mettre tout en mouvement, quoiqu’ils causent souvent les orages.” He had also copied Fontenelle before, in Epistle i. v. 290.

“All chance direction which thou canst not see,”

“Tout est hazard dans le monde, pourvû que l’on donne ce nom à un ordre que l’on ne connoit point.” Tom. i. p. 81.

WARTON.

The idea is also in Bacon:—“The mind would be temperate, and stay’d, if the affections, *as winds*, did not put it into tumult.”

VER. 109. *Nor God alone in the still calm we find,*

He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.]

The translator turns it thus:

“Dieu lui-même, Dieu sort de son profond repos.”

And so, makes an *Epicurean* God, of the Governor of the Universe. M. de Croufaz does not spare this expression of *God’s coming out of his profound repose*. “It is,” says he, “excessively poetical, and presents us with ideas which we ought not to dwell upon,” &c. and then, as usual, blames the Author for the blunder of his Translator. *Comm.* p. 158.

WARBURTON.

VER. 109. *Nor God alone, &c.*] These words are only a simple affirmation in the poetic dress of a similitude, to this purpose:

Good

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:

These,

COMMENTARY.

VER. III. *Passions, like elements, &c.*] His *second* argument against the Stoics (from ver. 110 to 133.) is, that Passions go to the composition of a moral character, just as elementary particles go to the composition of an organized body: Therefore, for Man to project the destruction of what composes his very being, is the height of extravagance. 'Tis true, he tells us, that these Passions, which in their natural state, like elements, are in perpetual jar, must be tempered, softened, and united, in order to perfect the work of the great plastic Artist; who, in this office, employs human Reason; whose business it is to follow the road of Nature, and to observe the dictates of the Deity;—*Follow her and God*. The use and importance of this precept is evident: For in doing the first, she will discover the absurdity of attempting to eradicate the Passions; in doing the second, she will learn how to make them subservient to the interests of Virtue.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

Good is not only produced by the subdual of the Passions, but by the turbulent exercise of them. A truth conveyed under the most sublime imagery that poetry could conceive or paint. For the Author is here only shewing the providential issue of the Passions; and how, by God's gracious disposition, they are turned away from their natural destructive bias, to promote the Happiness of Mankind. As to the method in which they are to be treated by Man, in whom they are found, all that he contends for, in favour of them, is only this, that they should not be quite rooted up and destroyed, as the Stoics, and their followers, in all Religions, foolishly attempted. For the rest, he constantly repeats this advice,

“ The action of the stronger to suspend,

Reason still use, to Reason still attend.”

WARBURTON.

VER. 110. *walks upon the wind*.] In Dryden's Ceyx and Alcione is,

“ And now sublime she rides upon the wind *.”

WARTON.

* From the Psalms: “ Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.”

These, 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
 But what composes Man, can Man destroy ?
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road, 115
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
 'These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the Mind : 120
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
 Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;
 And when, in act, they cease, in prospect, rise :
 Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
 The whole employ of body and of mind.

All

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 112. in the MS.

The soft reward the virtuous, or invite ;
 The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 123. *Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;*] His *third* argument against the Stoics (from ver. 122 to 127.) is, that the Passions are a continual spur to the pursuit of Happiness ; which, without these powerful inciters, we should neglect, and sink into a senseless indolence. Now Happiness is the *end* of our creation ; and this excitement, the *means* to that end : therefore, these movers, the Passions, are the instruments of God, which he hath put into the hands of Reason to work withal. WARLURTON

NOTES.

VER. 117. *Love, Hope, and Joy,*] This beautiful groupe of allegorical personages, so strongly contrasted, how does it act ? The prosopopœia is unfortunately dropped, and the metaphor changed immediately in the succeeding lines, viz.

“ These mix'd with art,” &c.

WARTON

All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike ;

Hence

COMMENTARY.

VER. 127. *All spread their charms, &c.*] The Poet now proceeds in his subject ; and this last observation leads him naturally to the discussion of his next principle. He shews then, that though all the Passions have their turn in swaying the determinations of the mind, yet every Man hath one MASTER PASSION, that at length stifles or absorbs all the rest. The fact he illustrates at large in his epistle to Lord Cobham. Here (from ver. 126 to 149.) he giveth us the CAUSE of it. Those Pleasures or Goods, which are the objects of the Passions, affect the mind by striking on the senses ; but as, through the formation of the organs of our frame, every man hath some one sense stronger and more acute than others, the object which strikes the stronger or acuter sense, whatever it be, will be the object most desired ; and consequently, the pursuit of that will be the *ruling Passion*: That the difference of force in this ruling Passion, shall, at first, perhaps, be very small, or even imperceptible ; but Nature, Habit, Imagination, Wit, nay even Reason itself, shall assist its growth, till it hath at length drawn and converted every other into itself. All which is delivered in a strain of Poetry so wonderfully sublime, as suspends, for a while, the *ruling Passion* in every Reader, and engrosses his whole admiration.

This naturally leads the Poet to lament the weakness and insufficiency of human Reason (from ver. 148 to 161.) ; and the purpose he had in so doing, was plainly to intimate THE NECESSITY OF A MORE PERFECT DISPENSATION TO MANKIND. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 128. *On diff'rent senses*] A didactic poet has thus nobly illustrated this very doctrine :

—————“ Diff'rent minds
Incline to diff'rent objects : one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence, when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,

And

Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame ; 130
 And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death ;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
 strength :

So, cast and mingl'd with his very frame,
 The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION, came ;
 Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul : 140
 Whatever

NOTES.

And Ocean, groaning from the lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below
 The nations tremble, Shakespear looks abroad
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war. But Waller longs
 All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,
 To spread his careless limbs, amid the cool
 Of plantane shades."—— AKENSIDE.

WARTON.

VER. 129. *Hence diff'rent Passions*] It may be doubted, as Johnson justly observes, whether there be any foundation in Nature for this great paramount principle of action, and whether Pope does not confound "Passions, Appetites, and Habits," in his theory.

VER. 133. *As Man, perhaps, &c.*] "Antipater Sidonius Poeta omnibus annis uno die natali tantum corripiebatur febre, et eo consumptus est satis longa senectâ." *Plin.* l. vii. *N. H.* This *Antipater* was in the times of Crassus, and is celebrated for the quickness of his parts by Cicero. WARBURTON.

Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse; 145
 Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
 Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
 As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
 In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey: 150
 Ah!

NOTES.

VER. 147. *Reason itself, &c.*] The Poet, in some other of his epistles, gives examples of the doctrines and precepts here delivered. Thus, in that *Of the Use of Riches*, he has illustrated this truth in the character of Cotta:

“ Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
 Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth.
 What though (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
 His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
I than bramins, saints, and sages did before.”

WARBURTON.

VER. 148. *turns vinegar*] Taken from Bacon, *De Calore*; and the preceding verse, and comparison, 132.

“ Like Aaron's serpent,” ———

is from Bacon likewise.

WARTON.

VER. 148. *turns vinegar*] This comparison, which might be very proper in Philosophy, has a mean effect in Poetry.

VER. 149. *We, wretched subjects, &c.*] St. Paul himself did not choose to employ other arguments, when disposed to give us the highest idea of the usefulness of CHRISTIANITY (*Rom. vii.*). But it may be, the Poet finds a remedy in NATURAL RELIGION. Far from it. He here leaves Reason unrelieved. What is this then, but an intimation that we ought to seek for a cure in that Religion, which only dares profess to give it?

WARBURTON.

Ah ! if she lend not arms, 'as well as rules,
 What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
 Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
 The choice we make, or justify it made ;
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak Passions for the strong :
 So, when small humours gather to a gout,
 The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160
 Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd ;
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard :
 'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe :
 A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 165
 And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends :
 Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.

Let

COMMENTARY.

VER. 161. *Yes, Nature's road, &c.*] Now as it appears from the account here given of the *ruling Passion* and its cause (which results from the structure of the organs), that it is the road of Nature, the Poet shews (from ver. 160 to 197.), that this road is to be followed. So that the office of Reason is not to direct us what passion to exercise, but to assist us in RECTIFYING, and keeping within due bounds, that which Nature hath so strongly impressed ; because

“ A mightier Power the strong direction sends,

And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends.” WARDURTON.

VER. 167. *Like varying winds, &c.*] The Poet having proved that the *ruling passion* (since Nature hath given it us) is not to be overthrown,

NOTES.

VER. 166. *The doctor fancies, &c.*] The same may be said of this as of the line 148.

Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please ;
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ; 170
 Through life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expence ;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find reason on their side.

'Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill, 175
 Grafts on this Passion our best principle :
 'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd ;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inferted, learn to bear ;

The

COMMENTARY.

overthrown, but *restituted* ; the next inquiry will be, of what *use* the ruling passion is ; for an use it must have, if reason be to treat it thus mildly. This use he shews us (from ver. 166 to 197.) is twofold, Natural and Moral.

1. Its *Natural* use is to conduct Men steadily to one certain end, who would otherwise be eternally fluctuating between the equal violence of various and discordant passions, driving them up and down at random ; and, by that means, to enable them to promote the good of society, by making each a contributor to the common stock :

“ Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,” &c.

2. Its *Moral* use is to ingraft our ruling Virtue upon it ; and by that means to enable us to promote our own good, by turning the exorbitancy of the *ruling Passion* into its neighbouring Virtue :

“ See anger, zeal and fortitude supply,” &c.

The wisdom of the Divine Artist is, as the Poet finely observes, very illustrious in this contrivance ; for the mind and body having now one common interest, the efforts of Virtue will have their force infinitely augmented :

“ 'Tis thus the mercury,” &c.

WARBURTON.

The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
 Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
 Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
 Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.
 Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:

Reason

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft, with Passion, Virtue points her charms!
 Then shines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.
 Pelens' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,
 Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none!
 But Virtues opposite to make agree,
 That, Reason! is thy task; and worthy Thee.
 Hard task, cries Bibulus, and Reason weak.
 —Make it a point, dear Marquess! or a pique.
 Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay
 A debt to Reason, like a debt at play
 For right or wrong have mortals suffer'd more?
 B— for his Prince, or * * for his Whore?
 Whose self-denials Nature must controul?
 His, who would save a Sixpence, or his Soul?
 Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,
 Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin?
 What we resolve, we can: but here's the fault,
 We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

Reason the bias turns from good to ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.

The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,

In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :

200

The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide ? The God within the mind.

Extremes

COMMENTARY.

VER. 197. *Reason the bias, &c.*] But lest it should be objected that this account favours the doctrine of Necessity, and would insinuate that men are only acted upon, in the production of good out of evil ; the Poet teacheth (from ver. 196 to 203.), that Man is a free agent, and hath it in his power to turn the natural passions into virtues or into vices, properly so called :

“ Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.”

Secondly, If it should be objected, that though he doth, indeed, tell us some actions are beneficial and some hurtful, yet he could not call those *virtuous*, nor these *vicious*, because, as he hath described things, the motive appears to be only the gratification of some passion ; give me leave to answer for him, that this would be mistaking the argument, which (to ver. 249. of this epistle) considers the passions only with regard to *Society*, that is, with regard to their *effects* rather than their *motives* : That, however, it is his design to teach that actions are *properly virtuous and vicious* ; and though it be difficult to distinguish genuine virtue from spurious, they having both the same appearance, and both the same public effects, yet that they may be disentangled. If it be asked, by what means ? he replies (from ver. 202 to 205.) by Conscience ;—*the God within the mind* ;—and this is to the purpose ; for it is a Man's own concern, and no one's else, to know whether his virtue be pure and solid ; for what is it to others, whether this virtue (while, as to them, the effect of it is the same) be real or imaginary ?

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 204. *The God within the mind.*] Conscience ;—a sublime expression of Plato.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, 205
 In Man they join to some mysterious use ;
 Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
 Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice. 210
 Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ; 215
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.
 Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;

Yet

COMMENTARY.

VER. 205. *Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, &c.*] But still it will be said, Why all this difficulty to distinguish true virtue from false? The Poet shews why (from ver. 204 to 211.); That though indeed vice and virtue so invade each other's bounds, that sometimes we can scarce tell where one ends and the other begins, yet great purposes are served thereby, no less than the perfecting the constitution of the Whole, as lights and shades, which run into one another insensibly in a well-wrought picture, make the harmony and spirit of the composition. But on this account to say there is neither vice nor virtue, the Poet shews (from ver. 210 to 217.) would be just as wise as to say, there is neither black nor white, because the shade of that, and the light of this, often run into one another, and are mutually lost:

“ Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;

’Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.”

This is an error of *speculation*, which leads Men so foolishly to conclude, that there is neither vice nor virtue. WARBURTON.

VER. 217. *Vice is a monster, &c.*] There is another Error, an error of *practice*, which hath more general and hurtful effects ; and

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
 But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed :
 Ask where's the North ? at York, 'tis on the Tweed ;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
 At Greenland, Sembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No

, VARIATIONS.

After ver. 220. in the first Edition, followed these :

A Cheat ! a Whore ! who starts not at the name,
 In all the Inns of Court or Drury-lane ?

COMMENTARY.

is next considered (from ver. 216 to 221.). It is this, that though, at the first aspect, Vice be so horrible as to fright the beholder, yet, when by habit we are once grown familiar with her, we first suffer, and in time begin to lose the memory of her nature ; which necessarily implies an equal ignorance in the nature of Virtue. Hence men conclude, that there is neither one nor the other.

WARBURTON.

VER. 221. *But where th' Extreme of Vice, &c.*] But it is not only that extreme of Vice which stands next to Virtue, which betrays us into these mistakes. We are deceived too, as he shews us (from ver. 220 to 231.), by our observations concerning the other extreme : For from the extreme of Vice being unsettled, Men conclude that Vice itself is only nominal, at least rather comparative than real.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 217. *Vice is a monster, &c.*] "Hence we find," says that amiable moralist Hutcheson, "that the basest actions are dressed in some tolerable mask :"—"What others call avarice, appears to the agent a prudent care of a family or friends ; fraud, artful conduct ; malice and revenge, a just sense of honour ; fire and sword, and desolation among enemies, a just thorough defence of our country ; persecution, a zeal for truth, and for the eternal happiness of men, which heretics oppose."

WARTON.

VER. 217. *Vice is a monster*] Parody on Dryden's lines on Virtue.

No creature owns it in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he;
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right. 225

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;

The

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 226. in the MS.

The Col'nel swears the Agent is a dog,
 The Scriv'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue.
 Against the Thief, th' Attorney loud inveighs,
 For whose ten pound the County twenty pays.
 The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;
 And dying, mourns small Villains hang'd by great.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 231. *Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,*] There is yet a third cause of this error of *no Vice, no Virtue*, composed of the other two, *i. e.* partly *speculative*, and partly *practical*. And this also the Poet considers (from ver. 230 to 239.), shewing it ariseth from the imperfection of the best characters, and the inequality of all: whence it happens that no Man is extremely virtuous or vicious, nor extremely constant in the pursuit of either. Why it so happens, the Poet informs us, who with admirable sagacity assigns the cause in this line:

“For, Vice or Virtue, SELF directs it still.”

An adherence or regard to what is, in the sense of the world, a man's own interest, making an extreme, in either, almost impossible. Its effect in keeping a good man from the extreme of Virtue, needs no explanation; and, in an ill man, Self-interest shewing him the necessity of some kind of reputation, the procuring and preserving that, will necessarily keep him from the extreme of Vice.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 231. *Virtuous and vicious*] A fine and just reflection, and well calculated to subdue and extinguish that petulant contempt

The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise ;
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ; 235
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still ;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal ;
 But HEAV'N's great View is One, and that the Whole.
 That counter-works each folly and caprice ;
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice ; 240
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd ;
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief :
 That,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 239. *That counter-works each folly and caprice ;*] The mention of this principle, that *Self* directs vice and virtue, and its consequence, which is, that

“ Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal,”
 leads the Author to observe,

“ That HEAV'N's great View is One, and that the Whole.”
 And this brings him naturally round again to his main subject, namely, *God's producing good out of ill*, which he prosecutes from ver. 238 to 249.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

and unmerited aversion which men too generally entertain of each other, and which gradually diminish and destroy the social and kind affections. “ Our emulation,” says the amiable and sagacious Hutcheson, “ our jealousy or envy, should be restrained in a great measure by a constant resolution of bearing always in our minds the lovely side of every character.” And Plato observes, in the *Phædon*, that there is something amiable in almost every man living.

WARTON.

VER. 234. *by fits, what they despise.*] Χαλεπόν ἐσθλὸν ἐμμεναι, was a saying of Pittacus, quoted and commented upon by Plato, in the *Protagoras*.

That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise, 245
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie.

To

COMMENTARY.

VER. 249. *Heav'n forming each on other to depend,*] I. Hitherto the Poet hath been employed in discoursing of the use of the Passions, with regard to Society at large; and in freeing his doctrine from objections: This is the *first* general division of the subject of this Epistle.

II. He comes now to shew (from ver. 248 to 261.) the use of these Passions, with regard to the more confined circle of our friends, relations, and acquaintance: and this is the *second* general division.

WARBURTON.

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VER. 253. *Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, &c.*]

As these lines have been misunderstood, I shall give the reader their plain and obvious meaning. To these frailties (says he) we owe all the endearments of private life; yet, when we come to that age, which generally disposes men to think more seriously of the true value of things, and consequently of their provision for a future state, the consideration, that the grounds of those joys, loves, and friendships, are wants, frailties, and passions, proves the best expedient to wean us from the world; a disengagement so friendly to that provision we are now making for another state. The observation is new, and would in any place be extremely beautiful, but has here an infinite grace and propriety, as it so well confirms, by an instance of great moment, the general Thesis, *That God makes Ill, at every step, productive of Good.*

WARBURTON.

To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign ;
 Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.

The

COMMENTARY.

VER. 261. *Whate'er the Passion, &c.*] III. The Poet having thus shewn the use of the Passions in *Society*, and in *Domestic* life, comes, in the last place (from ver. 260 to the end), to shew their use to the *Individual*, even in their illusions; the imaginary happiness they present, helping to make the real miseries of life less insupportable: And this is his *third* general division:

“ ——— OPINION gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days,” &c.
 “ One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
 And not a VANITY is giv'n in vain.”

Which must needs vastly raise our idea of God's goodness; who hath not only provided more than a counterbalance of *real happiness* to human miseries, but hath even, in his infinite compassion, bestowed on those who were so foolish as not to have made this provision, an *imaginary happiness*; that they may not be quite overborne with the load of human miseries. This is the Poet's great and noble thought; as strong and solid as it is new and ingenious: It teaches, that these illusions are the faults and follies of Men, which they wilfully fall into; and thereby deprive themselves of much happiness, and expose themselves to equal misery: but that still, God (according to his universal way of working) graciously turns these faults and follies so far to the advantage of his miserable creatures, as to become, for a time, the solace and support of their distresses:

“ ——— Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.”

WARBURTON.

The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;

The

NOTES.

VER. 261. *Whate'er the Passion, &c.*] It was an objection constantly urged by the ancient Epicureans, that Man could not be the creature of a benevolent Being, as he was formed in a state so helpless and infirm. Montague took it, and urged it also. They never considered or perceived that this very infirmity and helplessness were the cause and cement of society; that if men had been perfect and self-sufficient, and had stood in no need of each other's assistance, there would have been no occasion for the invention of the arts, and no opportunity for the exertion of the affections. The lines, therefore, in which Lucretius proposes this objection, are as unphilosophical and inconclusive, as they are highly pathetic and poetical:

“ Tum porrò puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi jacet, infans, indigus omni
Vitai auxilio, cum primùm in luminis oras
Nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit;
Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,
Cui tantum in vitâ reflet transire malorum.”

Lib. 5. ver. 223.

There is a passage in the Moralists, which I cannot forbear thinking Pope had in his eye, and which I must not therefore omit, as it serves to illustrate and confirm so many parts of the Essay on Man. I shall therefore give it at length, without apology:

“ The young of most other kinds are instantly helpful to themselves, sensible, vigorous, know how to shun danger, and seek their good: a human infant is of all the most weak, helpless, and infirm. And wherefore should it not have been so ordered? Where is the loss in such a species? Or what is Man the worse for that defect, amidst such large supplies? Does not this defect engage him the more strongly to society, and force him to own that he is purposely, and not by accident, made rational and sociable; and can no otherwise increase or subsist than in that social intercourse and community which is his natural state? Is not both conjugal affection, and natural affection to parents, duty

The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265
 The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;
 The starving chemist in his golden views
 Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse. 270
 See

NOTES.

to magistrates, love of a common city, community, or country, with the other duties and social parts of life, deduced from hence, and founded in these very wants? What can be happier than such a deficiency, as it is the occasion of so much good? What better, than a want so abundantly made up, and answered by so many enjoyments? Now, if there are still to be found among mankind, such as even, in the midst of these wants, seem not ashamed to affect a right of independency, and deny themselves to be by nature sociable; where would their shame have been had Nature otherwise supplied their wants? What duty or obligation had been ever thought of? What respect or reverence of parents, magistrates, their country, or their kind? Would not their full and self-sufficient state more strongly have determined them to throw off nature, and deny the ends and Author of their creation?"

WARTON.

VER. 264. *The fool is happy, &c.*] So when some navigators arrived on the coast of Africa, the Natives, full of their own ideal superiority, inquired of the Strangers, whether there was such a thing as *the Sun* in their country? "Behold," said the inhabitants to Briffon, "that luminary, which is unknown in thy country. Thou art not enlightened, as we are, by that heavenly body, which regulates our days and our fasts."—*Discoveries and Settlements of Europeans in North and West Africa. Edinburgh printed, 1799.*

VER. 270. *the poet in his Muse.*] The Author having said, that no one could change his own profession or views for those of another, intended to carry his observation still further, and shew that men were unwilling to exchange their own acquirements even
 for

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
 And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
 See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
 Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law, 275
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
 Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite :
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age : 280
 Pleas'd

NOTES.

for those of the same kind, confessedly larger, and infinitely more eminent, in another.

To this end he wrote,

“ What partly pleases, totally will shock :

I question much, if *Toland* would be *Locke*.”

But wanting another proper instance of this truth, he reserved the lines above for some following edition of this Essay ; which he did not live to give.

WARBURTON.

VER. 271. *See some strange comfort*] How exquisite is this stanza of an unfinished Ode of Gray ?

“ Still where rosy Pleasure leads,

See a kindred Grief pursue ;

Behind the steps that Misery treads,

Approaching Comfort view :

The hues of Bliss more brightly glow,

Cherish'd by sabler tints of Woe ;

And blended form, with artful strife,

The strength and harmony of life.”

WARTON.

VER. 272. *And pride*] From La Rochefoucault, whose words are : “ Nature, who so wisely has fitted the organs of our body to make us happy, seems likewise to have bestowed pride on us, on purpose, as it were, to save us the pain of knowing our own imperfections.” Maxim 36.

WARTON.

VER. 280. *And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age :*] A Satire on what is called, in Popery, the *Opus operatum*. As this

Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285
And each vacuity of sense by Pride :

These

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is a description of the circle of human life returning into itself by a second childhood, the Poet has with great elegance concluded his description with the same image with which he set out—*And Life's poor play is o'er.* WARBURTON

VER. 280. *The toys of age :*] Exactly what Fontenelle says,

“ Il est des hochets pour tout âge.”

And Prior,

“ Give us play-things for old age.”

Yet it is certain that Fontenelle could not have taken this verse from Prior, for he did not understand English, though Prior wrote it more than twenty years before Fontenelle.

De Lisle, whose translation of Virgil's *Georgics* is so frequently and so unjustly praised by Voltaire, has also translated, but not published, the *Essay on Man*. Millot has given another, published 1762. WARTON.

VER. 286. *And each vacuity of sense by Pride :*] An eminent Casuist, *Father Francis Garasse*, in his *Somme Théologique*, has drawn a very charitable conclusion from this principle ; which he hath well illustrated : “ Selon la Justice (says this equitable Divine), “ tout travail honnête doit être recompensé de louange ou de satisfaction. Quand les bons esprits font un ouvrage excellent, ils sont justement recompensez par les suffrages du Public. Quand un pauvre esprit travaille beaucoup, pour faire un mauvais ouvrage, il n'est pas juste ni raisonnable, qu'il attende des louanges publiques ; car elles ne lui sont pas dues. Mais afin que ses travaux ne demeurent pas sans récompense, Dieu lui donne une satisfaction personnelle, que personne ne lui peut envier sans une injustice plus que barbare ; tout ainsi que Dieu, qui est juste, donne de la satisfaction aux Grenouilles de leur chant. Autrement la blâme public, joint à leur mécontentement, seroit suffisant pour les réduire au désespoir.” WARBURTON.

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

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• ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to
Society.*

- I. *THE whole Universe one system of Society, Ver. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, Ver. 27. The happiness of Animals mutual, Ver. 49.*
- II. *Reason or Instinct operate alike to the good of each Individual, Ver. 79. Reason or Instinct operate also to Society, in all animals, Ver. 109.*
- III. *How far Society carried by Instinct, Ver. 115. How much farther by Reason, Ver. 128.*
- IV. *Of that which is called the State of Nature, Ver. 144. Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of Arts, Ver. 166; and in the Forms of Society, Ver. 176.*
- V. *Origin of Political Societies, Ver. 196. Origin of Monarchy, Ver. 207. Patriarchal Government, Ver. 212.*
- VI. *Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love, Ver. 231, &c. Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear, Ver. 237, &c. The Influence of Self-love operating to the social and public Good, Ver. 266. Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle, Ver 285. Mixed Government, Ver. 288. Various Forms of each, and the true end of all, Ver. 300, &c.*

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest : “ The Universal Cause
“ Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.”

In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,

Let

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. In several Edit. in 4to.

Learn, Dulness, learn ! “ The Universal Cause,” &c.

COMMENTARY.

We are now come to the third epistle of the Essay on Man. It having been shewn, in explaining the origin, use, and end of the Passions, in the second epistle, that Man hath social as well as selfish Passions, that doctrine naturally introduceth the third, which treats of Man as a SOCIAL animal ; and connects it with the second, which considered him as an INDIVIDUAL. And as the conclusion from the subject of the first epistle made the introduction to the second, so here again, the conclusion of the second—

“ (Ev’n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
‘The scale to measure others’ wants by thine,)”

maketh the introduction to the third,

“ Here then we rest : The Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.”

The reason of *variety* in those laws, which tend to *one* and the same end, the good of the Whole *generally*, is, because the good of the Individual is likewise to be provided for ; both which together make

NOTES.

VER. 3. *superfluous health,*] Immoderate labour and immoderate study are equally the impairers of health : They whose station sets them above both, must needs have an abundance of it, which not being employed in the common service, but wasted in Luxury and Folly, the Poet properly calls a *superfluity*. WARBURTON.

Let this great truth be present night and day ; 5
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look

COMMENTARY.

make up the good of the Whole *universally*. And this is the cause (as the Poet says elsewhere) that

“ Each individual seeks a sev’ral goal.”

But, to prevent our resting there, God hath made each need the assistance of another ; and so

“ On mutual wants built mutual happiness.”

It was necessary to explain the two first lines, the better to see the pertinency and force of what followeth (from ver. 2 to 7.), where the Poet warns such to take notice of this truth, whose circumstances placing them in an imaginary station of Independence, and inducing a real habit of insensibility to *mutual wants* (from which wants general Happiness results), make them but too apt to overlook the true system of things ; viz. the men in full *health* and *opulence*. This caution was necessary with respect to Society ; but still more necessary with respect to Religion : Therefore he especially recommends the memory of it as well to the Clergy as Laity, when they *preach* or *pray* ; because the preacher who doth not consider the First Cause under this view, as a Being consulting the good of the Whole, must needs give a very unworthy idea of him ; and the suppliant, who prayeth as one not related to a whole, or indifferent to the happiness of it, will not only pray in vain, but offend his Maker by neglecting the interests of his dispensation.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 3, 4, 5, 6. M. Du Resnel, not seeing into the admirable purpose of the caution contained in these four lines, hath quite dropped the most material circumstances contained in the last of them ; and, what is worse, for the sake of a foolish antithesis, hath destroyed the whole propriety of the thought in the two first : and so, between both, hath left his Author neither sense nor system.

“ Dans le sein du bonheur, ou de l’adversité.”

Now of all men, those in adversity have least need of this caution, as being least apt to forget, *That God consults the good of the whole, and provides for it by procuring mutual happiness by means of mutual wants* ; it being seen that such who yet retain the smart of any fresh calamity, are most compassionate to others labouring under distresses, and most prompt and ready to relieve them.

WARBURTON.

Look round our World ; behold the chain of Love
 Combining all below and all above:
 See plastic Nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend, 10
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
 See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
 Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.

See

COMMENTARY.

VER. 7. *Look round our World, &c.*] He now introduceth his system of human Sociability (ver. 7, 8.), by shewing it to be the dictate of the Creator ; and that Man, in this, did but follow the example of general Nature, which is united in one close system of benevolence.

WARBURTON.

VER. 9. *See plastic Nature working to this end,*] This he proveth, *first* (from ver. 8 to 13.), on the noble theory of Attraction, from the economy of the material world ; where there is a general conspiracy in all the particles of Matter to work for one end ; the use, beauty, and harmony of the whole mass.

WARBURTON.

VER. 13. *See Matter next, &c.*] The *second* argument (from ver. 12 to 27.), is taken from the vegetable and animal world ; whose parts serve mutually for the production, support, and sustentation of each other.

But the observation, that God

“ Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast ;
 All serv'd, all serving ”—

awaking again the pride of his impious adversaries, who cannot bear that man should be thought to be *serving* as well as *served* ; he takes this occasion again to humble them (from ver. 26 to 49.) by the same kind of argument he had so successfully employed in the first epistle, and which the comment on that epistle hath considered at large.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Form'd and impell'd, &c.*] To make Matter so cohere as to fit it for the uses intended by its Creator, a proper *configura-*

See dying vegetables life sustain, 15
 See life dissolving vegetate again :
 All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)
 Like bubbles on the sea of Matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20
 Nothing

NOTES.

tion of its insensible parts, is as necessary as that quality so equally and universally conferred upon it, called *Attraction*. To express the first part of this thought, our Author says *form'd*; and to express the latter, *impell'd*. WARBURTON.

VER. 15. *See dying vegetables*] “ Thus, in the several terrestrial forms, a resignation is required; a sacrifice, and mutual yielding of nature, one to another. The vegetables, by their death, sustain the animals; and the animal bodies dissolved enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds or beasts; and these again are checked by man, who, in his turn, submits to other natures, and resigns his form a sacrifice in common to the rest of things.” Shaftesbury’s Moralist, p. 131.

In a letter of Dr. Warburton, transcribed from the manuscripts of Dr. Birch, in the British Museum, by the late Mr. Maty, are these remarkable words: “ As to the passages of Mr. Pope that correspond with Leibnitz, you know he took them from Shaftesbury; and that Shaftesbury and Leibnitz had one common original, Plato, whose system, of the best, when pushed as far as Leibnitz has carried it, must end in Fate.” A strange opinion once prevailed, that Leibnitz was not serious in his Theodicée. Le Clerc and De Maisieux were of this opinion. But Mr. Jourdan, in his entertaining Voyage Littéraire, p. 150, has produced a letter of the celebrated and learned Mr. Le Croze, that effectually destroys this absurd supposition. WARTON.

VER. 19, 20. *Like bubbles, &c.*] M. Du Resnel translates these two lines thus :

“ *Sort du néant y réentre, et reparoit au jour.*”

He is here, indeed, consistently wrong: for having (as we said) mistaken the Poet’s account of the *preservation* of *Matter* for the *creation*

Nothing is foreign ; Parts relate to whole ;
 One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast ;
 All serv'd, all serving : nothing stands alone ; 25
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn : 30
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.

The

NOTES.

creation of it, he commits the very same mistake with regard to the *vegetable* and *animal* systems ; and so talks now, though with the latest, of the *production of things out of nothing*. Indeed, by his speaking of their *returning into nothing*, he has subjected his Author to M. Du Croufaz's censure. " Mr. Pope descends to the most vulgar prejudices, when he tells us that *each being returns to nothing* : the Vulgar think that what disappears is annihilated," &c. *Comm. p. 221.* WARBURTON.

VER. 22. *One all-extending, all-preserving Soul*] Which, in the language of Sir Isaac Newton, is, " Deus omnipræsens est, non per virtutem solam, sed etiam per substantiam : nam virtus sine substantia subsistere non potest." *Newt. Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.* WARBURTON.

VER. 23. *Connects each being,*]

Spiritus intus alit, magno et se corpore miscet. *VIEG.*

VER. 23. *greatest with the least ;*] As acting more strongly and immediately in beasts, whose instinct is plainly an external reason ; which made an old school-man say, with great elegance, " Deus est anima brutorum :"

" In this 'tis God directs"—

WARBURTON.

The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
 The birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer : 40
 The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While Man exclaims, " See all things for my use !"
 " See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose : 46
 And

NOTES.

VER. 43. *Know, Nature's children all*] The poetry of these lines is as beautiful as the philosophy is solid. " They who imagine that all things in this world were made for the immediate use of Man alone, run themselves into inextricable difficulties. Man, indeed, is the head of this lower part of the creation ; and perhaps it was designed to be absolutely under his command. But that all things here tend directly to his own use, is, I think, neither easy nor necessary to be proved. Some manifestly serve for the food and support of others, whose souls may be necessary to prepare and preserve their bodies for that purpose, and may at the same time be happy in a consciousness of their own existence. It is probable they are intended to promote each other's good reciprocally : Nay, Man himself contributes to the happiness, and betters the condition of the brutes in several respects, by cultivating and improving the ground ; by watching the seasons ; by protecting and providing for them, when they are unable to protect and provide for themselves." These are the words of Dr. Law, in his learned Commentary on King's Origin of Evil, first published in Latin, 1701, a work of penetration and close reasoning ; which, it is remarkable, Bayle had never read, but only some extracts from it, when he first wrote his famous article of the Paulicians, in his Dictionary.

WARTON.

And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole: 50
Nature

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 46. in the former Editions,

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Goose could judge, he reason'd right;
But as to Man, mistook the matter quite.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 49. *Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;*] However, his adversaries, loth to give up the question, will reason upon the matter; and we are now to suppose them objecting against Providence in this manner.—“ We grant, say they, that in the irrational, as in the inanimate creation, all is *serv'd*, and all is *-serving*: But, with regard to Man, the case is different: he standeth single: For his Reason hath endowed him both with power and address sufficient to make all things serve him; and his Self-love, of which you have so largely provided for him, will indispose him, in his turn, to serve any: therefore your theory is imperfect.” Not so, replies the Poet (from ver. 48 to 79.). I grant that Man, indeed, affects to be the Wit and Tyrant of the whole, and would fain shake off

“ that chain of love
Combining all below and all above :”

But

NOTES.

VER. 45. “ *See all things for my use!*”] On the contrary, the wise man hath said, *The Lord hath made all things for himself.* Prov. xvi. 4.

WARBURTON.

VER. 46. *replies a pamper'd goose:*] Taken from Peter Charron: but such a familiar and burlesque image is improperly introduced among such solid and serious reflections.

WARTON.

VER. 50. *Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:*] Alluding to the witty system of that Philosopher, which made Animals mere Machines, insensible of pain or pleasure; and so encouraged Men in the exercise of that *Tyranny* over their fellow-creatures, consequent on such a principle.

WARBURTON.

Nature that Tyrant checks ; He only knows,
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ? 55
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?
 Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
 For some his Int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his Pleasure, yet for more his Pride : 60
 All

COMMENTARY.

But Nature, even by the very gift of Reason, checks this tyrant. For Reason endowing Man with the ability of setting together the memory of the past with his conjectures about the future ; and past misfortunes making him apprehensive of more to come, this disposeth him to pity and relieve others in a state of suffering. And the passion growing habitual, naturally extendeth its effects to all that have a sense of suffering. Now as brutes have neither Man's Reason, nor his inordinate Self-love, to draw them from the system of beneficence ; so they wanted not, and therefore have not, this human sympathy of another's misery : By which passion, we see, those qualities, in Man, balance one another ; and so retain him in that orderly connection, in which Providence hath placed its whole creation. But this is not all : Man's interest and amusement, his vanity and luxury, tie him still closer to the system of beneficence, by obliging him to provide for the support of other animals ; and though it be, for the most part, only to devour them with the greater gust, yet this does not abate the proper happiness of the animals so preserved, to whom Providence hath not imparted the *useless knowledge of their end*. From all which it appears, that the theory is yet uniform and perfect.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 51. *Nature that Tyrant checks ;*] What an exquisite assemblage is here (down to ver. 70.) of deep reflection, humane sentiments, and poetic imagery ! It is finely observed, that compassion is exclusively the property of Man alone.

WARTON.

All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He faves from famine, from the savage faves ;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest ;
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before ;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! 70

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :
 To Man imparts it, but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear, 75
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing miracle ! that Heav'n assign'd
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reason or with Instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best ; 80
 To

COMMENTARY.

VER. 79. *Whether with Reason, &c.*] But even to this as a caviller would still object, we must suppose he does so.—
 “ Admit (says he) that Nature hath endowed all animals, whether human or brutal, with such faculties as admirably fit them to promote

NOTES.

VER. 68. *Than favour'd Man, &c.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven. POPE.

VER. 68. *by touch ethereal slain.*] The expression is from Milton. WARTON.

To blifs alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
 Reason, however able, cool at beſt, 85
 Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
 Stays till we call, and then not often near;
 But honeſt Inſtinct comes a volunteer,
 Sure never to o'erſhoot, but juſt to hit;
 While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human Wit; 90
 Sure

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 84. in the MS.

While Man, with op'ning views of various ways
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays;
 Too weak to chuſe, yet chuſing ſtill in haſte,
 One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.

COMMENTARY.

mote the general good: yet, in its care for this, hath not Nature neglected to provide for the private good of the individual? We have cauſe to think ſhe hath; and we ſuppoſe, it was on this excluſive conſideration, that ſhe kept back from brutes the gift of Reaſon (ſo neceſſary a means of private happineſs), becauſe Reaſon, as we find in the caſe of *Man*, where there is occaſion for all the complicated contrivance you have deſcribed above, to make the effects of his Paſſions counter-work the immediate powers of his Reaſon, in order to keep him ſubſervient to the general ſyſtem; Reaſon, we ſay, naturally tendeth to draw Beings into a private, independent ſyſtem." This the Poet answers, by ſhewing (from ver. 78 to 109.), that the happineſs of animal and that of human life are widely different: the happineſs of human life conſiſting in the improvement of the mind, can be procured by Reaſon only; but the happineſs of animal life conſiſting in the gratifications of ſenſe, is beſt promoted by Inſtinct. And, with regard to the regular and conſtant operation of each; in *that*, Inſtinct hath plainly the advantage; for here God directs immediately, there only mediately through Man.

WARBURTON.

Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
 This too serves always, Reason never long ;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs 95
 One in their nature, which are two in ours ;
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food? 100
 Prescient,

NOTES.

VER. 97. *And Reason raise o'er Instinct*] Charron, of whom Pope and Bolingbroke were so fond, has treated this subject with so much freedom of thought, and endeavoured to raise Instinct so much above Reason, that Stanhope, his translator, deemed it necessary to obviate the tendency of his tenets, by a long Appendix to the 34th chapter of the first book. It appears a little strange, that so orthodox a divine as Stanhope should translate two books that are supposed to favour libertinism and scepticism—the Wisdom of Charron, and the Maxims of Rochefoucault. Bayle has stated the difficulties, that arise in accounting to the actions of brutes, with his usual acuteness and force of argument.

Father Bougeant's little treatise on the Language of Beasts is an amusing work ; in which he has placed the notion of Des Cartes, that they are mere machines, in a strong light, as well as the difficulties that arise from the opinion of their having immortal souls. Bougeant was severely censured by his brother jesuits for this little work. He had better have kept to politics. He wrote the History of the Treaty of Westphalia. Posterity will look on this as a curious work : the state of Europe being now so totally changed, this history will read like a romance. WARTON.

VER. 99. *Who taught*] This passage is highly finished : such objects are more suited to the nature of poetry than abstract ideas. Every verb and epithet has here a descriptive force. We find more imagery from these lines to the end of the epistle, than in any other parts of this Essay. The origin of the connections in

Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
 III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110
 But

COMMENTARY.

VER. 109. *God, in the nature of each being, &c.*] The Author now cometh to the main subject of his epistle, the proof of Man's SOCIABILITY, from the two general societies composed by him; the *natural*, subject to *paternal* authority; and the *civil*, subject to that of a *magistrate*. This he hath the address to introduce, from what had preceded, in so easy and natural a manner, as sheweth him to have the art of giving all the grace to the dryness and severity of Method, as well as wit to the strength and depth of Reason. The philosophic nature of his work requiring he should shew by what means those Societies were introduced, this affords him an opportunity of sliding gracefully and easily from the preliminaries into the main subject; and so of giving his work that perfection of method, which we find only in the compositions of great writers. For having just before, though to a different purpose, described the power of bestial Instinct to attain the happiness of the *Individual*, he goeth on, in speaking of Instinct as it is serviceable both to that, and to the *Kind* (from ver. 108 to 147.), to illustrate the original of *Society*. He sheweth, that though, as he had before observed, God had founded the proper bliss of each creature

NOTES.

social life, the account of the state of nature, the rise and effects of superstition and tyranny, and the restoration of true religion and just government; all these ought to be mentioned as passages that deserve high applause, nay, as some of the most exalted pieces of English poetry.

WARTON.

But as he fram'd the Whole, the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness :

So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.

Whate'er of life all-quick'ning ether keeps, 115

Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,

Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds

The vital flame, and swells the genial feeds.

Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,

Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120

Each loves itself, but not itself alone,

Each sex desires alike, till two are one.

Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace !

They love themselves, a third time, in their race.

Thus beast and bird their common-charge attend, 125

The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend ;

The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,

There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care ;

The

COMMENTARY.

creature in the nature of its own existence ; yet these not being independent individuals, but parts of a Whole, God, to bless that Whole, built mutual happiness on mutual wants : Now, for the supply of mutual wants, creatures must necessarily come together : which is the first ground of Society amongst Men. He then proceeds to that called *natural*, subject to *paternal* authority, and arising from the union of the two sexes ; describes the imperfect image of it in brutes ; then explains it at large in all its causes and effects. And lastly shews, that, as in *fact*, like mere animal Society, it is founded and preserved by mutual wants, the supply of which causeth mutual happiness ; so it is likewise in *right*, as a rational Society, by equity, gratitude, and the observance of the relation of things in general.

WARBURTON.

The link diffolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race. 130
 A longer care Man's helpless kind demands ;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
 Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest, and the love ;
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ; 135
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn ;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those : 140
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
 Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly
 trod ;

The State of Nature was the reign of God :

Self-

COMMENTARY.

VER. 137. *Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod ;*] But the Atheist and Hobbist, against whom Mr. Pope argueth, deny the principle of *Right*, or of natural Justice, before the invention of civil compact ; which, they say, gave being to it : And accordingly have had the effrontery publicly to declare, *that a state of Nature was a state of War*. This quite subverteth the Poet's natural Society ; therefore, after this account of that state, he proceedeth to support the reality of it, by overthrowing the oppugnant principle of *no natural Justice* ; which he doth (from
 ver.

Self-love and Social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150
 Pride then was not ; nor Arts, that Pride to aid ;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint-tenant of the shade ;
 The same his table, and the same his bed ;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :

The

COMMENTARY.

ver. 146 to 169.), by shewing, in a fine description of the state of Innocence, as represented in Scripture, that a state of Nature was so far from being without natural Justice, that it was, at first, *the reign of God*, where Right and Truth universally prevailed.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 152. *Man walk'd with beast,*] Lucretius, agreeably to his more uncomfortable system, has presented us with a different and more horrid picture of this state of Nature. The calamitous condition of Man is exhibited by images of much energy and wildness of fancy ; see ver. 980. book v. ; and particularly when he represents, at ver. 991. some of these wretched mortals mangled by the wild beasts, into whose caverns they had retreated for shelter in tempestuous seasons, and running distracted with pain through the woods, with their wounds undressed and putrifying :

— tremulas super ulcera tetra tenentes

Palmas, horriferis accibant vocibus Orcum.

Pain is most forcibly expressed by the action here described, and by the epithet “tremulas.” WARTON.

VER. 156. *All vocal beings, &c.*] This may be well explained by a sublime passage of the Psalmist, who, calling to mind the age of Innocence, and full of the great ideas of those

“Chains of Love

Combining all below and all above,

Which to one point, and to one centre bring,

PEAST, MAN, or ANGEL, *Servant, Lord, or King ;*”

The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
 Heav'n's attribute was Universal Care,
 And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare. 160
 Ah ! how unlike the Man of times to come !
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;
 The Fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

See

NOTES.

breaks out into this rapturous and divine apostrophe, to call back the devious Creation to its pristine rectitude ; that very state our author describes above : " Praise the Lord, all angels ; praise him, all ye hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon ; praise him, all ye stars of light," &c. Psalm cxlviii.

WARBURTON.

VER. 157. *Undrest, unbrib'd, unbloody,*] Alliteration is here used with effect. But is the assertion consistent with the usual interpretation of the Scripture account of the origin of sacrifice ?

WARTON.

VER. 158. *Unbrib'd, unbloody, &c.*] *i. e.* the state described from ver. 262 to 269. was not yet arrived. For then, when Superstition was become so extreme as to bribe the Gods with *human sacrifices* ; Tyranny became necessitated to woo the priest for a favourable answer.

WARBURTON.

VER. 162. *The butcher and the tomb ;*] Plutarch has written a treatise against animal food ; tom. ii. 995. Thomson, with his usual tenderness, has done the same ; Spring, v. 330.

WARTON.

See him from Nature rising flow to Art!
 To copy Instinct then was Reason's part ;
 170
 Thus

COMMENTARY.

VER. 169. *See him from Nature rising flow to Art!*] Strict method (in which, by this time, the reader finds the Poet to be more conversant, than some were aware of) leads him next to speak of that Society, which succeeded the *Natural*, namely the *Civil*. He first explains (from ver. 168 to 199.) the intermediate *means* which led Mankind from natural to civil Society. These were the invention and improvement of Arts. For while men lived in a mere state of Nature, there was no need of any other government than the Paternal; but when Arts were found out and improved, then that more perfect form, under the direction of a Magistrate, became necessary: And for these reasons; first, to bring those Arts, already found, to perfection; and, secondly, to secure the product of them to their rightful proprietors. The Poet, therefore, comes now, as we say, to the invention of Arts; but being always intent on the great end for which he wrote his Essay, namely to mortify that Pride which occasions all the impious complaints against Providence; he speaks of these inventions as only lessons learnt of mere animals guided by Instinct: and thus, at the same time, gives a new instance of the wonderful Providence of God, who hath continued to teach mankind in a way, not only proper to humble human pride, but to raise our idea of divine wisdom to the highest pitch. This he does in a *prosfopopeia* the most sublime that ever entered into the human imagination:

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake:

“ Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take, &c.

“ And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,

“ Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.”

The delicacy of the Poet's address in the first part of the last line, is very remarkable. In this paragraph he hath given an account of those intermediate means, which led Men from natural to civil Society, that is to say, the invention and improvement of Arts. Now here, on his conclusion of this account, and on his entry upon the description of civil Society itself, he connects the two parts the most gracefully that can be conceived, by this true historical circumstance, that it was the invention of *those Arts* which raised to the Magistracy, in this new Society formed for the perfecting of them.

WARRINGTON.

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—

“ Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take :

“ Learn

NOTES.

VER. 171. *Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
Go, &c.]*

M. Du Resnel has translated the lines thus :

“ La Nature indigné alors se fit entendre ;

“ Va, malheureux mortel, va, lui dit elle, apprendre.”

One would wonder what should make the Translator represent Nature in such a passion with Man, and calling him names, at a time when Mr. Pope supposed her in her best good-humour.

WARBURTON.

VER. 171. *The voice of Nature]* The prosopopœia is magnificent, and the occasion important, no less than the origin of the arts of life. Nature is personified by Lucretius, and introduced speaking with suitable majesty and elevation : She is chiding her foolish and ungrateful children for their vain and impious discontent :

“ Quid tibi tantopere est, mortalis, quod nimis ægris
Luctibus indulges ? quid mortem congemis, ac fles ?—

Aufer abhinc lacrymas, barathro et compeſce querelas.”

There is an authoritative air in the brevity of this sentence, as also in the concluding line of her speech ; and particularly in the very last words :

“ Æquo animoque, agedum, jam aliis concede :—neceſſe est.”

This fine prosopopœia in our Author is not, as Dr. Warburton asserted, the most sublime that ever entered into the human imagination, for we see Lucretius used it before.

The Romans have left us scarcely any piece of poetry so striking and original as the beginning and progress of Arts, at the end of the fifth book of Lucretius ; who perhaps, of all the Roman poets, had the strongest imagination. The Persians distinguish the different degrees of Fancy in different Poets, by calling them Painters or Sculptors. Lucretius, from the force of his images, should be ranked among the latter. He is in truth a Sculptor Poet. His images have a bold relief. Of this noble prosopopœia in Lucretius, Addison seems to have thought, in a well-known passage of Cato :

————— “ All Nature cries aloud
Thro’ all her Works.” —————

WARTON.

" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
 " Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
 " Thy arts of building from the bee receive ; 175
 " Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
 " Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 " Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 " Here

NOTES.

VER. 173. *Learn from the birds, &c.*] It is a caution commonly practised amongst Navigators, when thrown upon a desert coast, and in want of refreshments, to observe what fruits have been touched by the Birds; and to venture on these without further hesitation.

POPE.

POPE.

VER. 173. *Learn from the birds*] Taken, but finely improved, from Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, p. 48. "They who discourse of the inventions and originals of things, refer them rather to Beasts, Birds, and Fishes, and Serpents, than to Men. So that it was no marvaile (the manner of antiquity being to consecrate Inventors) that the Egyptians had so few human idols in their temples, but almost all brute. Who taught the raven in a drought to throw pebbles into a hollow tree when she spied water, that the water might rise so as she might come to it? Who taught the bee to sayle thro' such a vast sea of air, and to find the way from a field in flower a great way off to her hive? Who taught the ant to bite every graine of corne she burieth in her hill, least it should take roote and grow?" See, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, the marvellous account of the white ants in Africa, and their buildings and arts.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Solomon, in the Proverbs, when he speaks of the wonderful instincts of certain animals, does not mention the bee.

WARTON.

WARTON.

VIR. 174. *Learn from the beasts, &c.*] See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* l. viii. c. 27. where several instances are given of Animals discovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own use of them; and pointing out to some operations in the art of healing, by their own practice.

WARBURTON.

WARBURTON.

VER. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus, &c.*] Oppian Halicut, lib. i. describes this fish in the following manner: "They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts, and

" Here too all forms of social union find,
 " And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind :
 " Here subterranean works and cities see ; 181
 " There towns ærial on the waving tree.
 " Learn each small People's genius, policies,
 " The Ants' republic, and the realm of Bees ;
 " How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185
 " And Anarchy without confusion know ;
 " And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
 " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 " Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 " Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate. 190
 " In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;
 " And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

V. Great

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. In the first Editions,

Who for those Arts they learn'd of BRUTES before,
 As Kings shall crown them, or as GODS adore.

" Les Sauvages racontent que ce fut *Michabou* (les DIEU des Eaux) qui apprit à leurs Ancêtres à pêcher, qu'il inventa les Rêts, et que ce fut la toile d'ARAIGNÉE, qui lui en donne l'idée."

— *Journal d'un Voyage dans l'Amerique Sept. par Charlevoix.*
 Vol. v. p. 417. Par. 1744. 8vo.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

extend a membrane between, which serves as a sail ; the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean."

POPE.

V. Great Nature spoke ; observant Men obey'd ;
 Cities were built, Societies were made : 200
 Here rose one little state ; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe. 206
 Converse and Love mankind may strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.

Thus

VARIATIONS.

VER. 201. *Here rose one little state, &c.*] In the MS. thus:
 The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common spot ;
 And Love was Nature's dictate ; Murder, not.
 For want alone each animal contends ;
 Tigers with 'Tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
 Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
 She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around.
 No Treasure then for rapine to invade ;
 What need to fight for sun-shine, or for shade ?
 And half the cause of contest was remov'd,
 When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 199. *Great Nature spoke ;*] After all this necessary preparation, the Poet shews (from ver. 198 to 209.) how civil Society followed, and the advantages it produced.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 208. *When Love was Liberty,*] i. e. When men had no need to guard their native liberty from their governors by civil pactions ; the love which each master of a family had for those under his care being their best security.

WARBURTON.

VER. 208. *Where Love was Liberty,*]

“ Where Love is Liberty, and Nature Law.”

Eloisa to Abelard.

Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
known,

Till common int'rest plac'd the fway in one. 210

'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,

Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)

The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,

A Prince the Father of a People made.

VI. Till

COMMENTARY.

VER. 209. *Thus States were form'd;*] Having thus explained the original of Civil Society, he shews us next (from ver. 208 to 215.), that to this Society a *civil magistrate*, properly so called, did belong: And this in confutation of that idle hypothesis, which pretends that God conferred the regal title on the Fathers of families; from whence men, when they had instituted Society, were to fetch their Governors. On the contrary, our Author shews, that a King was unknown, till common interest, which led men to institute civil government, led them at the same time to institute a Governor. However, that it is true that the same wisdom or valour, which gained regal obedience from sons to the fire, procured kings a paternal authority, and made them considered as fathers of their people. Which probably was the original (and, while mistaken, continues to be the chief support) of that slavish error: Antiquity representing its earliest monarchs under the idea of a common father, *πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν*. Afterwards, indeed, they became a kind of foster-fathers, *ποιμένα λαῶν*, as Homer calls one of them: Till at length they began to devour that flock they had been so long accustomed to shear; and, as Plutarch says of Cecrops, *ἐκ χειρὸς βασιλεως ἄγριον καὶ δεακοντόδη γενόμενον ΤΥΠΑΝΝΟΝ*.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 211. *'Twas Virtue only, &c.*] Our Author hath good authority for this account of the origin of kingship. Aristotle assures us, that it was Virtue only, or in arts or arms: *Καθ' ἑαυτὴν Βασιλεὺς ἐκ τῶν ἐπαινετῶν καθ' ὑπεροχὴν ἀρετῆς, ἢ πλεονέχειν τῶν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρετῆς, ἢ καθ' ὑπεροχὴν τοῖσιν ἄλλοις.*

WARBURTON.

VER. 214. *A Prince the Father*] Joinville relates, that he had frequently seen St. Louis, after having heard mass in the summer,

seat

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch
 fate,
 King, priest, and parent of his growing state ;

215

On

COMMENTARY.

VER. 215. *Till then, by Nature crown'd, &c.*] The Poet now returns (at ver. 215 to 241.) to what he had left unfinished in his description of natural Society. This, which appears irregular, is, indeed, a fine instance of his thorough knowledge of method. I will explain it :

This third epistle, we see, considers Man with respect to SOCIETY ; the second, with respect to HIMSELF ; and the fourth, with respect to HAPPINESS. But in none of these relations does the Poet ever lose sight of him under that in which he stands to GOD : It will follow, therefore, that speaking of him with respect to *Society*, the account would be most imperfect, were he not at the same time considered with respect to his *Religion* ; for between these two, there is a close, and, while things continue in order, a most interesting connection :

“ True FAITH, true POLICY united ran ;

That was but love of God, and this of Man.”

Now Religion suffering no change or depravation when Man first entered into civil Society, but continuing the same as in the state of Nature ; the Author, to avoid repetition, and to bring the account of *true* and *false* Religion nearer to one another, in order to contrast them by the advantage of that situation, deferred giving an account of his *Religion* till he had spoken of the origin of civil Society. Thence it is, that he here resumes the account of the state of Nature, that is, so much of it as he had left untouched, which was only the *Religion* of it. This consisting in the knowledge of the one God, the Creator of all things, he shews how Men came by that knowledge : That it was either found out
 by

NOTES.

seat himself at the foot of an old oak in the forest of Vincennes, where any one of his subjects might approach him, and lay his business or complaint before this good king. Our Author would have much improved all that he says of Government, if he had lived to have read one of the best, perhaps, of all treatises on politics, that of the President Montesquieu.

WARTON.

On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
 He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyfs profound,
 Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground.

TH

COMMENTARY.

by REASON, which giving to every effect a cause, instructed them to go from cause to cause, till they came to the first, who, being causeless, would necessarily be judged self-existent; or else that it was taught by TRADITION, which preserved the memory of the Creation. He then tells us *what* these men, undebauched by false science, understood by God's nature and attributes: First, of God's *Nature*, that they easily distinguished between the Worker and the Work; saw the substance of the Creator to be distinct and different from that of the Creature, and so were in no danger of falling into the horrid opinion of the Greek philosophers, and their follower, Spinoza. And simple Reason teaching them that the Creator was but One, they easily saw that ALL WAS RIGHT, and so were in as little danger of falling into the Manichean error; which, when *oblique Wit* had broken the *steady light of Reason*, imagined all was not right, having before imagined that all was not the work of One. Secondly, he shews, what they understood of God's *Attributes*; that they easily acknowledged a Father where they found a Deity; and could not conceive a sovereign Being to be any other than a sovereign Good. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 219. *He from the wond'ring*] A finer example can perhaps scarcely be given of a compact and comprehensive style. The manner in which the four elements were subdued is comprised in these four lines alone. Pope is here, as Quintilian says of another, "densus et brevis, et instans sibi." There is not an useless word in this passage; there are but three epithets, *wondering*, *profound*, *aërial*; and they are placed precisely with the very substantive that is of most consequence: if there had been epithets joined with the other substantives, it would have weakened the *nervousness* of the sentence. This was a secret of versification Pope well understood, and hath often practised with peculiar success. WARTON.

Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man :
 Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd 225
 One great first father, and that first ador'd.

Or

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VER. 225. *Then, looking up, &c.*] The Poet here maketh their more serious attention to Religion to have arisen, not from their gratitude amidst abundance, but from their inability in distress; by shewing, that, in prosperity, they rested in *second causes*, the immediate authors of their blessings, *whom they revered as God*; but that, in adversity, they reasoned up to the *First*:

“Then, looking up from fire to fire,” &c.

This, I am afraid, is but too true a representation of humanity.

WARBURTON.

VER. 225 to Ver. 240.] M. Du Resnel, not apprehending that the Poet was here returned to finish his description of the State of Nature, has fallen into one of the grossest errors that ever was committed. He has mistaken this account of *true Religion* for an account of the *origin of Idolatry*; and thus he fatally embellishes his own blunder:

“Jaloux d'en conserver les traits et la figure,
 Leur zèle indutrieux inventa la peinture.
 Leurs neveux, attentifs à ces hommes fameux,
 Qui par le droit du sang avoient régné sur eux,
 Trouvent-ils dans leur suite *un grand, un premier père*,
 Leur aveugle respect l'adore et le révère.”

Here you have one of the finest pieces of reasoning turned at once into a heap of nonsense. The unlucky term of *Great first Father*, was mistaken by our Translator to signify a *Great Grand Father*. But he should have considered, that Mr. Pope always represents God under the idea of a FATHER: He should have observed, that the Poet is here describing those men who

“To *Virtue*, in the paths of pleasure trod,
 And own'd a *Father*, where they own'd a *God*.”

WARBURTON.

This mistake of the French Translator, calling the Great First Father, a “Great Grand Father,” can only be equalled by Voltaire's rendering the words of Shakespear,

“ (Not a mouse is *stirring*;) ”

“ Not a mouse “ *trots* ! ”

Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son ;
 The worker from the work distinct was known,
 And simple Reason never sought but one : 230
 Ere Wit oblique had broke that steddy light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
 To Virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
 And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.

LOVE

NOTES.

VER. 227. *that this All begun,*]

“ Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
 From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head ;
 And found that one first Principle must be :
 But what, or who, that Universal He ;
 Whether some soul incompassing this ball
 Unmade, unmov'd ; yet making, moving All ;
 Or various atoms interfering dance,
 Leapt into form (the noble work of Chance) ;
 Or this great All was from eternity ;
 Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see ;
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he :
 As blindly grop'd they for a future state ;
 As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul :
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end ;
 How can the less the greater comprehend ?
 Or finite Reason reach infinity ?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.”

DRYDEN.

WARTON.

VER. 231. *Ere Wit oblique, &c.*] A beautiful allusion to the effects of the prismatic glass on the rays of light. WARBURTON.

VER. 232. *Man, like his Maker,*] It was before the Fall of Man, as the sacred Historian tells us, that God pronounced—That all was good. But we must bear in mind that our Author never adverts to, or argues from, or supposes, any lapsed condition of Man.

WARTON.

LOVE all the faith, and all th' allegiance then ; 235
 For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
 No ill could fear in God ; and understood.
 A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.
 True faith, true policy, united ran,
 That was but love of God ; and this of Man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one ;

That

COMMENTARY.

VER. 241. *Who first taught souls enslav'd, &c.*] Order leadeth the Poet to speak (from ver. 240 to 245.) of the corruption of *civil Society* into *Tyranny*, and its causes ; and here, with all the dexterity of address, as well as force of truth, he observes it arose from the violation of that great Principle, which he so much insists upon throughout his Essay, *that each was made for the use of all*. We may be sure, that in this corruption, where right or natural justice was cast aside, and *violence*, the Atheist's justice, presided in its stead, *Religion* would follow the fate of civil Society : We know, from ancient history, it did so. Accordingly Mr. Pope (from ver. 244 to 269.), together with corrupt Politics, describes corrupt Religion and its Causes : he first informs us, agreeable to his exact knowledge of Antiquity, that it was the Politician, and not the Priest (as the illiterate tribe of Freethinkers would make us believe), who first corrupted Religion. Secondly, That the Superstition he brought in was not invented by him, as an engine to play upon others (as the dreaming Atheist feigns, who would thus account for the origin of Religion), but was a trap he first fell into himself.

“ Superstition taught the 'Tyrant awe.”

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 241. *Who first taught*] “ What flatterers of princes often tell us, that monarchy was the earliest form, is rather dishonourable to it ; importing, indeed, that it at first pleased a rude and unexperienced populace, but could not continue to please upon experience and the increase of wisdom. And indeed in nothing could

That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
 T' invert the work, and counter-work its Cause?
 Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, law ;
 Till Superstition taught the Tyrant awe, 246
 Then

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could one less expect that the first essays could be perfect, than in a constitution of civil policy ; a work requiring the greatest knowledge and prudence, to be acquired only by much thought and experience of human life. The several great inconveniencies attending each of the simple forms, shew the necessity of having recourse to the mixed and complex ; and the several great advantages peculiar to each of the simple, shew that those mixed forms are best where all the three kinds are artfully compounded : and this was the opinion of the wisest men of antiquity—Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Cicero.”

These are the words of that most amiable and candid philosopher, Hutcheson.

WARTON.

VER. 242. *Th' enormous faith, &c.*] In this Aristotle placeth the difference between a King and a Tyrant, that the first supposeth himself made for the People ; the other, that the People are made for him : Βάλλειν δ' ὁ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ εἶναι φυλαξ, ὅπως οἱ μὲν κεκλιμένοι τὰς ἐσίας μὴ ἐν ἀδικον πάσχωσιν, ὁ δὲ δημοὺς μὴ ἐβρίχηται μέθην ἢ δὲ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΙΣ πρὸς ἐδὲν ἀποβλέπει κοινόν, εἰ μὴ τῆς ἰδίας ἀφελείας χάριν. Pol. lib. v. cap. 10.

WARBURTON.

VER. 245. *Force first made conquest, &c.*] All this is agreeable to fact, and shews our Author's knowledge of human nature. For that *Impotency* of mind (as the Latin writers call it), which gives birth to the enormous crimes necessary to support a Tyranny, naturally subjects its owner to all the vain, as well as real, terrors of Conscience : Hence the whole machinery of SUPERSTITION.

It is true, the Poet observes, that afterwards, when the Tyrant's fright was over, he had cunning enough, from the experience of the effect of Superstition upon himself, to turn it, by the assistance of the Priest (who for his reward went shares with him in the Tyranny) against the justly dreaded repentment of his subject. For a Tyrant naturally and reasonably supposeth all his Slaves to be his Enemies.

Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:

She

NOTES.

Having given the Causes of Superstition, he next describeth its objects:

“ Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,” &c.

The ancient Pagan Gods are here very exactly described. This fact evinces the truth of that original, which the Poet gives to Superstition; for if these phantasms were first raised in the imagination of Tyrants, they must needs have the qualities here assigned to them. For Force being the Tyrant's Virtue, and Luxury his Happiness, the attributes of his God would of course be *Revenge* and *Lust*; in a word, the antitype of himself. But there was another, and more substantial cause, of the Resemblance between a Tyrant and a Pagan God; and that was the making *Gods of Conquerors*, as the Poet says; and so canonizing a Tyrant's vices with his person.

WARBURTON.

VER. 246. *Till Superstition taught*] Notwithstanding these verses are so spirited and splendid, yet are they excelled by the sublime and terrific figure painted by Lucretius with such force and energy of Superstition:

“ Quæ, caput à cœli regionibus ostendebat,

Horribili super aspectû mortalibus instans!”

WARTON.

Dr. Warton, in one of the high tones of his amiable enthusiasm, imagines how finely Michael Angelo might have worked from this sketch of the “ Gigantic Dæmon of Superstition *putting out* his head *from Heaven*, and looking down with a *horrible aspect* on the miserable and *trembling* sons of men!” But, in fact, an image like this is sublime on account of the vast and shadowy uncertainty of its object. If it were *painted*, and subjected, as Horace says, “ oculis fidelibus,” it would be neither sublime nor terrific. And my revered Master's *critique* itself proves, that by ever so little *particularising* the image, and describing it as “ putting out his head, and looking down on the miserable and trembling sons of men,” he has nearly destroyed its effect. I hope the Reader will forgive this involuntary sin at Dr. Warton's enthusiasm, which is mingled with respect and reverence; for no one understood better than himself what was truly sublime.

She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground, 250

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they :
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ; 255
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods ;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revönge, or Lust ;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.

Then

NOTES.

VER. 257. *Gods partial, changeful,*] “ It were better,” says Bacon, in his 17th Essay, “ to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him ; for thè one is unbelief, the other is contumely : and certainly Superstition is the reproach of the Deity. And as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation ; all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not : but Superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore Atheism did never perturb states ; for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no farther.”

It is extremely remarkable, that this last paragraph comprehends all that Bayle has said of the effects of Atheism in his celebrated Thoughts on Comets. And yet Bacon has never been censured for it, nor numbered among Infidels. WARTON.

VER. 262. *And hell was built on spite,*] How mortifying is it to consider, says one, that Locke, Newton, and Clarke would have

Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more ;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food ; 265
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;
 With

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have been persecuted in France, imprisoned at Rome, and burnt at Lisbon ? WARTON.

VER. 265. *Then first the Flamen*] With what imagination, and genuine strokes of Poetry, are the idols and fearful rites of ancient Superstition described, in Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity?"

" In urns and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the *Flamens*, at their service quaint."
 " And *fullen* Moloch *fled*,
 Hath left, in *shadows* dread,
 His burning idol, all of blackest hue ;
 In vain, with *cymbal's* ring
 They call the *grisly* King,
 In *dismal* dance about the furnace blue."

Perhaps some of the expressions from Milton in these four Epistles might be just mentioned :

" *Vindicate the ways of God to Man.*" Ep. i. v. 16.
 " *Cloud-topt hill.*" Ver. 104.
 " *Groveling swine.*" Ver. 221.
 " *Earth unbalanc'd.*" Ver. 251.
 " *Touch ethereal slain.*" Ep. iii. ver. 68.
 " *Grim idol.*" Ver. 266.
 " *No Bandit fierce.*" Ep. iv. ver. 41.
 " *Story'd halls.*" Ver. 303.

VER. 266. *Next his grim idol*] From Milton's description of Moloch :

" First Moloch, horrid king, *besmear'd with blood*
 Of human sacrifice, a parent's tears,
 Tho' for the noise of drums, and timbrels loud,
 Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd thro' fire
 To his *grim* idol."

With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, through just and through
unjust,

To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust : 270
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.

For,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 269. *So drives Self-love; &c.*] The inference our Author draws from all this (from ver. 268 to 283.) is, that SELF-LOVE driveth through right and wrong; it causeth the Tyrant to violate the rights of mankind; and it causeth the People to vindicate that violation. For Self-love being common to the whole species, and setting each individual in pursuit of the same objects, it became necessary for each, if he would secure his own, to provide for the safety of another's. And thus Equity and Benevolence arose from that same Self-love which had given birth to Avarice and Injustice :

“ His Safety must his Liberty restrain ;

All join to guard what each desires to gain.”

The Poet hath not any-where shewn greater address, in the disposition of this work, than with regard to the inference before us; which not only giveth a proper and timely support to what had been advanced in the second epistle concerning the nature and effects of Self-love, but is a necessary introduction to what follows, concerning the Reformation of Religion and Society; as we shall see presently.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

It has not been remarked, as Mr. Todd observed to me, how many expressions Pope takes from Milton, whom, in his Imitations of English Poets, he omits,—possibly on this account. Many of his writings are *strewed* with Miltonic phrases, though they need not be pointed out, and certainly do not detract from his general merit. Such *interweavings* of significant and forcible expressions have often a striking effect.

VER. 272. *Government and Laws.*] “ However men might submit voluntarily, in the simplicity of early ages, or be subjected by

For, what one likes if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
 How shall we keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
 A weaker may surprize, a stronger take?
 His safety must his liberty restrain:
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
 Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence: 280
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.
 'Twas then, the studious head, or gen'rous mind,
 Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,

POET

COMMENTARY.

VER. 283. *'Twas then, the studious head, &c.*] The Poet hath now described the rise, perfection, and decay of civil Policy and Religion in the more early times. But the design had been imperfect, had he dropt his discourse here: There was, in after-ages,
 a reco-

NOTES.

by conquest, to a government without a constitution; yet they were never long in discovering," in the words of Hooker, "that to live by one man's will, became the cause of all men's misery; and therefore they soon rejected the yoke, or made it sit easy on their necks."

WARTON.

VER. 273. *For, what one likes*] These two lines express with brevity and clearness the following sentiments of Hooker: "The like natural inducement hath brought men to know, that it is no less their duty to love others than themselves; for seeing those things which are equal must needs all have one measure, if I cannot but wish to receive good, even as much at every man's hands as any man can wish unto his own soul, how should I look to have any part of my desire herein satisfied, unless my self be careful to satisfy the like desire which is undoubtedly in other men?"

WARTON.

POET or PATRIOT, rose but to restore 285
 The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before ;
 Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :
 Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
 The less, or greater, set so justly true, 291
 That touching one must strike the other too ;
 Till

COMMENTARY.

a recovery of these from their several corruptions. Accordingly, he hath chosen that happy æra for the conclusion of his Song. But as good and ill Governments and Religions succeed one another without ceasing, he now leaveth facts, and turneth his discourse (from ver. 282 to 295.) to speak of a more lasting reform of mankind, in the Invention of those philosophic Principles, by whose observance a Policy and a Religion may be for ever kept from sinking into Tyranny and Superstition :

“ 'Twas then, the studious head, or gen'rous mind,
 Follow'r of God, or friend of human kind,
 Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
 The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before ;” &c.

The easy and just transition into this subject from the foregoing is admirable. In the foregoing he had described the effects of Self-love ; and now, with great art, and high probability, he maketh Men's *observations* on these effects the occasion of those discoveries which they have made of the true principles of Policy and Religion, described in the present paragraph ; and this he evidently hinteth at in that fine transition,

“ 'Twas THEN, the studious head,” &c. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 283. *'Twas then, the studious head, &c.*] The Poet seemeth here to mean the polite and flourishing age of Greece ; and those benefactors to Mankind, which he had principally in view, were SOCRATES and ARISTOTLE ; who, of all the Pagan world, spoke best of God, and wrote best of Government. WARBURTON.

Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd State.

Such

NOTES.

VER. 294. *Th' according music*] This is the very same illustration that Tully uses in that beautiful fragment, *De Republicâ*: “ Ut in fidibus, ac tibiis, atque cantu ipso, ac vocibus, concentus est quidam tenendus ex distinctis tonis, quem immutatum, ac discrepantem aures eruditæ ferre non possunt, isque concentus ex dissimillarum vocum moderatione concors tamen efficitur et congruens; sic, ex summis et infimis, et mediis interjectis ordinibus, ut tonis, moderata ratione civitas consensu dissimili morum concinit, et quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, ea est in civitate concordia, arctissimum atque optimum omni in Republicâ vinculum incolumitatis; quæ sine justitiâ, nullo pacto esse potest.”

Such is the happy and inestimable constitution of Great Britain! Let those, who talk and think of absolute equality, remember the words of one whom they must allow was a lover of freedom:

——“ And if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.”

Par. Lost. Book V. v. 791.

Thucydides, in three words, describes a just and well-poised government, which ought to be, αὐτόνομον, αὐτόδικον, αὐτότειλῃ.

WARTON.

The quotation which Warton has adduced from Cicero, seems to prove, that the Ancients had a knowledge of Harmony, or Music in parts. But there is a perfection in the simile here used by Pope, that perhaps he himself was not aware of; and I fear, in mentioning it, my idea may be thought liable to objections which have been made to some of Warburton's refinements in Criticism. Musicians know that no *key'd* instrument can be made, perfectly in tune; for if one key has its *perfect chords*, for that very reason it cannot be in tune with the *rest*. The *imperfection*, therefore, is *tempered*; that is, divided among all the *keys*: by which means the defect is not perceived, and GENERAL HARMONY is the result, though, from necessity, it cannot be *perfect*.

Such is the World's great Harmony, that springs
 From Order, Union, full Consent of things : 296
 Where

COMMENTARY.

VER. 295. *Such is the World's great Harmony, &c.*] Having thus described the true principles of civil and ecclesiastical Policy, he proceedeth (from ver. 294 to 303.) to illustrate the harmony between the two Policies, by the universal harmony of Nature :

“ Such is the World's great harmony, that springs
 From Order, Union, full Consent of things.”

Thus, as in the beginning of this epistle he supported the *general* principle of mutual Love or Association, by considerations drawn from the particular properties of Matter, and the mutual dependence between vegetable and animal life ; so, in the conclusion, he hath enforced the *particular* principles of Civil and Religious Society, from that *general* Harmony, which springs, in part, from those properties and dependencies.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 295. *Such is the World's great Harmony, &c.*] This doctrine was taken up by Leibnitz ; but it was to ingraft upon it a most pernicious fatalism. Plato said, God *chose* the best : Leibnitz said, he *could not but* choose the best, as he could not act without, what this philosopher called, a *sufficient reason*. Plato supposed freedom in God to choose one of two things equally good : Leibnitz held the supposition to be absurd : however, admitting the case, he still held that God could not choose one of two things equally good. Thus it appears, the first went on the system of Freedom ; and that the latter, notwithstanding the most artful disguises of his principles, in his *Theodicée*, was a thorough Fatalist : for we cannot well suppose he would give that freedom to Man which he had taken away from God. The truth of the matter seems to be this : he saw, on the one hand, the monstrous absurdity of supposing, with Spinoza, that blind Fate was the author of a coherent Universe ; but yet, on the other, he could not conceive with Plato, how God could foresee and conduct, according to an archetypal idea, a World, of all possible Worlds the best, inhabited by *free Agents*. This difficulty, therefore, which made the Socinians take Prescience from God, disposed Leibnitz to take Free-will from Man : And thus he fashioned his fantastical hypothesis ; he supposed that when God made the body,

Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ;
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
 For Forms of Government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best :

For

COMMENTARY.

VER. 303. *For Forms of Government let fools contest, &c.*] But now the Poet, having so much commended the invention and inventors of the philosophic principles of Religion and Government, lest an evil use should be made of this, by Men's resting in theory and speculation, as they have been always too apt to do in matters where *practice* makes their happiness, he cautions his reader (from ver 302 to 311.) against this error. The seasonableness of this reproof will appear evident enough to those who know, that mad disputes about Liberty and Prerogative had once well nigh overturned our Constitution ; while others about Mystery and Church Authority had almost destroyed the very spirit of our Religion.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

he impressed on his new-created Machine a certain series or suite of *motions* ; and that when he made the fellow soul, he impressed a correspondent series of *ideas* ; whose operations, throughout the whole duration of the union, were so exactly timed, that whenever an *idea* was excited, a correspondent *motion* was ever ready to satisfy the volition. Thus, for instance, when the mind had the *will* to raise the arm to the head, the body was so pre-contrived, as to raise, at that very moment, the part required. This he called the PRE-ESTABLISHED HARMONY ; and with this he promised to do wonders.

WARBURTON.

VER. 303. *For Forms of Government, &c.*] These fine lines have been strangely misunderstood : the Author, against his own express words, against the plain sense of his system, hath been conceived to mean, That all Governments and all Religions were,

For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight ; 305
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right :

In

NOTES.

as to their forms and objects, indifferent. But as this wrong judgment proceeded from ignorance of the reason of the reproof, as explained above, that explanation is alone sufficient to rectify the mistake.

However, not to leave him under the least suspicion in a matter of so much importance, I shall justify the sense here given to this passage, more at large :

I. And first, as to Society : Let us consider the words themselves ; and then compare this mistaken sense with the context.

The Poet, we may observe, is here speaking, not of civil Society at large, but of a *just* legitimate Policy :

“ Th’ according music of a *well-mix’d* State.”

Now mix’d States are of various kinds ; in some of which the Democratic, in others the Aristocratic, and in others, the Monarchic form prevails. Now, as each of these mixed Forms is equally legitimate, as being founded on the principles of natural liberty, that man is guilty of the highest folly, who chuseth rather to employ himself in a speculative contest for the superior excellence of one of these *Forms* to the rest, than in promoting the good administration of that settled *Form* to which he is subject. And yet most of our warm disputes about Government have been of this kind. Again, if by *Forms of Government* must needs be meant legitimate Government, because that is the subject under debate ; then by *Modes of Faith*, which is the correspondent idea, must needs be meant the modes or explanations of the True Faith, because the Author is here too on the subject of true Religion :

“ Relum’d her ancient light, not kindled new.”

Besides, the very expression (than which nothing can be more precise) confineth us to understand by *Modes of Faith*, those human explanations of Christian Mysteries, in contending about which zeal and ignorance have so perpetually violated Charity.

Secondly, If we consider the *context* ; to suppose him to mean, that *all Forms of Government* are indifferent, is making him directly contradict the preceding paragraph ; where he extols the Patriot for discriminating the *true* from the *false* modes of Government. He, says the Poet,

“ Taught

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity :

All

NOTES.

“ Taught Pow'r's *due* use to People and to Kings,
'Taught not to *slack*, nor *strain* its tender strings ;
The less and greater set so justly *true*,
That touching one, must strike the other too ;
Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
Th' *according* music of a *well-mix'd* State.”

Here he recommendeth the true Form of Government, which is the *mixed*. In another place he as strongly condemneth the false, or the absolute *jure divino* Form :

“ For Nature knew no *right divine* in Men.”

But the Reader will not be displeased to see the Poet's own apology, as I find it written in the year 1740, in his own hand, in the margin of a pamphlet, where he found these two celebrated lines very much misapplied : “ The Author of these lines was far from meaning that no one form of Government is, in itself, better than another, (as, that mixed or limited Monarchy, for example, is not preferable to absolute), but that no form of Government, however excellent or preferable, in itself, can be sufficient to make a People happy, unless it be administered with integrity. On the contrary, the best sort of Government, when the *form* of it is preserved, and the *administration* corrupt, is most dangerous.”

II. Again, to suppose the Poet to mean, that *all Religions* are indifferent, is an equally wrong, as well as uncharitable suspicion. Mr. Pope, though his subject, in this *Essay on Man*, confineth him to Natural Religion ; yet he giveth frequent intimations of a more sublime Dispensation, and even of the necessity of it ; particularly in his second epistle (ver. 149, &c.), where he confesseth the weakness and insufficiency of human Reason.

And likewise in his fourth epistle, where, speaking of the good Man, the favourite of Heaven, he saith,

“ For him alone, *Hope* leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul :
'Till, lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.”

But

All must be false that thwart this One great End ;
 And all of God, that blefs Mankind or mend. 310
 Man,

NOTES.

But Natural Religion never lengthened Hope on to Faith ; nor did any Religion, but the Christian, ever conceive that Faith could fill the mind with happiness.

Lastly, In this very epistle, and in this very place, speaking of the great Restorers of the *Religion of Nature*, he intimates that they could only draw God's *shadow*, not his *image* :

“ Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new,
 If not God's *image*, yet his *shadow* drew :”

as reverencing that truth, which telleth us, this discovery was reserved for the *glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God*.
 2 Cor. iv. 4. WARBURTON.

VER. 304. *Whate'er is best administer'd*] Notwithstanding all Warburton has said in defence of these lines, they are at least ill expressed ; for they would naturally lead any one to think the Poet's opinion was, That no *one form* of Government was better than another.

VER. 305. *For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight ;*] These latter ages have seen so many scandalous contentions for *modes of faith*, to the violation of Christian Charity, and dishonour of sacred Scripture, that it is not at all strange they should become the object of so benevolent and wise an Author's resentment.

WARBURTON.

He borrowed this from Cowley ; who, extolling the piety of his friend Crashaw, the Poet, who went over to the Romish Church, and died a Canon of Loretto, says,

“ Pardon, my Mother Church, if I consent
 That Angels led him, when from thee he went ;
 For e'en in error sure no danger is,
 When join'd to so much piety as his :—
 His Faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
 Be wrong ; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.”

Cowley also, possibly, might take the hint from Lord Herbert of Cherbury ; who hath this distich in his works :

“ Digladient

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives ;
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own Axis as the Planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the Sun ;

So

COMMENTARY.

VER. 311. *Man, like the gen'rous vine, &c.*] Having thus largely considered Man in his social capacity, the Poet, in order to fix a momentous truth in the mind of his reader, concludes the epistle in recapitulating the *two Principles* which concur to the support of this part of his character, namely, SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL ; and in shewing that they are only two different motions of the appetite to Good, by which the Author of Nature hath enabled Man to find his own happiness in the happiness of the whole. 'This he illustrates with a thought as sublime as that general harmony which he describes :

“ On their own Axis as the Planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the Sun ;
 So two consistent motions act the Soul ;
 And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
 And bade Self-love and Social be the same.”

For he hath the art of converting poetical ornament into philosophic reasoning ; and of improving a simile into an analogical argument ; of which, more in our next.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

“ Digladient alii circa res religionis :

Quod credas nihil est, fit modo vita proba.”

But “ digladient is a barbarism ; he should have said, digladien-tur, or contendat,” says Dr. Jortin.

WARTON.

VER. 313. *On their own Axis*] This illustration is plainly taken from the Spectator, No. 588, said to be written by Mr. Grove : “ Is therefore Benevolence inconsistent with Self-love ? Are their motions contrary ? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is opposed to its annual ; or its motion round its own centre : which might be improved as an illustration of Self-love ; that whirls it about the common centre of the world, answering to universal benevolence. Is the force of Self-love abated, or its interest

So two consistent motions act the Soul ; 315
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

NOTES.

interest prejudiced by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence, though a distinct principle, is extremely serviceable to Self-love, and then doth most service when it is least designed."

WARTON.

VER. 315. *act the Soul* ;] It should certainly be *actuate*, or *act upon*. He has used this expression again, Iliad xv. v. 487.

" ——— This acted by a God."

Such inaccuracies are not worth remarking, but in writers so correct and eminent as our Author, lest they should give a sanction to errors. Dr. Lowth in his Grammar has pointed out several in our Author's Works.

WARTON.

VER. 318. *And bade Self-love*] The remarks of Warburton on the Essay on Man, on the Moral Epistles, and the Alliance betwixt Church and State, were translated into French by M. De Silhouette; for which translation, supposing it contained opinions unfavourable to the despotic government of France, he was much censured, and had nearly been prosecuted, when he became Controller-General of the Finances; and he immediately bought up and destroyed all the copies of this work that could be found.

In this passage (ver. 318.) Pope uses the very words of Bolingbroke: "Thus it happens that Self-love and Social are divided, and set in opposition to one another in the conduct of particular men, whilst in the making laws, and the regulation of government, they continue the same." Minutes of Essays, section 51. addressed to Pope.

WARTON.

EPISTLE IV.

OUR Poet having, in the three former Epistles, treated of Man in all the three respects in which he can be considered; namely, first, Of his Nature and State with respect to the Universe; secondly, With respect to Himself; thirdly, With respect to Society: seems to have finished his subject in the three foregoing Epistles. This fourth Epistle, therefore, on Happiness, may be thought to be adscititious, and out of its proper place, and ought to have made part of the second Epistle, where Man is considered with respect to Himself. I formerly mentioned this to Dr. Akenfide and Mr. Harris, who were of my opinion.

WARTON.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of MAN, with respect to Happiness.

- I. *FALSE Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered from Ver. 19 to 27.* II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all, Ver. 30. God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular Laws, Ver. 37. As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these, Ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among Mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear, Ver. 70.* III. *What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, Ver. 77. The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, Ver. 94.* IV. *The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars, Ver. 121.* V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, Ver. 133, &c.* VI. *That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, Virtue, Ver. 165. That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue: Instanced in Riches, Ver. 183. Honours, Ver. 191. Nobility, Ver. 203. Greatness, Ver. 215. Fame, Ver. 235. Superior Talents, Ver. 257, &c. With pictures of human Infelicity in Men possessed of them all, Ver. 267, &c.* VII. *That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, Ver. 307, &c. That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the ORDER of PROVIDENCE here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter, Ver. 326, &c.*

EPISTLE IV.

O H HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!

Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy
name :

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,

Which

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Oh Happiness! &c.*] In the MS. thus :

Oh Happiness! to which we all aspire,
Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire :
That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh ;
That ease, for which we labour and we die.

COMMENTARY.

THE two foregoing Epistles having considered Man with regard to the MEANS (that is, in all his relations, whether as an Individual, or a Member of *Society*), this last comes to consider him with regard to the END, that is, *Happiness*.

It opens with an Invocation to HAPPINESS, in the manner of the ancient Poets ; who, when destitute of a patron God, applied to the Muse ; and if she was not at leisure, took up with any simple Virtue next at hand, to inspire and prosper their undertakings. This was the ancient Invocation, which few modern Poets have had the art to imitate with any degree either of spirit or decorum : but our Author hath contrived to make *his* subservient to the method and reasoning of his philosophic composition. I will endeavour to explain so uncommon a beauty.

It is to be observed that the pagan Deities had each their several names and places of abode ; with some of which they were supposed
to

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Oh Happiness!*] He begins his address to Happiness after the manner of the ancient hymns, by enumerating the titles

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wife.

Plant

COMMENTARY.

to be more delighted than others; and consequently to be then most propitious when invoked by the favourite name and place: Hence we find, the hymns of Homer, Orpheus, and Callimachus, to be chiefly employed in reckoning up the several titles and habitations by which the patron God was known and distinguished. Our Poet hath made these two circumstances serve to introduce his subject. His purpose is to write of *Happiness*: method, therefore, requires that he first define what Men mean by Happiness; and this he does in the ornament of a poetic Invocation; in which the several names, that *Happiness* goes by, are enumerated:

“ Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!

Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy NAME.”

After the DEFINITION, that which follows next, is the PROPOSITION, which is, *that human Happiness consists not in external Advantages, but in Virtue*. For the subject of this epistle is to detect the *false* notions of Happiness, and to settle and explain the *true*; and this the Poet lays down in the next sixteen lines. Now the enumeration of the several *situations* where Happiness is supposed to reside, is a summary of *false* Happiness placed in Externals:

“ Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,

Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'it to grow?

Fair

NOTES.

and various places of abode of this goddess. He has undoubtedly personified her at the beginning, but he seems to have dropped that idea in the seventh line, where the deity is suddenly transformed into a plant; from thence this metaphor of a vegetable is carried on distinctly through the eleven succeeding lines, till he suddenly returns to consider Happiness again as a person, in the eighteenth line,

“ And fled from Monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee!”

For to fly and to dwell, cannot justly be predicated of the same subject, that immediately before was described as twining with laurels, and being reaped in harvests.

Of the numberless treatises that have been written on Happiness, one of the most sensible is that of Fontenelle, in the third volume of his works.

WARTON.

Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
 Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine ? 10
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
 Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere, 15
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where :
 'Tis

COMMENTARY.

Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine ?
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?"

The six remaining lines deliver the *true* notion of Happiness, and shew that it is rightly placed in Virtue. Which is summed up in these two :

" Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere ;

'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where."

The Poet, having thus defined his terms, and laid down his proposition, proceeds to the support of his Thesis; the various arguments of which make up the body of the Epistle.

WARBURTON

NOTES.

VER. 16. *'Tis no where to be found, &c.*] There is something very striking and poetical in Herbert's little hymn, who inquires, like our Author, where he shall find the abode of Peace and Happiness. The first stanza is particularly beautiful :

" Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell, I humbly crave ?

Let me once know :

I sought thee in a secret place,

And ask'd if Peace were there.

A hollow Wind did seem to answer, " No ;

Go, seek else-where."

I did ; and going, did a rainbow note," &c.

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with
thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are
blind;

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind; 20
Some

COMMENTARY.

VER. 19. *Ask of the Learn'd, &c.*] He begins (from ver. 18 to 29.) with detecting the false notions of Happiness. These are of two kinds, the *Philosophical* and *Popular*: The Popular he had recapitulated in the Invocation, when Happiness was called upon, at her several supposed places of abode: the Philosophical only remained to be delivered:

“ Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bide to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these.”

They differed as well in the *means*, as in the nature of the *end*. Some placed Happiness in Action, some in Contemplation; the first called it Pleasure, the second Ease. Of those who placed it in Action and called it Pleasure, the route they pursued either sunk them into *sensual Pleasures*, which ended in *Pain*; or led them in search of *imaginary Perfections*, unsuitable to their nature and station (see Ep. i.), which ended in *Vanity*. Of those who placed it in Ease, the contemplative station they were fixed in, made some, for their quiet, find truth in *every thing*; others, in *nothing*:

“ Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?”

The confutation of these Philosophic errors he shews to be very easy, one common fallacy running through them all; namely this, that instead of telling us in what the happiness of *human nature* consists, which was what was asked of them, each busies himself in explaining in what he placed *his own*. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 18. ST. JOHN! *dwells with thee.*] Among the many passages in Belingbroke's Posthumous Works that bear a close resemblance

Some place the blifs in action, fome in eafe,
 Thofe call it Pleafure, and Contentment thefe ;
 Some funk to Beafts, find pleafure end in pain ;
 Some fwelld to Gods confefs, ev'n Virtue vain !
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, fay they more or lefs
 Than this, that Happinefs is Happinefs ?

Take

NOTES.

blance to the tenets of this Effay, are the following : Vol. iv. octavo edition, pp. 223. 324. 388, 389. alfo pp. 49. 316. 328. 336, 337. 339. And in Vol. v. pp. 5, 6. 17. 92. 51. 113. 310.

WARTON.

VER. 21. 23. *Some place the blifs in action, —*

Some funk to Beafts, &c.]

1. Thofe who place Happinefs, or the *summum bonum*, in Pleafure, *ἡδονή*; fuch as the Cyrenaic feft, called, on that account, the Hedonic. 2. Thofe who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmnefs of Mind, which they call *εὐθυμία*; fuch as the Democritic feft. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The Protagorean, which held that Man was *πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον*, *the meafure of all things*; for that all things which *appear* to him, *are*, and thofe things which *appear not* to any Man, *are not*; fo that every imagination or opinion of every Man was true. 6. The Sceptic: Whole abfolute doubt is, with great judgment, faid to be the effect of Indolence, as well as the abfolute trust of the Protagorean: For the fame dread of labour attending the fearch of truth, which makes the Protagorean prefume it is always at hand, makes the Sceptic conclude it is never to be found. The only difference is, that the lazinefs of the one is defponding, and the lazinefs of the other fanguine; yet both can give it a good name, and call it HAPPINESS.

WARBURTON.

VER. 23. *Some funk to Beafts, &c.]* Thefe four lines added in the laft Edition, as neceffary to complete the fummary of the falfe purfuits after Happinefs among the Greek Philofophers.

WARBURTON.

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave ;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ; 30
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well ;
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.

Remember, Man, " the Universal Cause 35
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws :"

And

COMMENTARY.

VER. 29. *Take Nature's path, &c.*] The Poet then proceeds (from ver. 28 to 35.) to reform their mistakes ; and shews them that, if they will but take the road of Nature, and leave that of mad Opinion, they will soon find Happiness to be a good of the *species*, and, like Common Sense, equally distributed to all mankind.

WARBURTON.

VER. 35. *Remember, Man, &c.*] Having exposed the two false species of Happiness, the *Philosophical* and *Popular*, and denounced the true ; in order to establish the last, he goes on to a confutation of the two former.

I. He first (from ver. 34 to 49.) confutes the *Philosophical* ; which, as we said, makes Happiness a particular, not a general good : And this two ways ; 1. From his grand principle, that God acts by general laws ; the consequence of which is, that Happiness, which supports the well-being of every system, must needs be universal ; and not partial, as the Philosophers conceived. 2. From fact, that Man instinctively concurs with this designation of Providence, to make Happiness universal, by his having no delight in any thing uncommunicated or uncommunicable.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 32. *There needs but thinking right, &c.*] This is a very concise mode of making men wise and virtuous ; but it is to be feared this wisdom and virtue is not always to be so easily attained as this verse supposes.

VER. 34. *Equal is Common Sense,*] The experience of every day and every hour convinces us of the falsehood of this Stoical boast.

WARTON.

And makes what Happiness we justly call
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing Individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind ; 40
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfy'd :
 Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :
 Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :
 Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law ; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50
 More

COMMENTARY.

VER. 49. *Order is Heav'n's first law ;*] II. In the second place (from ver. 48 to 67.), he confutes the popular error concerning Happiness, namely, that it consists in externals : This he does, *first*, by inquiring into the reasons of the present providential disposition of external goods : A topic of confutation chosen with the greatest accuracy and penetration : For, if it appears they were given in the manner we see them distributed, for reasons different from the Happiness of Individuals, it is absurd to think that they should make part of that Happiness. He shews, therefore, that disparity of external possessions among men was for the sake of Society : 1. To promote the harmony and happiness of a system ; because the want of external goods in some, and the abundance in others, increase general harmony in the obliher and obliged. Yet here (says he) mark the impartial wisdom of Heaven ; this very inequality of externals, by contributing to general harmony and order, produceth an equality of Happiness amongst Individuals.

2. To prevent perpetual discord amongst men equal in power ; which an equal distribution of external goods would necessarily occasion. From hence he concludes, that as external goods were

More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their Happiness :
 But mutual wants this Happiness increase ; 55
 All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance is not the thing ;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend : 60
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
 And each were equal, must not all contest ?
 If then to all Men Happiness was meant, 65
 God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 52. in the MS.

Say not, " Heav'n's here profuse, there poorly saves,
 " And for one Monarch makes a thousand slaves."
 You'll find, when Causes and their Ends are known,
 'Twas for the thousand Heav'n has made that one.

After Ver. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay :
 The rest mad Fortune gives or takes away.
 All other bliss by accident's debar'd ;
 But Virtue's, in the instant, a reward ;
 In hardest trials operates the best,
 And more is relish'd as the more distress.

COMMENTARY.

not given for the reward of virtue, but for many different purposes,
 God could not, if he intended Happiness for all, place it in the
 enjoyment of externals.

WARBURTON.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear :
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse, 71
 But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
 Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
 Reason's

COMMENTARY.

VER. 67. *Fortune her gifts may variously dispose, &c.*] His *second* argument (from ver. 66 to 73.) against the popular error of Happiness being placed in externals, is, that the possession of them is inseparably attended with fear; the want of them with hope; which directly crossing all their pretensions to making happy, evidently shews that God had placed Happiness elsewhere. And hence, in concluding this argument, he takes occasion (from ver. 72 to 77.) to upbraid the desperate folly and impiety of those, who, in spite of God and Nature, will yet attempt to place Happiness in externals :

“ Oh sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
 Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.”

WARBURTON.

VER. 77. *Know, all the good, &c.*] The Poet having thus confuted the two errors concerning Happiness, the *Philosophical* and *Popular* ; and proved that true Happiness was neither solitary and partial, nor yet placed in externals ; goes on (from ver. 76 to 83.) to shew in what it doth consist. He had before said in general, and repeated it, that Happiness lay in common to the whole species. He now brings us better acquainted with it, in a more explicit account

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
 But Health consists with Temperance alone ; 81
 And Peace, oh Virtue ! Peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain ;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right ?
 Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?
 Count

COMMENTARY.

account of its nature ; and tells us, it is all contained in *health*, *peace*, and *competence* ; but that these are to be gained only by VIRTUE, namely, by temperance, innocence, and industry.

WARBURTON

VER. 83. *The good or bad, &c.*] Hitherto the Poet hath only considered *health* and *peace* :

“ But Health consists with Temperance alone ;
 And Peace, oh Virtue ! Peace is all thy own.”

One head yet remained to be spoken to, namely, *competence*. In the pursuit of health and peace there is no danger of running into excess ; but the case is different with regard to competence : here wealth and affluence would be apt to be mistaken for it, in men's passionate pursuit after *external* goods. To obviate this mistake, therefore, the Poet shews (from ver. 82 to 93.), that, as exorbitant wealth adds nothing to the Happiness arising from a *competence* ; so, as it is generally ill-gotten, it is attended with circumstances which weaken another part of this triple cord, namely *peace*.

“ Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
 But Health consists with Temperance alone ;
 And Peace, oh Virtue ! Peace is all thy own.”

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 88. *Which meets contempt,*] Compassion, it will be said, is but a poor compensation for misery.

WARTON

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains : 90
 And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe!

Who

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 92. in the MS.

Let sober Moralists correct their speech,
 No bad man's happy : he is great, or rich.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 93. *Oh blind to truth, &c.*] Our Author having thus largely confuted the mistake, that Happiness consists in externals, proceeds to expose the terrible consequences of such an opinion, on the sentiments and practice of all sorts of men ; making the *Dissolute*, impious and atheistical ; the *Religious*, uncharitable and intolerant ; and the *Good*, restless and discontent. For when it is once taken for granted, that happiness consists in externals, it is immediately seen that ill men are often more happy than the Good ; which sets all conditions on objecting to the ways of Providence : and some even on rashly attempting to rectify its dispensations, though by the violation of all laws, divine and human. Now this being the most important part of the subject under consideration, is deservedly treated most at large. And here it will be proper to take notice of the art of the Poet in making this confutation serve, at the same time, for a full solution of all objections which might be made to his main proposition, *that Happiness consists not in externals*.

I. He begins, first of all, with the atheistical complainers ; and pursues their impiety from ver. 92 to 131.

“ Oh blind to truth ! and God's whole scheme below,” &c.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 92. *to pass for good.*] But are not the one frequently mistaken for the other ? How many profligate hypocrites have passed for good ?

Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
 But fools, the Good alone unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just !
 See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust ! 100
 See

COMMENTARY.

VER. 97. *But fools, the Good alone unhappy call, &c.*] He exposes their folly, even in their own notions of external goods.

1. By examples (from ver. 98 to 111.), where he shews, *first*, that if good men have been untimely cut off, this is not to be ascribed to their virtue, but to a contempt of life, which hurried them into dangers. *Secondly*, That if they will still persist in ascribing untimely death to virtue, they must needs, on the same principle, ascribe long life to it also ; consequently, as the argument, in fact, concludes both ways, in logic it concludes neither.

“ Say, was it Virtue, more tho’ Heav’n ne’er gave,
 Lamented Digby ! sunk thee to the grave ?
 Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire ?”

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 99. *See FALKLAND*] His genius, his learning, his integrity, his patriotism, are eloquently displayed by Cowley, as well as by Clarendon ; but Lord Orford thinks the portrait by the latter too flattering and over-charged. If any proofs had been wanting of the violence and haughtiness of archbishop Laud, this virtuous nobleman’s opposing him would have been sufficient. He assisted Chillingworth in his great work against Popery ; and he wrote some very elegant verses to Sandys, on his Translation of the Psalms. The gallantry of Sir Philip Sidney, mentioned in a succeeding line (101.), cannot be disputed ; but whether the death of this valorous knight was a proper example of suffering virtue to be here introduced, is another question.

WARTON.

VER. 100. *See god-like TURENNE*] This great general was killed July 27, 1675, by a cannon-shot, near the village of Saltyback,
 in

See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
 Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire, 105
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
 Why

NOTES.

in going to choose a place whereon to erect a battery. "No one," says Voltaire, "is ignorant of the circumstances of his death; but we cannot here refrain a review of the principal of them, for the same reason that they are still talked of every day. It seems as if one could not too often repeat, that the same bullet which killed him, having shot off the arm of St. Hilaire, lieutenant-general of the artillery, his son came and bewailed his misfortune with many tears; but the father, looking towards Turenne, said, 'It is not I, but that great man, who should be lamented.' These words may be compared with the most heroic sayings recorded in all history; and are the best eulogy that can be bestowed upon Turenne. It is uncommon under a despotic government, where people are actuated only by private interests, for those who have served their country to die regretted by the public. Nevertheless, Turenne was lamented both by the soldiers and people; and Louvois was the only one who rejoiced at his death. The honours which the king ordered to be paid to his memory are known to every one; and that he was interred at St. Denis, in the same manner as the constable du Guesclin." But how much is the glory of Turenne tarnished by his cruel devastation of the Palatinate? WARTON.

VER. 101. *See SIDNEY bleeds*] Among the many things related of the life and character of this all-accomplished person, it does not seem to be much known, that he was the intimate friend and patron of the famous atheist Giordano Bruno; was in a secret club with him and Sir Fulk Greville, held in London in 1587; and that the *Spaccio della Bestia Triomfante* was at that time composed and printed in London, and dedicated to Sir Philip. See General Dictionary, vol. iii. p. 622. WARTON.

VER. 104. *Lamented DIGBY!*] The Honourable Robert Digby. See Epitaphs.

Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?

110

What

NOTES.

VER. 107. *Why drew*] M. de Belfance, bishop of Marseilles. This illustrious prelate was of a noble family in Guienne. In early life he took the vows, and belonged to a convent of Jesuits. He was made bishop of Marseilles in 1709.

In the plague of that city, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his zeal and activity, being the pastor, the physician, and the magistrate of his flock, whilst that horrid calamity prevailed. Louis XV. in 1723, offered him a more considerable bishopric (to which peculiar feudal honours were annexed), that of Laon in Picardy. He refused, however, to quit that of Marseilles, giving for a reason, that he could not desert a flock which had been so endeared to him by their misfortunes and his own exertions. The king, however, insisted upon his accepting of the privilege of appealing, in all his own causes, either temporal or spiritual, to the Parliament of Paris. The Pope sent him from Rome an ornament called Pallium, worn only by archbishops. He died at a very advanced age, in the year 1755, after having founded a college in Marseilles, which bears his name, and after having written the History of the Lives of his Predecessors in that See. When he was grand vicar of Agen, he published the life of a female relation of his, who was eminent for her piety, with this title, "*Vie de Susanne Henriette de Foix Candale.*" Vaniere has finely celebrated him. Lib. iii. of the *Prædium Rusticum*.

WARTON.

VER. 108. *When Nature sicken'd,*] A verse of marvellous comprehension and expressiveness, adopted from Dryden's *Miscellanies*, v. 6. The effects of this pestilence are more emphatically set forth in these few words, than in forty such Odes as Sprat's on the Plague at Athens. A fine example of what Dion. Halicarnassus calls Πυκνότης και συμπύκνως.

WARTON.

VER. 110. *Lent Heav'n a parent, &c.*] This last instance of the Poet's illustration of the ways of Providence, the reader sees, has a peculiar

What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
 God sends not Ill; if rightly understood,
 Or partial Ill is universal Good,

Or

COMMENTARY.

VER. 111. *What makes all physical or moral ill?*] 2. He exposes their folly (from ver. 110 to 131.), by considerations drawn from the system of Nature; and these twofold, natural and moral. You accuse God, says he, because the good man is subject to natural and moral evil: Let us see whence these proceed: Natural evil is the necessary consequence of a material world so constituted: But that this constitution was best, we have proved in the first Epistle. Moral evil ariseth from the depraved will of Man: Therefore neither one nor the other from God. But you say (adds the Poet, to these impious complainers), that though it be fit Man should suffer the miseries which he brings upon himself, by the commission of moral evil; yet it seems unfit that his innocent posterity should bear a share of the burthen. To this, says he, I reply,

“ We just as wisely might of Heav’n complain
 That righteous Abel was destroy’d by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease.”

But you will say, Why doth not God either prevent, or immediately repair these evils? You may as well ask, why he doth not work continual miracles, and every moment reverse the established laws of Nature:

“ Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,” &c.

This is the force of the Poet’s reasoning; and these the men to whom he addresseth it; namely, the libertine cavillers against Providence.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

a peculiar elegance; where a tribute of piety to a parent is paid in return of thanks to, and made subservient of his vindication of, the great Giver and Father of all things. The Mother of the Author, a person of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finished, viz. 1733.

WARBURTON.

VER. 112. *There deviates Nature,*] There is certainly an obscurity in the word Pope uses, “Nature.”

Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall; 115
 Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120
 Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause,
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

Shall

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, since the world began,
 The real source is not in God, but man.

NOTES.

VER. 115. *Or Change admits,*] The reasons assigned for the Origin of Evil, in these two lines, are surely not solid and satisfactory, and the doctrine is expressed in obscure and equivocal terms. These six lines are perhaps the most exceptionable in the whole Poem, in point both of sentiment and expression.

WARTON.

VER. 121. *Think we, like some weak Prince, &c.*] Agreeable hereunto, Holy Scripture, in its account of things under the common Providence of Heaven, never represents miracles as wrought for the sake of him who is the object of them, but in order to give credit to some of God's extraordinary dispensations to Mankind.

WARBURTON.

Akenside has thus enlarged on this opinion, book i. p. 120. in a more copious and diffuse style and manner :

—— Left blind o'erweening pride
 Pollute their offerings : lest their selfish heart
 Say to the heavenly ruler, " At our call
 Relents thy power : by us thy arm is mov'd !
 Fools ! who of God as of each other deem :
 Who his invariable acts deduce
 From sudden counsels transient as their own ;
 Nor farther of his bounty, than the event
 Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,

Acknow-

Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
 On air or sea new motions be imprest,
 Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?

125

When

NOTES.

Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute,
 Which haply they have tasted, heed the source
 That flows from all; the fountain of his love;
 Which, from the summit where he sits inthron'd,
 Pours health and joy, unfailing streams throughout
 The spacious region flourishing in view,
 The goodly work of his eternal day,
 His own fair universe; on which alone
 His counsels fix, and whence alone his will
 Assumes her strong direction."

WARTON.

VER. 123. *Shall burning Etna, &c.*] Alluding to the fate of those two great Naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perished by too near an approach to Etna and Vesuvius, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions. WARBURTON.

VER. 125. *On air or sea*] It was observed in the Adventurer, many years before the elegant Letter to Mr. Mason, on the Marks of Imitation, appeared, that this whole passage, and even the expressions, "New motions be imprest," and "Shall gravitation cease," were taken from Wollaston, section v. p. 99.

Wollaston, in this section, endeavours to prove, that "It is not impossible, that such laws of nature, and such a series of causes and effects may be originally designed; that not only general provisions may be made for the several species of beings, but even particular cases, at least many of them, may also be provided for, without innovations or alterations in the course of nature." From whence he infers the doctrine of a particular Providence, and the reasonableness and efficacy of prayer: a doctrine for which Bolingbroke, in a variety of passages in his works, is fond of condemning Wollaston, and his Defence of this Duty of Prayer. I have received the most authentic information that Dr. Middleton left behind him, a treatise on this subject; which Mrs. Middleton, by the advice of a judicious friend, was prevailed on not to publish, from the offence it might have given. But it was

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? 130
 But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have?

A king-

COMMENTARY.

VER. 131. *But still this world, &c.*] II. But now, so unhappy is the condition of our corrupt nature, that these are not the only complainers. RELIGIOUS men are but too apt, if not to speak out, yet sometimes secretly to murmur against Providence; and say, *its ways are not equal*: Those especially, who are more inordinately devoted to a sect or party, are scandalized, that the *Just* (for such they esteem themselves), the *Just*, who are to judge the world, have no better a portion in their own inheritance and dominion: The Poet, therefore, now leaves those more professedly impious, and turns to these less profligate complainers (from ver. 130 to 149.):

“But still this world (so fitted for the knave),” &c.

As

NOTES.

communicated to Lord Bolingbroke at his earnest request, and returned to Mrs. Middleton after he had kept it a considerable time. After Bolingbroke's death, a copy of it was found in his library.

WARTON.

VER. 126. *Oh blameless Bethel!*] Pope seems to hint at this passage, in a letter written to Mr. Bethel, soon after the death of his mother:

“I have now too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man. There will be in it but one line that will offend you (I fear), and yet I will not alter it or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent it. It is all a poor Poet can do, to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach.” RUFFHEAD.

VER. 130. *the hanging wall?*] Eusebius is weak enough to relate, from the testimonies of Irenæus and Polycarp, that the roof of the building under which Cerinthus the heretic was bathing, providentially fell down and crushed him to death. Lib. 3. cap. 29.

WARTON.

A kingdom of the Just then let it be :
But first consider how those Just agree.

The

COMMENTARY.

As the former wanted external goods to be the reward of virtue for the moral man ; so These want them for the pious, in order to have a *kingdom of the Just* : To this the Poet holds it sufficient to answer ; Pray first agree among yourselves, who those *Just* are. As they are not likely to do this, he bids them to rest satisfied ; to remember his fundamental principle, that *whatever is, is right* ; and to content themselves (as their religion teaches them to profess a more than ordinary submission to the will of Providence) with that common answer which he, with so much reason and piety, gives to every kind of complainer.

However, though there be yet no *kingdom of the Just*, there is still no kingdom of the Unjust ; both the virtuous and the vicious (whatsoever becomes of those whom every sect calls the *Faithful*) have their share in external goods ; and what is more, the virtuous have infinitely the most enjoyment of their share :

“ This world, 'tis true,

Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too :

And which more blest ? who chain'd his country ? say,

Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day ?”

I have been the more solicitous to explain this last argument, and to shew *against whom* it is directed, because a great deal depends upon it for the illustration of the sense, and the defence of the Poet's reasoning. For if we suppose him to be still addressing himself to those IMPIOUS complainers, confuted in the forty preceding lines, we should make him guilty of a paralogism, in the argument about the Just ; and in the illustration of it by the case of Calvin. For then the Libertine asks, Why the Just, that is, the *moral man*, is not rewarded ? The answer is, That none but God can tell, who the Just, that is, the *faithful man*, is. Where the Term is changed, in order to support the argument ; for about the truly moral man there is no dispute ; about the truly faithful, or the orthodox, a great deal. But take the Poet right, as arguing here against RELIGIOUS complainers, and the reasoning is strict and logical. They ask, Why the truly faithful are not rewarded ? He answereth, “ They may be, for aught you know ; for none but God can tell who they are.”

WARBURTON.

The good must merit God's peculiar care ; 135
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are ?
 One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell ;
 Another deems him instrument of hell ;
 If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
 'This cries, there is, and that, there is no God. 140
 What shocks one part will edify the rest,
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
 WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too : 146
 And which more blest ? who chain'd his country ? say,
 Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day !

“ But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.”
 What then ? Is the reward of Virtue bread ? 150
 That,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 142. in some Editions,
 Give each a System, all must be at strife ;
 What diff'rent Systems for a Man and Wife ?
 The joke, though lively, was ill plac'd, and therefore struck out
 of the text.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 149. “ *But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.*”]
 III. The Poet, having dispatched these two species of murmurers,
 comes now to the third, and still more pardonable sort, the *discon-*
tented GOOD MEN, who lament only that Virtue starves, while Vice
 riots. To these he replies (from ver. 148 to 157.), that, admit
 this to be the case, yet they have no reason to complain, either of
 the good man's lot in particular, or of the dispensation of Provi-
 dence in general. Not of the former, because Happiness, the
 reward of Virtue, consisteth not in Externals ; nor of the latter,
 because ill men may gain wealth by commendable industry ; good
 men want necessaries through indolence or ill conduct.

WARBURTON.

That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
 The knave deserves, it when he tempts the main,
 Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?
 "No—shall the good want Health, the good want
 Pow'r?"

Add Health, and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing.
 "Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no
 king?" 160
 Nay,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 157. *But grant him Riches, &c.*] But as modest as this complaint seemeth at first view, the Poet next shews (from ver. 156 to 167.), that it is founded on a principle of the highest extravagance, which will never let the discontented good man rest, till he becomes as vain and foolish in his imagination as the very worst sort of complainers. For that when once he begins to think he wants what is his due, he will never know where to stop, while God hath any thing to give. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 136. *tell us who they are?*] This again is exactly copied from Wollaston, section v. p. 110. who quotes Virgil on the occasion:

——Cedit & Ripheus justissimus unus
 Qui fuit in Teucris, & servantissimus æqui:
 Diis aliter visum.—— WARTON.

VER. 138. *instrument of hell;*] The hard fate of Servetus will remain for ever as an indelible mark of the violence, cruelty, and intolerance of Calvin. WARTON.

VER. 157. *But grant him Riches,*] It does by no means follow, that because he should want riches, wealth, and power, he should want every thing, and never know where to stop. WARTON.

Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
 Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give:
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand? 166
 What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is

COMMENTARY.

VER. 167. *What nothing earthly gives, &c.*] But this is not all; the Poet sheweth next (from ver. 166 to 185.), that these demands are not only unreasonable, but in the highest degree absurd likewise. For that those very goods, if granted, would be the destruction of that Virtue for which they are demanded as a reward? He concludes, therefore, on the whole, that

“ What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is Virtue's prize——”

And that to aim at other, which not only is of no use to us here, but, what is more, will be of none hereafter, is a passion like that of an Infant or a Savage; where the one is impatient for what he will soon despise; and the other makes a provision for what he can never want.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 162. *Why is not Man a God,*] The manner in which Ramsay endeavours, but in vain, to explain the doctrine of the Essay, is as follows: “ Pope is far from asserting, that the present state of Man is his primitive state, and is conformable to Order: His design is to shew, that since the Fall, all is proportioned with weight, measure, and harmony, to the condition of a degraded Being, who suffers, and who deserves to suffer, and who cannot be restored but by sufferings; that physical evils are designed to cure moral evil; that the passions and the crimes of the most abandoned men are confined, directed, and governed by infinite wisdom, in such a manner as to make order emerge out of confusion, light out of darkness, and to call out innumerable advantages from

Is Virtue's prize : A better would you fix,
Then give Humility a coach and fix,

170
Justice

NOTES.

from the transitory inconveniencies of this life ; that this so gracious Providence conducts all things to its own ends, and without either causing or approving the effects of their deliberate malice ; that all is ordained in the physical order, as all is free in the moral ; that these two orders are connected closely without fatality, and are not subject to that necessity which renders us virtuous without merit, and vicious without crime ; that we see at present but a single wheel of the magnificent machine of the universe ; but a small link of the great chain ; and but an insignificant part of that immense plan which will one day be unfolded. Then will God justify all the incomprehensible proceedings of his wisdom and goodness, and will vindicate himself, as Milton speaks, from the rash judgment of mortals."

But there are too many passages in this Essay to suffer us to admit of the forced interpretation here given by Ramsay.

WARTON.

VER. 170. *Then give Humility*] In a work of so serious and severe a cast, in a work of reasoning, in a work of theology, designed to explain the most interesting subject that can employ the mind of man, surely such strokes of levity, of satire, of ridicule, as also lines 204. 223. 276, however poignant and witty, are ill placed and disgusting, are violations of that propriety which Pope in general so strictly observed. Lucretius preserves throughout, the dignity he at first assumed ; even his sarcasms and irony on the superstitious have something august, and a noble haughtiness in them ; as in particular where he asks, "How it comes to pass that Jupiter sometimes strikes his own temples with his thunderbolts ; whether he employs himself in casting them in the deserts for the sake of exercising his arm ; and why he hurls them in places where he cannot strike the guilty.

——" Tum fulmina mittat ; et ædes

Sæpe suas disturbet ; et in deserta recedens

Sæviat, exercens telum, quod sæpe nocentes

Præterit, exanimatque indignos, inque merentes."

He has turned the insult into a magnificent image. WARTON.

Justice a Conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
 Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The Boy and Man an Individual makes, 175
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind. 180
 Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust, 185
 Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?

Judges

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
 Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 185. *To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust,*] The Poet now enters more at large upon the matter: And still continuing his discourse to this third sort of complainers (whom he indulgeth, as much more pardonable than the first or second, in rectifying all their doubts and mistakes), he proves, both from reason and example, how unable any of those things are, which the world most admires, to make a good man happy. For as to the Philosophic

NOTES.

VER. 173. *Weak, foolish Man!*] These eight succeeding lines were not in former editions; and indeed none of them, especially lines 177 and 179, do any credit to the Author, and rather make us wish they had been suppressed.

WARTON.

Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.

Oh

COMMENTARY.

sophic mistakes concerning happiness, there being little danger of their making a general impression, he had, after a short confutation, dismissed them for altogether. But External goods are those Syrens, which so bewitch the world with dreams of happiness, that it is of all things the most difficult to awaken it out of its delusions; though, as he proves in an exact review of the most pretending, they dishonour bad men, and add no lustre to the good. —That it is only this third, and least criminal sort of complainers, against whom the remaining part of the discourse is directed, appeareth from the Poet's so frequently addressing himself, henceforward, to his friend.

I. He beginneth therefore (from ver. 184 to 205.) with considering RICHES. 1. He examines first, what there is of real use or enjoyment in them; and sheweth, they can give the good man only that very contentment in himself, and that very esteem and love from others, which he had before: And scornfully cries out to those of a different opinion,

“ Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The *lover* and the *love* of human-kind;
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear;
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year!”

2. He next examines the imaginary value of Riches, as the fountain of Honour. For the objection of his adversaries standeth thus:—As *honour* is the genuine claim of virtue; and *shame* the just retribution of vice, and as honour, in their opinion, follows riches; and shame, poverty; therefore the good man should be *rich*. He tells them in this they are much mistaken:

“ Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.”

What power then has Fortune over the Man? None at all; for as her favours can confer neither worth nor wisdom; so neither can her displeasure cure him of any of his follies. On his *garb*, indeed, she hath some little influence; but his *heart* still remains the same:

“ Fortune in Men has some small difference made,
One *flaunts* in rags, one *flutters* in brocade.”

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind, 190
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
 Honour and shame from no Condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

Fortune

COMMENTARY.

So that this difference extends no further than to the habit; the pride of heart is the same both in the *flaunter* and the *flutterer*; as it is the Poet's intention to insinuate by the use of those terms.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 189. *God hates the worthy mind,*] The ground of the complaint is, not that the worthy man does not possess a large and ample fortune, but because he sometimes wants even necessaries.

WARTON.

VER. 194. *Act well your part,*] The Ancients were very fond of this comparison of human life with a drama. Epictetus uses it in a well-known passage, chapter 27. and Arrian also recites it: it is repeated twice or thrice in Stobæus; and Antoninus finishes his meditations with an allusion to it. I have given it from Epictetus in a manner so truly Horatian, that I cannot forbear repeating it:

“ Nos sumus in scenâ; quin et mandante magistro,
 Quisque datas agimus partes; sit longa brevissime
 Fabula, nil refert: Tyrio seu dives in ostro
 Incedam, pannis seu veler squallidus, imo
 Prognatus populo, seu fracto crure humerove
 In triviis rogiem æra; placet lex”——

But our Author found the same illustration in his friend's Essay. See Bolingbroke, vol. v. p. 79. “The whole world, nay, the whole universe, is filled with Beings which are all connected in one immense design. The sensitive inhabitants of our globe, like the dramatis personæ, have different characters, and are applied to different purposes of action in every scene. The several parts of the material world, like the machines of a theatre, were contrived not for the actors, but for the action: and the whole order and system

of

Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made, 195

One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;

The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,

The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

“ What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ? ”

I'll tell you, friend ! a wise man and a fool. 200

You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,

Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;

The rest is all but leather or prunella. 204

Stuck

NOTES.

of the drama would be disordered and spoiled, if any alteration was made in either. The nature of every creature, his manner of being, is adapted to his state here, to the place he is to inhabit, and, as we may say, to the part he is to act. If man was a creature inferior or superior to what he is, he would be a very preposterous creature in this system. Gulliver's horses made a very absurd figure in the place of men, and men would make one as absurd in the place of horses. I do not think that philosophers have shewn in every instance why every thing is what it is, and as it is, or that nothing could be, in any one case, otherwise than it is, without producing a greater inconveniency to the whole than the particular inconveniency that would be removed. But I am sure this has been proved in so many instances, that it is trifling, as well as profane, to deny it in any. We complain often of our senses, and sometimes of our reasoning faculties : both are defective, weak, fallible : and yet if the former were more extensive, more acute, and more nice, they would not answer the purposes of human life, they would be absolutely inconsistent with them. Just so, if our reasoning faculties were more perfect than they are, the order of intellectual Beings would be broken unnecessarily, and man would be raised above his proper form, without any real advantage to himself, since the reason he has is sufficient for him in the state allotted to him ; and since higher faculties and greater degrees of knowledge would on one hand increase his presumption, and yet on the other would rather excite than satiate his curiosity, by shewing him more clearly the extent of his ignorance.”

WARTON.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings,
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :
 But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great. 210
 Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
 Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ? 215
 Alas ! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies ?
 " Where, but among the Heroes and the Wife ?"

Heroes

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. *Boast the pure blood, &c.*] In the MS. thus,
 The richest blood, right-honourably old,
 Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
 May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
 Without one dash of usher or of priest :
 Thy pride as much despise all other pride
 As Christ Church once all colleges beside.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 205. *Stuck o'er with titles, &c.*] II. Then, as to NOBILITY, by creation or birth ; this too the Poet shews (from ver. 204 to 217.), is in itself as devoid of all real worth as the rest ; because, in the first case, the Honour is generally gained by no merit at all ; in the second, by the merit of the first Founder of the Family ; which, when well considered, is generally the subject rather of humiliation than of glory. WARBURTON.

VER. 217. *Look next on Greatness, &c.*] III. The Poet now unmasks (from ver. 216 to 237.), the false pretences of GREATNESS, whereby it is seen that the *Hero* and the *Politician* (the two characters

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ; 220
 The

COMMENTARY.

characters which would monopolize that quality) do, after all their bustle, if they want Virtue, effect only this, that the one proves himself a Fool, and the other a Knave : and Virtue they but too generally want ; the art of Heroism being understood to consist in Ravage and Desolation ; and the art of Politics, in Circumvention.

It is not success, therefore, that constitutes true Greatness ; but the end aimed at, and the means which are employed : And if these be right, Glory will follow as the reward, whatever happens to be the issue :

“ Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.” WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 220. *From Macedonia's*] He has fallen into the common cant about Alexander the Great. Think of the scene in Darius's tent ; of the foundation of the city of Alexandria, and the extent of its commerce ; of the many colonies he established ; of his refusing to treat the Persians as slaves ; of the grief expressed by the Persians at his death ; of the encouragement he gave to arts, both useful and elegant ; and of his assistance to Aristotle his master, in making experiments and promoting science : The encomiums bestowed on him by two such judges of men as Bacon and Montesquieu, outweigh the censures of Boileau and Pope. Charles XII. deserved not to be joined with him : Charles XII. tore out the leaf in which Boileau had censured Alexander. Robertson, in his *Disquisitions on India*, has given a fine and comprehensive view of the very grand design which Alexander had formed to annex that extensive and opulent country to his empire. Section I. Appendix.

WARTON.

See also the truly amiable and learned Dr. Vincent's dissertation on the voyage of Nearchus. There are, however, some indelible shades in Alexander's character, which nothing can soften ; such

The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind !
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the Politic and Wife ; 225
 All fly flow things, with circumspective eyes :
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat ;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great : 230
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
 Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's

NOTES.

as his conduct to the Tyrians, and those who bravely opposed him in India. His political wisdom was undoubted ; his *kindness* and his *cruelty* were, I fear, alike capricious.

VER. 222. *an enemy of all mankind!*] Had all nations, with regard to their Heroes, been of the humour with the Normans, who called Robert II., the greatest of their Dukes, by the name of ROBERT THE DEVIL, the Races of Heroes might have been less numerous, or, however, less mischievous. WARBURTON.

VER. 235. *or bleed like Socrates,*] Considering the manner in which Socrates was put to death, the word "bleed" seems to be improperly used. Cudworth has remarked, that it is a common mistake to assert that Socrates was condemned for asserting the doctrine of one Supreme Deity ; for he also acknowledged the existence of inferior created gods ; but he was punished for exposing and ridiculing the common fabulous poetic accounts of these inferior and subordinate gods, which accounts were held sacred by the people. It was hence he was accused of impiety. WARTON.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in other's breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown /
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead :
 Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine, 245
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod ;
 An honest Man's the noblest work of God.

Fame

COMMENTARY.

VER. 237. *What's Fame?*] IV. With regard to FAME, that still more fantastic blessing, he sheweth (from ver. 236 to 259.) that all of it, besides what we hear ourselves, is merely nothing ; and that, even of this small portion, no more of it giveth the possessor a real satisfaction, than what is the fruit of Virtue. Thus he shews, that Honour, Nobility, Greatness, Glory, so far as they have any thing real and substantial, that is, so far as they contribute to the happiness of the possessor, are the sole issue of Virtue ; and that neither Riches, Courts, Armies, nor the Populace, are capable of conferring them.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 237. *What's Fame?*] Perhaps our Author, in these fine lines, has carried the matter too far, as Mr. Wollaston has certainly done : " The man is not known ever the more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to them. He doth not live because his name does. Since Pompey is as little known as Cæsar, all that is said of their conquests amounts to this, Somebody conquered somebody." The reader may be highly gratified if he will peruse a very fine speech on this subject, in a poem too much neglected, the *Paradise Regained* of Milton, book iii. v. 45. Is exposing and depreciating the passion for Fame consistent with the doctrine before advanced, that

" Not a vanity is giv'n in vain :"

WARTON.

Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As Justice tears his body from the grave ; 250
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs 255
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In Parts superior what advantage lies ?
 Tell (for You can) what is it to be wise ? 260
 'Tis

COMMENTARY.

VER. 259. *In Parts superior what advantage lies ?*] V. But lastly, the Poet shews (from ver. 258 to 269.), that as *no external* goods can make man happy, so neither is it in the power of *all internal*. For that even SUPERIOR PARTS bring no more real happiness to the possessor than the rest ; nay, that they put him into a worse condition ; for that the quickness of apprehension and depth of penetration do but sharpen the miseries of life.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 248. *An honest Man's*] Plato says, Πάντων ἐσφύτατον ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπου τὸ ἀγαθόν.

WARTON.

VER. 257. *Marcellus exil'd*] Cicero's fine oration to Cæsar on behalf of Marcellus, is sufficiently known. Middleton has given an elegant account of his enmity to Cæsar, and of his being stabbed by Magius, and his funeral rites at Athens, vol. ii. 286. By Marcellus, Pope was said to mean the Duke of Ormond.

WARTON.

VER. 259. *In Parts superior*] To a person that was praising Dr. Balguy's admirable Discourses on the Vanity and Vexation of our Pursuits after Knowledge, he replied, " I borrowed the whole from ten lines of the Essay on Man, at ver. 259. ; and I only enlarged and commented upon what the Poet had expressed with such marvellous conciseness, penetration, and precision." He particularly admired verse 266.

WARTON.

'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
 To see all others faults, and feel our own :
 Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge :
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand. 266
 Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account :
 Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount ; 270
 How much of other each is sure to cost ;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost ;

How

COMMENTARY.

VER. 269. *Bring then these blessings to a strict account, &c.*] Having thus proved how empty and unsatisfactory all these greatest external goods are, from an examination of their nature ; he proceeds to strengthen his argument (from ver. 268 to 309.) by these three further considerations :

1. That the acquirement of these goods is made with the loss of one another, or of greater ; either as inconsistent with them, or as spent in attaining them.

2. That the possessors of each of these goods are generally such, as are so far from raising envy in a good man, that he would refuse to take their persons, though accompanied with their possessions : and this the Poet illustrates by examples.

3. That even the possession of them all together, where they have excluded Virtue, only terminates in more enormous misery.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 266. *All fear, none aid you,*] “ A persecuted man of genius,” says a certain celebrated wit, “ is like a flying-fish ; if he rises above the surface of the water, the birds seize and devour him ; if he plunges down, the fishes eat him.” WARTON.

How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease :
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
 Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall ?
 To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. 280
 If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :

Or

NOTES.

VER. 279. *Is yellow dirt*] A depreciating term, like the "*confusum argentum in titulos*" of Juvenal: WARTON.

VER. 281. 283. *If Parts allure thee,—*

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,]

These two instances are chosen with great judgment. The world, perhaps, doth not afford two such other.

BACON discovered and laid down those true principles of Science, by whose assistance Newton was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature. He was no less eminent for the creative power of his imagination, the brightness of his conceptions, and the force of his expression: Yet being convicted on his own confession for bribery and corruption in the administration of justice, while he presided in the supreme Court of Equity, he endeavoured to repair his ruined fortunes by the most profligate flattery to the Court: Which, indeed, from his very first entrance into it, he had accustomed himself to practise with a prostitution that disgraceth the very profession of letters, or of science.

CROMWELL seemeth to be distinguished in the most eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the Liberties of their Country. The times in which others have succeeded in this attempt, were such as saw the spirit of Liberty suppressed and stifled by a general luxury and venality: But Cromwell subdued his country, when this spirit was at its height, by a successful struggle against court-oppression ;

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!

If

NOTES.

oppression ; and while it was conducted and supported by a set of the greatest Geniuses for Government the world ever saw embarked together in one common cause. WARBURTON.

VER. 281. *how Bacon*] Dr. Warton asks, "Can we believe the mortifying account of this great philosopher's vices, given by Sir S. Dewes, in Hearne's Richard II.?" No, nor ought we, but upon the most unequivocal *proofs*. Lord Bacon's name is always mentioned, as sufficient to prove that what is *base* and *great*, what is *bright* and *vile*, can subsist in the same character! His corruption and bribery are known ; but, after all, let Charity a moment pause. That a character like his should have ever swerved from the direct path of the proudest probity, is to be lamented :

"Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"

But let us see to what his guilt amounts? Did he, as Lord Chancellor of England, *pervert justice* for the sake of money? No ; for none of his decrees were *ever reversed*. Did he receive money himself? No ; for Rushworth says, it was for "interlocutory orders," that the money was received, and by his servants. Rushworth says, one of the bribes was a set of "new buttons!" No doubt, his conduct in conniving at such transactions, was mean ; and his contrition and deep humiliation evince how much he felt the stigma on his honour.

The disgrace of the illustrious Bacon will excite compassion for human frailty ; but it may be doubted whether it has diminished the veneration of posterity for his transcendent abilities. It will be lamented, that his engaging in public life exposed him to temptation, and deprived him of the leisure enjoyed by his great successor, Newton, who was thus uninterrupted in his attention to subjects of universal and perpetual importance to mankind.

VER. 282. *The wisest, brightest, &c.*]

"The greatest, bravest, wittiest, of mankind." OLDHAM.

VER. 283. *Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,*] And even this fantastic glory sometimes suffers a terrible reverse.—*Sacheverel*,

If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete!
 In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
 How happy! those to ruin, these betray. 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man:
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

Oh

NOTES.

in his *Voyage to Icolm-kill*, describing the Church there, tells us, that "in one corner is a peculiar inclosure, in which were the monuments of the kings of many different nations, as Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and the *Isle of Man*. This (said the person who shewed me the place, pointing to a plain stone) was the monument of the GREAT TEAGUE, king of Ireland. I had never heard of him, and could not but reflect of how little value is *Greatness*, that has barely left a *name* scandalous to a nation, and a grave which the meanest of mankind would never envy."

WARBURTON.

From Cowley in his imitation of Virgil;

"Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name."

WARTON.

VER. 297. or *sunk in ease*,] In the MSS. it was thus:

———— or sunk in years,

Lost in unmeaning, unrepenting tears.

Meaning the great Duke of Marlborough, who sunk in the latter
 part

Oh wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame ! 300
 What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas ! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day ?
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame !
 Know then this truth (enough for Man to know),
 " Virtue alone is Happiness below." 310
 The

COMMENTARY.

VER. 309. *Know then this truth, &c.*] Having thus at length shewn that Happiness consists neither in external goods of *any* kind, nor in *all* kinds of internal (that is, in such of them as are not of our own acquirement), nor yet in the visionary pursuits of the Philosophers, he concludes (from ver. 308 to 311.), that it is to be found in VIRTUE ALONE.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

part of his life into a state of perfect childhood and dotage ; as did Lord Somers. Our Author always spoke of the Duke with a wonderful degree of acrimony ; nay, he once turned into ridicule his sorrow on the death of his only son, the Marquis of Blandford. The Duke having a very effeminate voice, Pope, in some bitter verses which he suppressed, made him lament his loss

" In accents of a whining ghost !"

WARTON.

VER. 299. *Oh wealth ill-fated !*] In the journal written to his Stella, Swift speaks in very handsome terms of the Duke of Marlborough, and this too at a time when the Ministry was about to be changed, 1710. And Bolingbroke always mentioned him with respect.

WARTON.

The only point where human blifs stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :
 Without satiety, though e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears : 320
 Good,

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
 And chequers all the good Man's joys with woes,
 'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
 With patience this, with moderation that ;
 And raise his base on that one solid joy,
 Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

These lines are extremely finished. In which there is such a soothing sweetness in the melancholy harmony of the versification, as if the Poet was then in that tender office in which he was most officious, and in which all his soul came out, the condoling with some good man in affliction.

WARBURTON.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 311. *The only point where human blifs stands still, &c.*
 Hitherto the Poet had proved, **NEGATIVELY**, that Happiness consists in Virtue, by shewing, that it did not consist in any thing else. He now (from ver. 310 to 327.) proves the same **POSITIVELY**, by an enumeration of the qualities of Virtue, all naturally adapted to give and to increase human Happiness ; as its Constancy, Capacity, Vigour, Efficacy, Activity, Moderation, and Self-sufficiency.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 319. *The broadest mirth*] It is singular that this uncommon expression, broad mirth, should be in Origen. Not that we are

Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find ;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, 331
 But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God ;
 Pursues

COMMENTARY.

VER. 327. *See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !*] Having thus proved that Happiness is placed in *Virtue* ; he proves next (from ver. 326 to 329.), that it is *rightly* placed there ; for that then, and then only, ALL may partake of it, and ALL be capable of relishing it. WARBURTON.

VER. 329. *Yet poor with fortune, &c.*] The Poet then, with some indignation, observeth (from ver. 328 to 341.), that as obvious and as evident as this truth was, yet Riches and false Philosophy had so blinded the discernment even of improved minds, that the possessors of the first placed Happiness in externals, unsuitable to Man's nature ; and the followers of the latter, in refined visions, unsuitable to his situation : while the simple-minded man, with NATURE only for his guide, found plainly in what it should be placed. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

to imagine that Pope had read it in this Greek father. There are many such coincidences, which must not be attributed to copying or borrowing. The words in Origen are, *γελῶσα πλατὺν οὐκ ἔγνωμεν*.

WARTON.

“ Broad mirth ” is a common expression, the derivation of which is sufficiently obvious, without recurring to Origen.

Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no Being any bliss can know, 335
 But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns from this union of the rising Whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN. 340
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;

Till

COMMENTARY.

VER. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,*] But this is not all ; the Author shews further (from ver. 340 to 353.), that when the simple-minded man, on his first setting out in the pursuit of Truth in order to Happiness, hath had the wisdom

“ To look through Nature up to Nature's God,”

(instead of adhering to any sect or party, where there was so great odds of his chusing wrong,) that then the benefit of gaining the knowledge of *God's will written in the mind*, is not confined there ; for standing on this sure foundation, he is now no longer in danger of chusing wrong, amidst such diversities of Religions ; but by pursuing this grand scheme of universal benevolence, in practice as well as theory, he arrives at length to the knowledge of the *revealed will of God*, which is the consummation of the system of benevolence :

“ For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
 Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.”

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 332. *But looks through Nature,*] Verbatim from Bolingbroke's Letters to Pope.

WARTON.

Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the blifs that fills up all the mind.
 He fees, why Nature plants in Man alone 345
 Hope of known blifs, and Faith in blifs unknown :
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find ;))
 Wife is her present ; ſhe connects in this
 His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Blifs ; 350
 At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
 And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.

Self-

NOTES.

VER. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, &c.*]
 PLATO, in his firſt book of a Republic, hath a remarkable paſſage
 to this purpoſe : “ He whoſe conſcience does not reproach him,
 has chearful *Hope* for his companion, and the ſupport and com-
 fort of his old age, according to Pindar. For this great Poet,
 O Socrates, very elegantly ſays, That he who leads a juſt and
 holy life has always amiable *Hope* for his companion, which fills
 his heart with joy, and is the ſupport and comfort of his old
 age. *Hope*, the moſt powerful of the Divinities, in governing
 the ever-changing and inconstant temper of mortal men.” τῷ
 δὲ μηδὲν ἑαυτῷ ἄδικον ξυνειδότι ἡδεῖα ἙΛΠΙΣ αἰεὶ πάρεσι, καὶ ἀγαθὴ γηρο-
 τρέφος, ὡς καὶ Πίνδαρος λέγει. Χαριέντως γάρ τοι, ὦ Σώκρατες, τῆτ'
 ἐκεῖνος εἶπεν, ὅτι ὁς ἂν δικαίως καὶ ὁσίως τὸν βίον διαγάγῃ, γλυκεῖά οἱ
 καρδίαν ἀτάλλεσσα γηροτρέφος συνάροεῖ ἐλπίς, ἣ μάλιστα θνατῶν πολυτρόφον
 γνώμαν καθεστῆναι. In the ſame manner Euripides ſpeaks in his
Hercules furens,

Οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος ὅστις ἐλπίζειν

Πέποιθεν αἰεὶ, τὸ δ' ἀπορεῖν, ἀνδρὸς κακῆ.

Ver. 105.

“ He is the good man in whoſe *breaſt Hope ſprings eternally*. But
 to be *without Hope in the world*, is the portion of the wicked.”

WARBURTON.

To this we may add, he hopes, indeed, for another life, but
 he does not from hence infer the abſolute neceſſity of it, in
 order to vindicate the juſtice and goodneſs of God. WARTON.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.

Is

COMMENTARY.

VER. 353. *Self-love thus push'd to social, &c.*] The Poet, in the last place, marks out (from ver. 352 to 373.) the progress of his good man's benevolence, pushed through natural religion to revealed, till it arrives to that height which the sacred writers describe as the very summit of Christian perfection; and shews how the progress of *human* differs from the progress of *divine* benevolence. That the divine descends from *whole* to *parts*; but that the human must rise from *individual* to *universal*. His argument for this extended benevolence is, that, as God has made a Whole, whose parts have a perfect relation to, and an entire dependency on each other, Man, by extending his benevolence throughout that Whole, acts in conformity to the will of his Creator; and therefore this enlargement of his affection becomes a duty. But the Poet hath not only shewn his piety in this observation, but the utmost art and address likewise in the disposition of it. The *Essay on Man* opens with exposing the murmurs and impious conclusions of foolish men against the present constitution of things: as it proceeds, it occasionally detects all those false principles and opinions, which led them to conclude thus perversely. Having now done all that was necessary in speculation, the Author turns to practice; and ends his Essay with the recommendation of an acknowledged Virtue, CHARITY; which, if exercised in that *extent* which conformity to the will of God requireth, would effectually prevent all complaints against the present order of Nature: such complaints being made with a total disregard to every thing but their *own private system*, and seeking remedy in the disorder, and at the expence of all the rest. This observation,

“ Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,”

is important: Rochefoucault, Esprit, and their coarse and wordy disciple Mandeville, had observed, that Self-love was the *origin* of all those virtues which mankind most admire; and therefore foolishly supposed it was the *end* likewise: and so taught that the highest pretences to disinterestedness were only the more artful disguises of Self-love. But our Author, who says somewhere or other,

“ Of

Is this too little for the boundless heart? 355

Extend it, let thy enemies have part :

Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,

In one close system of Benevolence :

Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,

And height of Bliss but height of Charity. 360

God loves from Whole to Parts : But human soul

Must rise from Individual to the Whole.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;

The

COMMENTARY.

“ Of human Nature, Wit its worst may write,

We all revere it in our own despite,” MS.

saw, as well as they, and every body else, that the Passions began in Self-love ; yet he understood human nature better than to imagine that they ended there. He knew that Reason and Religion could convert Selfishness into its very opposite ; and therefore teacheth that

“ Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake :”

and thus hath vindicated the dignity of human Nature, and the philosophic truth of the Christian doctrine. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 364. *As the small pebble*] It is observable that this similitude, which is to be found in Silius Italicus, l. xiii. v. 24. and also in Du Bartas, and in Shakespear's Henry VI., and also in Feltham's Resolves, hath been used twice more in the writings of our Poet ; in the Temple of Fame, in the four hundred and thirty-sixth line, and in the Dunciad, at the four hundred and fifth. This Essay is not decorated with many comparisons ; two, however, ought to be mentioned, on account of their aptness and propriety. The first is, where he compares man to the vine, that gains its strength from the embrace it gives : The second is conceived with peculiar felicity ; all Nature does not perhaps afford so fit and close an application. It is observed above, in Ep. iii. ver. 313. from whence it is borrowed :

“ On

The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds, 365
 Another still, and still another spreads ;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
 His country next ; and next all human race ;
 Wide, and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ; 370
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come

NOTES.

“ On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun :
 So two consistent motions act the soul ;
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.”

This simile bears a close resemblance to that in the first act of the tragedy of Cato.

WARTON.

Dr. Warton has not observed, that Pope took the simile of the Lake, from Chaucer, whose “ House of Fame” he had imitated. The simile is :

——“ Takith hede nowe

By experience, for if that thou
 Throwe in a watir nowe a stone,
 Well wofte thou it will make anone
 A lityl roundil as a circle,
 Para'venture as brode as covircle ;
 And right anon thou shallte se wele,
 That circle cause another whele ;
 And that the thirde, and so forthe, brothei,
 Eviry circle causing other,
 Moch brodir than himselfin was :
 And thus from roundil to compas
 Eche about in othir goinge,
 Ycausith of othirs steringe,
 And multiplying evirmo,
 Tyl that it be so far ygo,
 'That it at both brinkis be,” &c.

Book ii. v. 28c.

Come then, my Friend ! my Genius ! come along ;
Oh master of the poet, and the song !

And

VARIATIONS.

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend ! &c.*] In the MS. thus :
And now transported o'er so vast a Plain,
While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,
While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing she feels,
Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my ST. JOHN ! keep her course in fight,
Confine her fury, and assist her flight ?

NOTES.

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend ! &c.*] Warburton says, the conclusion of this Essay (from "Come then," &c.) furnishes a Critic with examples of every one of those five species of elocution from which Longinus deduces the SUBLIME*.

1. *Grandeur of conception :*

"Come then, my Friend !" &c.

2. *Pathetic enthusiasm :*

"Teach me, like thee," &c.

3. *An elegant ordonnance of figures :*

"Oh ! while along the stream," &c.

4. *A splendid diction :*

"When statesmen," &c.

And, 5. *A weight and dignity of composition :*

"Shew'd erring Pride," &c.

Nothing was ever more unfortunate than these five examples of Sublimity, &c. ; all of which, as Dr. Warton observes, prove the contrary. But that this Poem contains great beauty and *fineness* of language, and many passages masterly and sublime, there can be no doubt. The character of such an Essay must be estimated, as before has been observed, from the depth of thought it evinces, the

* — πέντε πηγαί τίνες εἰσιν τ' ὑψηλοῦς. 1. Πρῶτον μὲν καὶ κρατιστον τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις ἀδρεπήσθον. 2. Δεύτερον δὲ τὸ σφοδρὸν καὶ ἐνδουσιαστικὸν παθόν. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν σχημάτων πλάσις. 4. Ἡ γενναῖα φράσις. 5. Πέμπτη δὲ μεγέθους αἰτία, καὶ συγκλείεσθαι τὰ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς ἅπαντα, ἢ ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διάσει συνθέσις.

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends, 376
 Teach

NOTES.

the power of language, and the aptness, beauty, or sublimity of its illustrations. With respect to the observation and thinking it contains, how different is the opinion of able judges. Johnson, with lofty and indignant sarcasm, pronounces, that "the reader, though he feels his mind full, learns nothing; and when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and nurse!" It is singular that two such men as Johnson and Warburton, both remarkable for their *learning* and *intellectual superiority*, as both were deficient in true *poetic taste*, should come to such different conclusions respecting the essential character of this Essay, which, in the first place, must certainly be considered as a *Moral and Philosophical Treatise*. Warburton says, "it has a precision, force, and closeness of connexion, rarely to be found in formal treatises." Warton, in opposition to both, "thinks it cannot be decried as the *one* has done, and ought not to be exalted so much as it has been by the *other*;" and, to prove its *penetration* and *philosophy*, he observes, that from *six lines* Dr. Balguy had furnished a *most eloquent discourse* on the vanity of our intellectual attainments; that such a burlesque abstract as Johnson gave, might be given of any composition whatever; and that it was as *unfair* and *imperfect* a representation, as the same Critic gave of the beautiful imagery in "Il Penseroso of Milton."

Will it be thought presumptuous in me, if I endeavour to reconcile these opinions?

It is observable, that Warburton does not speak of the originality, or of any depth of thinking, this Essay contains: he only says, "it has a precision, &c. not to be found in any formal treatises." It may be fairly allowed him to say so, after the pains he himself took, in pursuing with such ingenuity its train of argument, and sometimes finding out meanings which never entered into Pope's head: but, after all, as far as reasoning and argument are concerned, this opinion does not place the Essay on Man *very high*. Johnson's *contemptuous* judgment surely places it too low; but the reason given by Warton, that because Dr. Balguy had made a most excellent sermon from the ground-work afforded by a few lines, therefore, the power of investigation and depth of thought in this Essay,

were

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;

Form'd

NOTES.

were to be inferred, will not, I fear, be thought substantial ; nor can Warton's *objection* to Johnson's criticism *on this Poem* be considered so well founded, as his objection to the criticism concerning the *Penferoso of Milton*. For an ingenious man might take any axiom in Morals, or the plainest acknowledged truth, and deduce many beautiful illustrations from it. On the other hand, Johnson's criticism of a Poem like this, cannot be compared with his futile declamation against the imagery of the *Penferoso*. For in speaking of the *Penferoso*, Johnson spoke of what I do not hesitate to say, he did not *understand*. He had no congenial feelings properly to appreciate the character of such Poetry ; but the case is different where he brings his great mind to try, by the test of truth, *arguments* and *doctrines* which appeal to the *understanding*. Johnson was not an inadequate judge of *Pope's Philosophy*, though he was certainly so of *Milton's Poetry*. But no composition could possibly *stand* before his contemptuous declamation. I fear, even in some places his own *mighty Rambler would tremble* ; God knows how it might fare with *Pope's Pastorals*. But it must be confessed, unfair as Johnson's criticism is, it is not entirely destitute of truth.

Many of Pope's conclusions in this Essay, after a vast deal of fine verbiage and apparent argument, are such as required very little proof ;

“ Tho' Man's a fool—yet GOD IS WISE ! ”
and many other axioms equally true.

But can we say the whole exhibits only a train of *tritenesses* ? *Materiem superabat opus*, it is acknowledged ; and possibly, had it been more recondite, it could not have been made the vehicle of so many acknowledged beauties of expression, of imagery, and of poetic illustration. The more it is read, the more it will be relished, and the more will the *nice precision* of every word, and the general beauty of its structure, be acknowledged. Though the treasures of knowledge within be not, perhaps, either very rich or rare ; yet, to say it contains no striking sentiments, no truths placed in a more advanced as well as a more pleasing light, would be a manifest and palpable injustice. After all, Poetry is not a
good

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe ; 380
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh ! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame ;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant fail, 385
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ? 390
 That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
 For

NOTES.

good vehicle for Philosophy ; but as a Philosophical Poem, take it all together, it would not be very easy, with the exception of Lucretius, to find its equal.

VER. 383 *Oh ! while along*] From the *Silvæ* of Statius, c. v. v. 120.

— “ immensæ veluti connexa Carinæ

Cimba minor, cum sævit hyems—

— et eodem volvitur Austro.”

WARTON.

VER. 391. *I turn'd the tuneful art*] Ought the lovers of true genuine poetry to be obliged to his friend, for being instrumental in making Pope forsake works of imagination for the didactic ! Which of the two species of composition may be the more useful and instructive, is entirely beside the question ; but, in point of poetic genius, the *Rape of the Lock*, and *The Eloisa*, as far excel the *Essay on Man*, and the *Moral Epistles*, as the *Gierusalemme*, so unjustly depreciated by Boileau, does all his *Satires* and his *Art of Poetry* ; and as the second and fourth books of *Virgil* excel the *Georgics*. To be able to reason well in verse, is not the first, nor the most essential talent of a poet, great as its merit may be.

WARTON.

For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light ;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;

That

COMMENTARY.

VER. 394. *Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT* ;] The Poet's address to his friend, which concludeth this Epistle so nobly, and endeth with a recapitulation of the general argument, affords me the following observation, with which I shall conclude these remarks. There is one great beauty that shines through the whole *Essay* : The Poet, whether he speaks of Man as an individual, a member of Society, or the subject of Happiness, never misseth an opportunity, while he is explaining his state under any of these capacities, to illustrate it in the most artful manner by the inforcement of his grand principle, *That every thing tendeth to the good of the Whole* ; from whence his system gaineth the reciprocal advantage of having that grand Theorem realized by facts ; and his facts justified on a principle of Right or Nature.

Thus I have endeavoured to analyse and explain the exact reasoning of these four Epistles. Enough, I presume, to convince every one, that it hath a precision, force, and closeness of connection, rarely to be met with, even in the most formal treatises of philosophy. Yet in doing this, it is but too evident I have destroyed that grace and energy which animates the original. And now let the reader believe, if he be so disposed, what M. de Croufaz, in his Critique upon this work, insinuates to be his own opinion, as well as that of his friends : " Some persons," says he, " have conjectured, that Mr. Pope did not compose this Essay at once, and in a regular order ; but that after he had written several fragments of poetry, all finished in their kind, (one, for example, on the parallel between Reason and Instinct, another upon Man's groundless Pride, another on the Prerogatives of human Nature, another on Religion and Superstition, another on the Original of Society, and several Fragments besides on Self-love and the Passions,) he tacked these together as he could, and divided them into four Epistles ; as, it is said, was the fortune of Homer's Rhapsodies." I suppose this extravagance will be believed just as soon of one as of the other. But M. Du Resnel, our Poet's Translator, is not behind-hand with the Critic, in his judgment on the work. " The only reason," says he, " for which this Poem can be properly termed

That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim ; 395
 That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same ;
 That VIRTUE only makes our Bliss below ;
 And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 397. *That Virtue only, &c.*] In the MS. thus :
 That just to find a God is all we can,
 And all the study of Mankind is Man.

COMMENTARY.

an *Essay*, is, that the Author has not formed his plan with all the regularity of method which it might have admitted." And again—
 " I was, by the unanimous opinion of all those whom I have consulted on this occasion, and, amongst these, of several *Englishmen* completely skilled in both languages, obliged to follow a different method. *The French are not satisfied with sentiments, however beautiful, unless they be methodically disposed : Method being the characteristic that distinguishes our performances from those of our neighbours,*" &c. After having given many examples of the critical skill of this wonderful man of method, in the foregoing notes, it is enough just to have quoted this flourish of self-applause, and so to leave him to the laughter of the World.

WARBURTON.

THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou

NOTES.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.] "Some passages in the Essay on Man having been unjustly suspected of a tendency toward Fate and Naturalism, the Author composed a Prayer, as the sum of all, which was intended to shew that his system was founded in *Free-will*, and terminated in Piety."

RUFFHEAD.

Warton thinks, for "closeness and comprehension of thought, and for brevity and energy of expression, there are few pieces of poetry in our language that can be compared with this." How extraordinary is it, that Warton should be ever accused, as if he wished to *decry* Pope! No one has borne such willing and ample testimony to his excellence as a Poet, when he truly deserves it; but will any one compare him to Milton?

In this place, Warton gives the Poetry *more praise* than it appears entitled to; though this composition is beautiful, and in some passages sublime.

VER. 4. *Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!*] "It is of very little consequence," says Seneca, De Beneficiis, "by what name you call the first Nature, and the divine Reason, that presides over the universe, and fills all the parts of it. He is still the same God. You may give Him as many names as you please, provided you allow but one Sole Principle every-where present."

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,

5

Who all my Sense confin'd

To know but this, that Thou art Good,

And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,

To see the Good from Ill ;

10

And binding Nature fast in Fate,

Left free the Human Will.

What

NOTES.

“ Notwithstanding all the extravagancies and miscarriages of the Poets,” says Cudworth, chap. 4., “ we shall now make it plainly appear, that they really asserted, not a multitude of self-existent and independent Deities, but one, only, unmade Deity ; and all the other, generated or created gods. This hath been already proved concerning Orpheus, from such fragments of the Orphic Poems as have been owned and attested by Pagan writers.” Cudworth proceeds to confirm this opinion by many strong and uncontested passages from Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Sophocles, and especially Euripides, Book i. chap. iv. sect. 19. ; and Aristophanes, in the first line of *Plutus*, distinguishes betwixt Jupiter and the gods : Ω Ζεῦ καὶ θεοί.

WARTON.

VER. 6. *my Sense confin'd*] It ought to be confinedst, or didst confine ; and afterwards, gavest, or didst give, in the second person. See Lowth's Grammar.

WARTON.

VER. 9. *Yet gave me,*] Originally Pope had written another stanza, immediately after this :

“ Can sins of moments claim the rod

Of everlasting fires ?

And that offend great Nature's God

Which Nature's self inspires ?”

The licentious sentiment it contains, evidently borrowed from a well-known passage of Guarini in the *Pastor Fido*, induced him to strike it out. And perhaps also the absurd metaphor of a rod of fires, on examination, displeased him.

WARTON.

VER. 12. *Left free*] An absurd and impossible exemption, exclaims the Fatalist ; “ comparing together the moral and the natural

tual

What Conscience dictates to be done,

Or warns me not to do,

This, teach me more than Hell to shun,

15

That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,

Let me not cast away ;

For God is paid when Man receives,

T' enjoy is to obey.

20

Yet

NOTES.

tural world, every thing is as much the result of established laws in the one as in the other. There is nothing in the whole universe that can properly be called contingent: nothing loose or fluctuating in any part of Nature ; but every motion in the natural, and every determination and action in the moral world, are directed by immutable laws ; so that, whilst these laws remain in their force, not the smallest link of the universal chain of causes and effects can be broken, nor any one thing be otherwise than it is." All the most subtle and refined arguments that can be urged in a dispute on Fate and Free-will, are introduced, in a conversation on this subject, betwixt the angels Gabriel and Raphael, and Adam, in the fourth act of Dryden's *State of Innocence*, and stated with a wonderful precision and perspicuity. Reasoning, in verse, was one of Dryden's most singular and predominant excellencies ; notwithstanding which, he must rank as a poet for his *Musick-ode*, not for his *Religio Laici*.

WARTON.

VER. 12. *the Human Will*.] The result of what Locke advances on this, the most difficult of all subjects, is, that we have a power of doing what we will. If it be the occasion of disorder, it is the cause of order ; of all the moral order that appears in the world. Had Liberty been excluded, Virtue had been excluded with it. And if this had been the case, the world could have had no charms, no beauties, sufficient to recommend it to Him who made it. In short, all other powers and perfections would have been very defective without this, which is truly the life and spirit of the whole creation."

WARTON.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
 Thy Goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand Worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand 25
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart, 30
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
 Or impious Discontent,
 At aught thy Wisdom has deny'd, 35
 Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
 To hide the Fault I see ;
 That Mercy I to others show,
 That Mercy show to me. 40

Mean

NOTES.

VER. 27. *deal damnation*] There is something elevated in the idea and expression,

“ Or think Thee LORD ALONE of Man,
 When thousand Worlds are round ;”

but the conclusion is a contrast of littleness,

“ And *deal damnation* round the land !”

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy Breath ;
 Oh lead me wherefoe'er I go,
 Through this day's Life or Death !

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot : 45
 All else beneath the Sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let Thy Will be done.

To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
 Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies ! 50
 One Chorus let all Being raise !
 All Nature's Incense rise !

NOTES.

VER. 39. *That Mercy*] It has been said that our Poet, in this Prayer, chose the Lord's Prayer for his model ; but there is no resemblance but in this passage, and in the last stanza but one.

M. Le Franc de Pompignan, a celebrated avocat at Montauban, author of *Dido* a tragedy, was severely censured in France for translating this Universal Prayer, as a piece of Deism ; which, having been printed in London, in 4to. by Vaillant, was conveyed to the Chancellor Agueffau, who immediately sent a strong reprimand to M. Le Franc, and he vindicated his orthodoxy in a laboured letter to that learned Chancellor. Voltaire reproached Le Franc with making this translation. His brother, Bishop of Puy au Velei, has called Locke an atheist. WARTON.

WARTON seems to have violated his own principles of estimating the character of genuine poetry, when he praises so highly the poetry of this Hymn. The two last stanzas are sublime ; but I fear, if we were to examine the greater part by the Horatian rule, which Warton recommends, that is, altering the rhyme and measure, we should not find the "*disjecti membra Poetæ*."

This Prayer was translated into Latin by J. Sayer.

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN FOUR EPISTLES

TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassæ onerantibus aures :
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ
Interdum urbani, parentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis cas consultò.

HOR.





Engraved by C. Erskine from a Drawing by Gardner.

LORD COBHAM,

From a Picture by Van Loo

in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at Stowe

Printed by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors, May 1, 1807.

EPISTLE I.

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN.

THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own Experience singly, Ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, Ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, Ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, &c. Ver. 31. The shortness of Life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the Principles of Action in men, to observe by, Ver. 37, &c. Our own Principle of action often hid from ourselves, Ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, Ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, Ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, Ver. 77, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, Ver. 95. No judging of the Motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions, Ver. 100. II. Yet to form Characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: The utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from Policy, Ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world,
Ver.

Ver. 135. *And some reason for it, Ver. 141. Education alters the Nature, or at least the Character, of many, Ver. 149. Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from Ver. 158 to 174. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his RULING PASSION: That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, Ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, Ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, Ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath, Ver. 222, &c.*

EPISTLE I.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN.

YES, you despise the man to Books confin'd,
 Who from his study rails at human kind;
 Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.

The

COMMENTARY.

EPISTLE I. This Epistle is divided into three principal parts or members: The first (from ver. 1 to 99.) treats of the difficulties in coming at the *Knowledge* and true *Characters of Men*.—The second (from ver. 98 to 174.) of the *wrong means* which both *Philosophers* and *Men of the World* have employed in surmounting those difficulties.—And the third (from ver. 173 to the end) treats of the *right means*; with directions for the application of them.

VER. 1. *Yes, you despise the man, &c.*] The Epistle is introduced (from ver. 1 to 15.) by observing, that the *Knowledge of men* is neither to be gained by books nor experience alone, but by the joint use of both; for that the *maxims* of the *Philosopher* and the *conclusions* of the *Man of the World* can, separately, but supply a vague and superficial knowledge: often not so much; as those *maxims* are founded in the abstract *notions* of the writer; and these *conclusions* are drawn from the uncertain *conjectures* of the observer: But when the *Philosopher* joins his *speculation* to the experience of
 the

NOTES.

Moral Essays.] The ESSAY ON MAN was intended to be comprised in four books:

The *First* of which, the Author has given us under that title, in four epistles:

The *Second* was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and
 7 sciences,

The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5
 That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and
 Knave,

Tho'

COMMENTARY.

the Man of the World, his *notions* are rectified into *principles*; and when the Man of the World regulates his *experience* on the *notions* of the Philosopher, his *conjectures* advance into *science*. Such is the reasoning of this introduction; which, besides its propriety to the general subject of the Epistle, has a peculiar relation to each of its parts or members: For the *causes of the difficulty* in coming at the knowledge and characters of men, explained in the first part, will shew the importance of what is here delivered, of the *joint assistance* of speculation and practice to surmount it; and the *wrong means*, which both *Philosophers* and *Men of the World* have employed in overcoming those difficulties discoursed of in the second part, have their source here deduced; which is seen to be a *separate* adherence of Each to his own method of studying Men, and a mutual contempt of the Other's. Lastly, the *right means* delivered in the third part would be of little use in the application, without the direction here delivered: for though the observation of men and manners discovered a *RULING PASSION*, yet, without a *philosophic* knowledge of human nature, we may easily mistake a *secondary* and *subsidiary* passion for the *principal*, and so be never the nearer in the Knowledge of Men. But the elegant and easy *form* of the introduction

NOTES.

sciences, and the parts of them which are useful, and therefore attainable; together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning; of the science of the world; and of wit; concluding with a satire against the misapplication of them; illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The *Third* book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics; in which the several forms of a Republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, so far forth as they affect Society; between which the Author always supposed there was the closest connection and the
 most

Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philosopher at all.

And

COMMENTARY.

duction equals the propriety of its *matter*; for the Epistle being addressed to a noble person, distinguished for his knowledge of the world, it opens, as it were, in the midst of a familiar conversation, which lets us at once into his character; where the Poet, by politely affecting only to ridicule the useless knowledge of men confined to books, and only to extol that acquired by the world, artfully insinuates how alike defective the latter may be, when conducted on the same narrow principle: which is too often the case; as *men of the world* are more than ordinarily prejudiced in favour of their own observations for *the sake of the observer*; and, for the same reason, less indulgent to the discoveries of others.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

most interesting relation. So that this part would have treated of Civil and Religious Society in their full extent.

The *Fourth* and last book concerned private ethics, or practical morality; considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and *communicated* to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more; and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the Author's favourite Work, which more exactly reflected the image of his own strong and capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra Poete*, which now remain; it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The *FIRST*, as it treats of Man in the abstract, and considers him in general, under every one of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the *three* following; so that

The *SECOND BOOK* was to take up again the *first* and *second* epistles of the *first* book; and to treat of Man in his intellectual capacity

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much. 10
To

NOTES.

capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this, only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the *fourth* book of the *Dunciad*; and up and down, occasionally, in the other *three*.

The *THIRD BOOK*, in like manner, was to re-assume the subject of the *third* epistle of the *first*, which treats of Man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an *EPIC POEM*, as the *Action* would make it more animated, and the *Fable* less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false Governments and Religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The *FOURTH* and last book was to pursue the subject of the *fourth* epistle of the *first*, and to treat of *Ethics*, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members; of which, the four following epistles are detached portions: the *two first*, on the *Characters of Men and Women*, being the *introductory* part of this concluding book.

WARBURTON.

VER. I. *Yes, you despise*] The patrons and admirers of French literature usually extol those authors of that nation who have treated of life and manners; and five of them, particularly, are esteemed to be unrivalled, namely, Montagne, Charron, La Rochefoucault, Boileau, La Bruyere, and Pascal. These are supposed to have deeply penetrated into the most secret recesses of the human heart, and to have discovered the various vices and vanities that lurk in it. I know not why the English should in this respect yield to their polite neighbours more than in any other. Bacon in his *Essays* and *Advancement of Learning*, Hobbes and Hume in their treatises, Prior in his elegant and witty *Alma*, Richardson in his *Clarissa*, and Fielding in his *Tom Jones* (comic writers are not here included), have shewn a profound knowledge of Man; and many portraits of Addison may be compared with the most finished touches of La Bruyere. But the Epistles we are now entering upon will place the matter beyond a dispute; for the French can boast of no author who has so much exhausted the science

To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake;
 To written Wisdom, as another's, less:
 Maxims are drawn from Notions, those from Guess.
 There's some Peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of Mind as Moss.
 That

COMMENTARY.

I.

VER. 15. *There's some Peculiar, &c.*] The Poet enters on the first division of his subject, *the difficulties of coming at the Knowledge and true Characters of Men*. The first cause of this difficulty, which he prosecutes (from ver. 14 to 19.), is the great *diversity of characters*; of which, to abate our wonder, and not discourage our inquiry, he only desires we would grant him

“—but as many sorts of Mind as Moss.”

Hereby artfully insinuating, that if Nature hath varied the most worthless vegetable into above three hundred species, we need not wonder at a greater diversity in her highest work, the human mind: And if the variety in that vegetable has been thought of importance enough to employ the leisure of a serious inquirer, much more will the same circumstance in this master-piece of the sublunary world deserve our study and attention.

“Shall only Man be taken in the gross?”

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

science of morals as Pope has in his five Epistles. They indeed contain all that is solid and valuable in the above-mentioned French writers, of whom our Author was remarkably fond. But whatever observations he has borrowed from them he has made his own by the dexterity of his application. WARTON.

VER. 10. *Men may be read,*] “Say what they will of the great Book of the World, we must read others to know how to read that.” M. De Sevigne to R. Rabutin. WARTON.

That each from other differs, first confess ;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less : 20
 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
 And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds ?
 On human Actions reason tho' you can, 25
 It may be Reason, but it is not Man :

His

COMMENTARY.

VER. 19. *That each from other differs, &c.*] A second cause of this difficulty (from ver. 18 to 21.) is *man's inconstancy* ; for not only one man differs from another, but the same man from himself.

WARBURTON.

VER. 21. *Add Nature's, &c.*] A third cause (from ver. 20 to 23.) is that *obscurity* thrown over the characters of men, through the strife and contest between *nature* and *custom*, between *reason* and *appetite*, between *truth* and *opinion*. And as most men, either through *education*, *temperature*, or *profession*, have their characters warped by *custom*, *appetite*, and *opinion*, the obscurity arising from thence is almost universal.

WARBURTON.

VER. 23. *Our depths who fathoms, &c.*] A fourth cause (from ver. 22 to 25.) is deep *disimulation*, and restless *caprice* ; whereby the shallows of the mind are as difficult to be *found*, as the depths of it are to be *fathomed*.

WARBURTON.

VER. 25. *On human Actions, &c.*] A fifth cause (from ver. 24 to 31.) is the sudden change of his *principle of action* ; either on the point of its being laid open and detected, or when it is reasoned upon, and attempted to be explored.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 20. *Next, that he varies*] A sensible French writer says, that the faults and follies of men chiefly arise from this circumstance, qu'ils n'ont pas l'esprit, en equilibrio, pour ainsi dire, avec leur caractere : Cicéron, par exemple, étoit un grand esprit et une ame foible ; c'est pour cela, qu'il fut grand orateur et homme d'état mediocre.

WARTON.

VER. 23. *Our depths who fathoms, &c.*] “ A mesure qu'on a plus d'esprit,” says the profound Pascal, “ on trouve qu'il y a plus d'hommes originaux.”

WARTON.

His Principle of action once explore,
 That instant 'tis his Principle no more.
 Like following life through creatures you dissect,
 You lose it in the moment you detect.

30

Yet more ; the diff'rence is as great between
 The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
 All Manners take a tincture from our own ;
 Or come discolour'd through our Passions shown.
 Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dies.

35

Nor will Life's stream for Observation stay,
 It hurries all too fast to mark their way :
 In vain sedate reflections we would make,
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.

Oft,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 31. *Yet more ; the diff'rence, &c.*] Hitherto the Poet hath spoken of the causes of difficulty arising from the *obscurity of the object* ; he now comes to those which proceed from *defects in the observer*. The first of which, and a sixth cause of difficulty, he shews (from ver. 30 to 37.) is the *perverse manners, affections, and imaginations* of the observer ; whereby the characters of others are rarely seen either in their true *light, complexion, or proportion*.

WARBURTON.

VER. 37. *Nor will Life's stream for Observation, &c.*] The seventh cause of difficulty, and the second arising from defects in the Observer (from ver. 36 to 41.), is the *shortness of human life* ; which will not suffer him to select and weigh out his knowledge, but just to snatch it, as it rolls swiftly by him, down the rapid current of Time.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 33. *All Manners take*] A deep knowledge of Human Nature is displayed in these four lines. So also in ver. 42.

WARTON.

Oft, in the Passions' wide rotation tost, 41
 Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
 Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
 And what comes then is master of the field.
 As the last image of that troubled heap, 45
 When Sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,
 (Tho' past the recollection of the thought,)
 Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought :
 Some-

COMMENTARY.

VER. 41. *Oft, in the Passions', &c.*] We come now to the eighth and last cause, which very properly concludes the account; as, in a sort, it sums up all the difficulties in one (from ver. 40 to 51.), namely, that very often the *man himself is ignorant of his own motive of action*; the cause of which ignorance our Author has admirably explained: When the mind (says he) is now tired out by the long conflict of opposite motives, it withdraws its attention; and suffers the *will* to be seized upon by the first that afterwards obtrudes itself: without taking much notice what that motive is. This is finely illustrated by what he supposes to be the natural cause of dreams; where the fancy just let loose, possesses itself of the *last image* which it meets with, on the confines between sleeping and waking; and on that erects all its ideal scenery; yet this seizure is, with great difficulty, recollected; and never, but when by some accident we happen to have our first slumbers suddenly interrupted. Then (which proves the truth of the hypothesis) we are sometimes able to trace the workings of the Fancy backwards, from idea to idea, in a chain, till we come to that from whence they all arose.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 48. *Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:*] Giraldus Cambrensis, speaking of a *divine vision* with which he was favoured, seems yet to think that it might be *made out of the stuff of his waking thoughts*. His words are these: "Cum igitur super universis quæ nobis acciderant, mecum non mediocriter anxius extiterim—suspiriosæ mihi multoties cogitationes in animum ascenderint, nocte quadam in somnis EX RELIQUIIS FORTE COGI-

TATIONUM

Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close they're hid from none;
(So Darkness strikes the sense no less than Light;)
Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul 55
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.

At

COMMENTARY.

VER. 51. *True, some are open, &c.*] But now, in answer to all this, an *objektor* (from ver. 50 to 63.) may say, "That these difficulties seem to be aggravated: For many characters are so plainly marked, that no man can mistake them: and not so only in the more *open* and *frank*, but in the *closest* and most *recluse* likewise." Of each of these the *Objektor* gives an instance; by which it appears, that the forbidding closeness and concealed hypocrisy in the one, are as conspicuous to all mankind, as the gracious openness and frank plain-dealing of the other.—The Reader sees, this objection is more particularly levelled at the doctrine of ver. 23.

"Our *depths* who fathoms, and our *fallows* finds;"
for here it endeavours to prove, that both are equally explorable.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

TATIONUM Visionem vidi," &c. *De rebus a se gestis, L. II. C. 12.*
—By which we see, and it is worth remarking, that to philosophize on our Superstitions is so far from erasing them, that it engraves them but the more deeply in the mind. The reason is plain; it turns the *objection* to them, to a *solution* in their credit.

WARBURTON.

VER. 56. *peeps not from its hole.*] Which shews (says Scriblerus, idly), that this grave person was content with his present situation, as finding but small satisfaction in what a famous Poet reckons one of the advantages of old age:

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new light through chinks that Time has made."

WARTON.

At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
 All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves :
 When universal homage Umbra pays,
 All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60
 When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
 While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.
 But these plain characters we rarely find ;
 Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind :
 Or

COMMENTARY.

VER. 63. *But these plain characters, &c.*] To this objection, therefore, our Author replies (from ver. 62 to 71.), that indeed the fact may be true, in the instances given ; but that such *plain characters* are extremely rare : And for the truth of this, he not only appeals to experience, but explains the causes of those perplexed and complicated humours which diffuse themselves over the whole species. 1. The first of which is, the *vivacity of the imagination* ; that when the bias of the passions is sufficiently determined to mark out the Character, the vigour of the fancy generally rising in proportion to the strength of the appetites, the one no sooner draws the bias, than the other turns it to a contrary direction :

“ Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind.”

2. A second cause is the *contrariety of Appetites*, which drawing several ways, as Avarice and Luxury, Ambition and Indolence, &c. (expressed in the line,

“ Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole.”)

must needs make the same character inconsistent to itself, and of course inexplicable by the observer.

3. A third cause is *Affectation*, which aspires to qualities that neither nature nor education has given us ; and consequently, will be exerted with the same restraint and difficulty that a tumbler walks upon his hands ; on which account it is that he says—

“ Affectations quite reverse the soul ;”

natural

NOTES.

VER. 57. *At half mankind*] The character alluded to is the principal one in the Plain Dealer of Wycherly, a comedy taken from

Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole; 65
 Or Affectations quite reverse the soul.
 The Dull, flat Falshood serves for policy;
 And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a lie:
 Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wise;
 The Fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

70

See

COMMENTARY.

natural passions may, indeed, turn it from that bias which the ruling one has given it; but the *affected passions* distort all its faculties, and cramp all its operations: so that humanity itself, as well as its qualities, is no longer a distinguishable thing.

4. A fourth cause lies in the *Inequalities of the human mind*, which expose the wise to unexpected frailties, and conduct the weak to as unlooked-for wisdom.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

from the Misanthrope of Moliere, but much inferior to the original. Alceste has not that bitterness of spirit, and has much more humanity and honour than Manly. Writers transfuse their own characters into their works: Wycherly was a vain and profligate libertine; Moliere was beloved for his candour, sweetness of temper, and integrity. It is remarkable that the French did not relish this incomparable comedy on the three first representations. The strokes of satire were too subtle and delicate to be felt by the generality of the audience, who expected only the gross diversion of laughing; so that, at the fourth time of its being acted, the author was forced to add to it one of his coarsest farces; but Boileau in the mean time affirmed that it was the capital work of their stage, and that the people would one time be induced to think so.

WARTON.

VER. 61. *bate it in a Queen,*] Meaning Queen Caroline, whom he was fond of censuring; as was Bolingbroke. See vol. i. p. 123. of his Works, for a bitter ridicule on her affectation of science.

WARTON.

VER. 62. *who charms us with his Spleen.*] Closely copied from Boileau:

“ Un esprit né chagrin plait par son chagrin même.”

It is a compliment to Swift.

WARTON.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout ;
Alone, in company ; in place, or out ;

Early

COMMENTARY.

VER. 71. *See the same man, &c.*] Of all these Four *causes* he here gives EXAMPLES : 1. Of the *vivacity of the imagination* (from ver. 70 to 77.)—2. Of the *contrariety of Appetites* (from ver. 76 to 81.)—3. Of *Affections* (from ver. 80 to 87.)—and, 4. Of the *Inequalities of the human mind* (from ver. 86 to 95.) WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 69. *Untought-of Frailties*] The night before the battle of Blenheim, after a council of war had been held in the Duke of Marlborough's tent, at which Prince Louis of Baden and Prince Eugene had assisted, the latter, after the council had broke up, slept back to the tent to communicate something he had forgot to the Duke, whom he found giving orders to his aid-de-camp Colonel Selwyn (who related this fact) at the table, on which there was now only a single taper burning, all the others being extinguished the moment the council was over. "What a man is this," said Prince Eugene, "who at such a time can think of saving the ends of candles." WARTON.

VER. 72. *Alone, in company ;*] The unexpected inequalities of our minds and tempers is a subject that has been exhausted by Montagne in the 1st chap. of the 2d book of his *Essays*, which, it is evident, Pope had been reading. Nothing can be finer than the picture which Tully has given, in his oration for Cælius, of the inconsistencies and varieties of Catiline's conduct ; ending with, "Quis clarioribus viris quodam tempore jucundior ? Quis turpioribus conjunctior ? Quis civis meliorum partium aliquando ? Quis tetrior hostis huic civitati ? Quis in voluptatibus inquinatio ? Quis in laboribus patientior ? Quis in rapacitate avarior ? Quis in largitione effusior ?" The learned Markland, in defending Euripides from a well-known objection made to the inconsistency of the character of Iphigenia, is of opinion, that the Poet's design, through the whole tragedy, was, in general, to shew the inequality and inconsistency of the human character ; and gives instances of this inconsistency in the behaviour of Agamemnon, Menelaus, Achilles, the Chorus, and all the persons introduced, except Clytemnestra ; intending to display *humani animi levitatem et inconstantiam in consiliis suis, et nos omnes æquè esse homines.*" Eurip. Iphig. Ant. p. 191. WARTON.

Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late ;
 Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a Debate ;
 Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball ;
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall. 75

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
 Think who endures a knave, is next a knave,
 Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
 A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patritio's high desert,
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head ! all Int'rests weigh'd,
 All Europe fav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
 He thanks you not, his pride is in Picquette, 85
 New-market fame, and judgment at a Bett.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron !)
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?

A per-

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the former Editions :

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
 Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread ;
 As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
 Now save a people, and now save a groat.

NOTES.

VER. 81. *Patritio's high desert,*] Meaning Lord Godolphin, of whom, says Prior, in an original letter that I have seen, “ as the wise Earl of Godolphin told me when he turned me out for having served him ;—Things change, times change, and men change.” Though he was a great gamester, yet he was an able and honest minister. WARTON.

VER. 87. *What made*] One of the reasons that makes Montagne so agreeable a writer is, that he gives so strong a picture of the way of life of a country gentleman in the reign of Henry III. The descriptions of his castle, of his library, of his travels, of his

A perjur'd Prince, a leaden Saint revere,
A godless Regent tremble at a Star?

90

The

NOTES.

his entertainments, of his diet and dress, are particularly pleasing. Malebranche and Pascal have severely and justly censured his scepticism. Peter Charron contracted a very strict friendship with him, insomuch that Montagne permitted him by his will to bear his arms. In his Book of Wisdom, which was published at Bourdeaux in the year 1601, he has inserted a great number of Montagne's sentiments. This treatise has been loudly blamed for its freedom by many writers of France, and particularly Garasse the Jesuit. Bayle has remarked, in opposition to these censurers, that, of a hundred thousand readers, there are hardly three to be found in any age who are well qualified to judge of a book, wherein the ideas of an exact and metaphysical reasoning are set in opposition to the most common opinions. Pope has borrowed many sensible remarks from Charron, of whom Bolingbroke was particularly fond.

WARTON.

VER. 89. *A perjur'd Prince,*] Louis XI. of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which, when he swore by, he feared to break his oath.

POPE.

VER. 90. *A godless Regent tremble at a Star?*] Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent in the minority of Louis XV. superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.

POPE.

The same has been observed of many other *Politicians*. The Italians, in general, are not more noted for their refined politics, than for their attachment to the dogmas of *Astrology*, under the influence of *Atheism*. It may be worth while to inquire into the cause of so singular a phenomenon, as it may probably do honour to Religion. These men observing (and none have equal opportunities of so doing) how perpetually public events fall out besides their expectation, and contrary to the best laid schemes of worldly policy, cannot but confess that human affairs are ordered by some power extrinsecal. To acknowledge a God and his Providence, would be next to introducing a morality destructive of that civil system which they think necessary for the government of the world. They have recourse therefore to that absurd scheme of power which rules by no other law than *Fate* or *Destiny*.

WARBURTON.

The

The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
 Faithless through Piety, and dup'd through Wit?
 Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, GOD and NATURE only are the same: 95
 In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game;

A bird

COMMENTARY.

VER. 95. *Know, GOD and NATURE, &c.*] Having thus proved what he had proposed, the *premises* naturally led him into a moral reflection, with which he concludes his *first part*, namely, that constancy is to be expected in no human Character whatsoever; but is to be found only in God and his Laws: That as to Man, he is not only perpetually shifting and varying, even while *within the verge* of his own nature; but is frequently flying out into each extreme, both *above* and *below* it: Now associating in good earnest with Brutes, and now again affecting the imaginary conversation of Angels. [See *Essay on Man*, Ep. ii. ver. 8.]

“A bird of passage! gone as soon as found;
 Now in the *Moon* perhaps, now *under ground*.”

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

The Duke of Orleans, here pointed at, was an infidel and a libertine, and at the same time, as well as Bouranvilliers and Cardan, who calculated the nativity of Jesus Christ, was a bigotted believer in judicial astrology; he was said to be the author, which, however, has been doubted, of many of those flimsy songs, *nugæ canoræ*, to which the language and manners of France seem to be peculiarly adapted. He knew mankind. “*Quiconque est sans honneur et sans humeur, est un courtisan parfaite*,” was one of his favourite sayings.

WARTON.

VER. 91. *The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for Religion, resumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who resigned the Crown, and trying to re-assume it, was imprisoned till his death.

POPE.

VER. 93. *Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,*

And just her wisest monarch made a fool?]

The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the above-mentioned King of Sardinia.

WARBURTON.

A bird of passage! gone as soon as found;
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.

II.

In vain the Sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and shew, 101
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
To

COMMENTARY.

II.

VER. 99. *In vain the Sage, &c.*] The Author having shewn the difficulties in coming to the knowledge and true characters of men, enters now upon the second division of his Poem, which is *of the wrong means that both Philosophers and Men of the world have employed in surmounting those difficulties*. He had, in the introduction, spoken of the absurd conduct of both, in despising the assistance of each other: He now justifies his censure by an examination of their peculiar doctrines; and, to take them in their own way, considers them, as they would be considered, *separately*. And first, of the *Philosopher*, whose principal mistake is in supposing *that actions best decypher the motive of the actor*. This he confutes (from ver. 98 to 109.), by shewing that *different actions* proceed often from the *same motive*; whether of *accident*, as disappointed views; or of *temperature*, as an adust complexion; which he thus illustrates:

“Behold! if Fortune or a Mistress frowns,” &c.

In judging, therefore, of *motives* by *actions*, the Philosopher must needs be frequently mistaken; because the passion or appetite, which, when impelling to *action*, we call the *motive* of it, may be equally gratified in the pursuit of very different measures.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 95. *GOD and NATURE*] It is not very clear what is precisely meant by Nature in this passage.

WARTON.

To ease the Soul of one oppressive weight, 105
 This quits an Empire, that embroils a State :
 The same aduſt complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

Not always Actions ſhew the man : we find
 Who does a kindneſs, is not therefore kind ; 110
 Perhaps

COMMENTARY.

VER. 109. *Not always Actions ſhew the man, &c.*] The Philoſopher's ſecond miſtake is, that *actions decypher the character of the actor*. This too the Author confutes (from ver. 108 to 135.) ; and as, in correcting the foregoing miſtake, he proved, *that different actions often proceed from the ſame motive* ; ſo here he proves, *that the ſame action often proceeds from different motives* : thus a *kind action*, he obſerves, as commonly ariſeth from the accidents of proſperity or fine weather, as from a natural diſpoſition to humanity ; a *modest action*, as well from pride, as humility ; a *brave action*, as eaſily from habit or faſhion, as magnanimity ; and a *prudent action*, as often from vanity as wiſdom. Now the *character* being really determined by the *motives* ; and various, nay, contrary *motives*, producing the ſame *action* ; the *action* can never decypher the *character of the actor*. But further (continues the Poet), if we attend to what hath been ſaid, we ſhall diſcover another circumſtance in the caſe, which will not only make it extremely difficult, but abſolutely impracticable to decypher the character by the action : and that is, the *discordancy of action* in the ſame character : a neceſſary conſequence of the two principles proved above, *that different actions proceed from the ſame motive*, and that *the ſame action proceeds from different motives*.
 WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 107. *The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.*]

Philip II. was of an atrabilaire complexion. He derived it from his father Charles V. whoſe health, the hiſtorians of his life tell us, was frequently diſordered by bilious fevers. But what was moſt extraordinary, the ſame complexion not only drove them variously, but made each act contrary to his character ; Charles, who was

Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast ;
 Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the east :
 Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the Great :
 Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave, 115
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave ;
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
 His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting lies.

But grant that Actions best discover man ;
 Take the most strong, and sort them as you can. 120
 The

COMMENTARY.

VER. 119. *But grant that Actions, &c.*] But (continues our Author), if you will judge of man by his *actions*, you are not to select such only as you like, or can manage ; you must fairly take all you find : Now, when you have got these together, they will prove so very discordant, that no consistent character can possibly be made out of them. What then is to be done ? Will you *suppress* all those you cannot reconcile to the few capital actions which you chuse for the foundation of your character ? But this the laws of truth will not permit. Will you then *miscall* them ? and say they were not the natural workings of the man, but the disguises of the politician ? But what will you get by this, besides reversing the best known character, and making the owner of it the direct opposite of himself ? However (says our Author), this is the way which the reasoning and philosophic historian hath been alway ready to take with the *actions* of great men ; of which he gives two famous instances in the life of Cæsar. The conclusion from the whole is, that *actions do not shew the man*.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

an active man, when he retired into a Convent ; Philip, who was a man of the closet, when he gave the battle of St. Quintin.

WARBURTON.

All that wants to be known of this Emperor's character may be learned from Robertson's admirable History.

WARTON.

The few that glare each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.

What will you do with such as disagree?

Suppress them, or miscall them Policy?

Must then at once (the character to save) 125

The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?

Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,

Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.

Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?

Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat. 130

Why

VARIATIONS.

VER. 129. in the former Editions :

Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat?

Cæsar himself would tell you he was beat.

The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?

The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Altered as above, because Cæsar wrote his Commentaries of this war, and does *not* tell you he was beat. And as Cæsar afforded an instance of both cases, it was thought better to make him the single example.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 127. *Alas! in truth*] The Grand Seignior offered to assist Henry IV. against his rebellious subjects, not for any deep political reason, but only because he hated the word League. It is a fault in Davila, as well as Tacitus, never to ascribe great events to whim, caprice, private passions, and petty causes. The Treaty of Utrecht was occasioned, it is said, by a quarrel betwixt the Duchesse of Marlborough and Queen Anne about a pair of gloves. The expedition to the island of Ré was undertaken to gratify a foolish and romantic passion of the Duke of Buckingham. The coquetry of the daughter of Count Julien introduced the Saracens into Spain.

WARTON.

VER. 129. *Ask why from Britain*] In former Editions, the third and fourth lines were,

The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?

The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk?

Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.

But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove

One action conduct; one, heroic Love.

'Tis from high Life' high characters are drawn;

A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn; 136

A Judge

COMMENTARY.

VER. 135. *'Tis from high Life, &c.*] The Poet, having done with the *Philosopher*, now turns to the *Man of the world*; whose first mistake is in supposing men's true *Characters may be known by their*

NOTES.

But it was altered as above; and altered for the worse. It is strange that Pope should not have known that drunkenness was not one of Cæsar's vices. Suetonius says, "*Vini parcissimum ne inimici quidem negaverunt.*" Verbum M. Catonis est, "*Unum ex omnibus Cæsarem ad evertendam rempublicam sobrium accessisse.*" Vit. D. Julius Cæsar, section 53. Aaron Hill, in his Letters, said, he had in his possession some authentic documents that would redound to the honour of the Czar, for making this match with Catharine, and would place this part of his conduct, which the malice of some great courts in Europe had taken pains to misrepresent, in another and very honourable point of view.

WARTON.

VER. 130. *Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.*] Cæsar wrote his *Commentaries*, in imitation of the Greek Generals, for the entertainment of the world: But had his friend asked him, in his ear, the reason of his sudden retreat from Britain, after so many pretended victories, we have cause to suspect, even from his own public relation of that matter, that he would have *whispered he was beat.*

WARBURTON.

VER. 131. *Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk?*] After the battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar pursued his enemy to Alexandria, where he became infatuated with the charms of Cleopatra, and, instead of pushing his advantages, and dispersing the relics of the Pharsalian quarrel, brought upon himself (after narrowly escaping the violence of an enraged populace) an unnecessary war, at a time his arms were most wanted elsewhere.

WARBURTON.

A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still ;
 A Gownman, learn'd ; a Bishop, what you will ;
 Wife, if a Minister ; but, if a King,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
 Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate, 141
 Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate :

In

COMMENTARY.

their station. This, though a mere mob-opinion, is the opinion in fashion, and cherished by the Mob of all denominations: therefore, though beneath the Poet's reasoning, he thought it deserving of his ridicule; and the strongest was what he gives (from ver. 134 to 141.), a naked exposition of the fact; to which he has subjoined (from ver. 140 to 149.) an ironical apology, that, as Virtue is cultivated with infinitely more labour in Courts than in Cottages, it is but just to set an infinitely higher value on it; which, says he (with much pleasantry) is most agreeable to all the fashionable ways of estimation. For why do the connoisseurs prefer the lively colour in a Gem before that in a Flower, but for its extreme rarity and difficulty of production? WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 135. *'Tis from high Life,*] Copied from Boileau, v. 203.
 Sat. 8. WARTON.

VER. 137. *A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still ;
 A Gownman, learn'd ; a Bishop, what you will ;]*

Each profession is here equally turned into ridicule; but not with equal justice. The *Lawyer at the Bar* pleads indifferently for right and wrong. On the *Bench* he is the most zealous Patron and Investigator of Truth. The *Divine*, on the contrary, while in a private station, consults only the honour of his Religion; but when advanced to a public, he is only anxious that *the Ministry be not blamed*. Whence comes this difference? Not from their own dispositions, but from that of the times: in which, *Justice* is supposed to be necessary to Civil Society; and *Religion*, of no such use. Therefore the Lawyer, when advanced into the Magistracy, is invariably attached to the Right; and the Churchman in Authority must give no offence. WARBURTON.

In life's low vale, the foil the Virtues like,
 'They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 'Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays 145
 Blush in the Rose, and in the Di'mond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
 And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r.

'Tis Education forms the common mind,
 Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd. 150
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'Squire;
 The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
 Tom

COMMENTARY.

VER. 149. *'Tis Education forms, &c.*] The second mistake of the *Man of the world* is more serious; it is, that *characters are best judged of by the general manners*. This the Poet confutes in a lively enumeration of examples (from ver. 148 to 158.), which shew, that how similar or different soever the *manners* be by *nature*, yet they are all new-modelled by *Education* and *Profession*; where each man invariably receives that exotic form, which the mould he falls into is fitted to imprint. The *natural character*, therefore, can never be judged of by these *fictitious manners*. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 141. *Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, &c.*] This whole reflection, and the similitude brought to support it, have great delicacy of ridicule, together with all the charms of Wit and Poetry. WARBURTON.

VER. 151. *Boastful and rough,*] How much knowledge of life, of manners, and characters, is contained in the eleven succeeding lines! We are not to ascribe so much to the powerful influence of education alone, as does Helvetius in his fanciful Treatise de L'Esprit, who imagines and asserts that all men are born with equal talents, and that it is education alone that causes any difference or superiority in different men. It is the common mind that is formed by education; which has not the same effect on minds, on which nature and constitution have imprinted deep and strong marks of original genius. It is impossible not to lament that Gray did not finish the design he sketched out, of an Essay on
 the

Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
 Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave: 154
 Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
 A Quaker? fly: a Presbyterian? four:
 A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour. }

Ask men's Opinions: Scoto now shall tell
 How trade increases, and the world goes well;
 Strike off his Pension, by the setting sun, 160
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
 What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
 Some God, or Spirit he has lately found;
 Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd. 165
 Judge

VARIATIONS.

VER. 165. Or chanc'd to meet Sir Robert when he frown'd.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 158. *Ask men's Opinions: &c.*] The third mistake is, in judging of men's characters by their *opinions*, and *turn of thinking*. But these, the Poet shews by two examples (from ver. 157 to 166.), are generally swayed by *interest*, both in the *affairs of life* and *speculation*.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

the Alliance of Education and Government, which, from the specimens we find in his life (page 193.), would doubtless have been a master-piece of didactic poetry.

WARTON.

VER. 164, 165. *Some God, or Spirit he has lately found;*

Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd.]

Disasters the most unlooked-for, as they were what the Free-thinker's *speculations* and *practice* were principally directed to avoid. —The Poet here alludes to the ancient classical opinion, that the sudden vision of a God was wont to strike the irreverent observer speechless. He has only a little extended the conceit, and supposed, that the terrors of a *Court-Deity* might have the like effect on one of these devoted worshippers. SCRIBL. WARBURTON.

Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
 Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place :
 By Actions? those Uncertainty divides :
 By Passions? these Dissimulation hides :
 Opinions? they still take a wider range : 170
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners

COMMENTARY.

VER. 166. *Judge we by Nature? &c.*] The Poet having gone through the mistakes both of the *Philosopher* and *Man of the world*, separately, turns now to both; and (from ver. 165 to 174.) jointly addresses them in a recapitulation of his reasoning against each: He shews, that if we pretend to develop the character by the *natural disposition in general*, we shall find it extremely difficult, because this is often effaced by habit, overswayed by interest, and suspended by policy.—If by *actions*, their contrariety will leave us in utter doubt and uncertainty.—If by *passions*, we shall be perpetually misled by the mask of Dissimulation.—If by *opinions*, all these concur together to perplex the inquiry. Shew us then, says he, in the whole range of your *philosophy* and *experience*, the thing we can be certain of: For (to sum up all in a word),

“Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
 Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.”

We must seek therefore some other road to the point we aim at.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 166. *Judge we by Nature?*] Warton observes, that we find, in the compass of eight lines, an *anatomy of human nature*; and that this passage might be drawn out into a *voluminous* commentary, and be worked up into a *system* concerning the *knowledge of the world!* This is saying certainly a vast deal too much; but Warton justly applies to Pope, what Cicero says so finely of Thucydides: “Omnes dicendi artificio, meâ sententiâ faciliè vicit, ut verborum prope numerum, sententiarum numero consequatur; ità porro verbis aptus et pressus, ut nescias utrum res oratione, an verba sententiis illustrentur.”

VER. 171. *in what you cannot change.*] “Combien diversément jugeons nous de choses?” says honest Montaigne. “Combien de fois

Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with
 Climes,
 Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

III.

Search then the RULING PASSION : There, alone,
 The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known ;
 The

COMMENTARY.

III.

VER. 174. *Search then the Ruling Passion, &c.*] And now we enter on the *third* and last part ; which treats of the *right means* of surmounting the difficulties in coming to the *knowledge* and *characters of men* : This the Poet shews, is *by investigating the RULING PASSION* ; of whose origin and nature we may find an exact account in the second Epistle of the *Essay on Man*. This *Principle*, he rightly observes (from ver. 173 to 180.), is the clue which must guide us through all the intricacies in the ways of men : To convince us of this, he applies it (from ver. 179 to 210.), to the most wild and inconsistent Character that ever was ; which (when drawn out at length, as we here find it, in a spirit of poetry as rare as the Character itself), we see, this *Principle* unravels, and renders throughout of one plain consistent thread. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

fois changeons nous nos fantaisies ? Ce que je tien aujourdhuy, ce que je croy, je le tien et le croy, de toute ma creance ; mais ne m'est-il pas advenu, non une fois mais cent ; mais mille et tous les jours, d'avoir embrassé quelque autre chose ?" Montaigne furnished many hints for this Epistle. WARTON.

VER. 174. *the RULING PASSION* :] Two eminent writers have attacked our Author's notion of a Ruling Passion, Mr. Harris and Dr. Johnson : The former says, " One talks of an universal passion ; as if all passions were not universal. Another talks of a Ruling Passion ; and means, without knowing it, certain ruling opinions. Thus, when specious falsehood assumes the lyre, we are charmed with the music, and worship her as truth."

The Fool consistent, and the False sincere ; 176
 Priests, Princes, Women, no Dissemblers here.

This

NOTES.

“ Of any passion,” says Johnson, “ thus innate and irresistible, the existence may reasonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means constant ; men change, by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance ; he who is at one time a lover of pleasure, is at another a lover of money. Those, indeed, who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit ; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humour, but by the first book which they read, some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardour and emulation.

“ It must be at least allowed, that this ruling passion, antecedent to reason and observation, must have an object independent on human contrivance ; for there can be no natural desire of artificial good. No man, therefore, can be born, in the strictest acceptance, a lover of money ; for he may be born where money does not exist : nor can he be born, in a moral sense, as a lover of his country ; for society, politically regulated, is a state contra-distinguished from a state of nature ; and any attention to that coalition of interests which makes the happiness of a country, is possible only to those whom inquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it.

“ This doctrine is in itself pernicious as well as false : its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predestination or over-ruling principle, which cannot be resisted ; he that admits it is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself that he submits only to the lawful dominion of nature, in obeying the resistless authority of his Ruling Passion.

“ Pope has formed his theory with so little skill, that, in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites, and habits.”

I shall add, that the expression, Ruling Passion, was first used by Roscommon. See how much is attributed to the effects of a Ruling Passion ; Essay on Man, Epistle ii. v. 132.

WARTON.

This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and WHARTON stands confest.
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180
 Whose Ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise :
 Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
 Women and Fools must like him, or he dies ;
 Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
 The Club must hail him master of the joke. 185
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
 Enough, if all around him but admire, 190
 And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fryer.

Thus

NOTES.

VER. 177. *Priests, Princes, Women, no Dissemblers here.*] Insinuating that one common principle, *the pursuit of power*, gives a conformity of conduct to the most distant and different characters.

WARBURTON.

VER. 181. *the Lust of Praise :*] This very well expresses the *grossness* of his appetite for it ; where the strength of the passion had destroyed all the delicacy of the sensation.

WARBURTON.

VER. 183. *Women and Fools, &c.*] Surely a very unmanly and pettish mode of expressing his spleen. The Author was not unacquainted with the talents of his contemporaries Lady Montague and Madame Dacier, which at last were sufficient to excite his resentment : He too frequently falls into the error of his friend Swift, though his object is *Polite Satire*.

VER. 187. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagancies in the time of Charles the Second.

WARBURTON.

VER. 189. *With the same spirit*] *Spirit for principle, not passion.*

WARBURTON.

VER. 190. *Enough, if all around him but admire, &c.*] What an able French writer observes of *Alcibiades*, may be justly applied

to

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt;
 And most contemptible to shun contempt; 195
 His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
 His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant Bounty which no friend has made;
 An angel Tongue, which no man can persuade!
 A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind, 200
 Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
 A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves;
 A Rebel to the very king he loves;
 He dies, sad out-cast of each church and state,
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great. 205
 Ask

NOTES.

to this nobleman. “ Ce n'étoit pas un *ambitieux*, mais un homme *vain*, qui vouloit fair du bruit, et occuper les Atheniens. Il avoit l'*esprit* d'un grand homme; mais son *ame*, dont les ressorts amollis étoient devenus incapables d'une application constante, ne pouvoit s'élever au grand, que par boutade. J'ai bien de la peine à croire, qu'un homme assez souple, pour être à Sparte aussi dur et aussi sévère, qu'un Spartiate; dans l'Ionie aussi recherché dans ses plaisirs, qu'un Ionien, &c. fût propre à faire un grand homme.”

WARTON.

VER. 200. *A Fool, with more of Wit*] *Folly*, joined with much *wit*, produces that behaviour which we call *absurdity*; and this absurdity the Poet has here admirably described in the words,

“ Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd :”

by which we are given to understand, that the person described, indulged his fancy when he should have used his judgment; and pursued his speculations when he should have trusted to his experience.

WARBURTON.

VER. 205. *And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.*] To arrive at what the world calls GREATNESS, a wicked man must either hide

Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?

'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.

Nature

NOTES.

hide and conceal his vices, or he must openly and steadily practise them in the pursuit and attainment of one important end. This unhappy nobleman did neither. WARBURTON.

VER. 206. *Ask you why Wharton*] "This celebrated peer," says Lord Orford, "like Buckingham and Rochester, comforted all the grave and dull by throwing away the brightest profusion of parts on witty fooleries, debaucheries, and scrapes, which may mix graces with a great character, but never can compose one. If Julius Cæsar had only rioted with Catiline, he had never been emperor of the world. Indeed the Duke of Wharton was not made for conquest; he was not equally formed for a Round-house and Pharsalia. In one of his ballads he has bantered his own want of heroism; it was in a song he made on being seized by the guard in St. James's Park, for singing the Jacobite air, 'The King shall have his own again:'

"The duke he drew out half his sword,
———The guard drew out the rest."

His levities, wit, and want of principles, his eloquence and adventures, are too well known to be recapitulated. With attachment to no party, though with talents to govern any party, this lively man changed the free air of Westminster for the gloom of the Escorial, the prospect of King George's garter for the Pretender's; and, with indifference to all religion, the frolic lord, who had writ the ballad on the Archbishop of Canterbury, died in the habit of a capuchin.

It is difficult to give an account of the works of so mercurial a man, whose library was a tavern, and women of pleasure his muses. A thousand fallies of his imagination may have been lost: he no more wrote for fame than he acted for it. There are two volumes in octavo, called his *Life and Writings*, but containing of the latter nothing but "seventy-four numbers of a periodical paper, called the *True Briton*," and his celebrated "Speech in the House of Lords on the third reading of the bill to inflict pains and penalties on Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester, May 15, 1723." It is a remarkable anecdote relating to this speech, that his Grace, then

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and WHARTON plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210
If second qualities for first they take.

When

VARIATIONS.

VER. 208. In the former Editions,

Nature well known, no *Miracles* remain.

Altered as above, for very obvious reasons.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 210. *Yet, in this search, &c.*] But here (from ver. 209 to 222.), he gives one very necessary caution, that, in developing the *Ruling Passion*, we must be careful not to mistake a *subsidiary* passion for the *principal*; which, without great attention, we may be very liable to do; as the *subsidiary*, acting in support of the *principal*, has frequently all its vigour and much of its perseverance: This error has misled several both of the ancient and modern historians; as when they supposed *lust* and *luxury* to be characteristics of Cæsar and Lucullus; whereas, in truth, the *Ruling Passion* in both was *ambition*;

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in opposition to the Court, went to Chelsea the day before the last debate on that prelate's affair, where, acting contrition, he professed being determined to work out his pardon at Court, by speaking against the bishop, in order to which he begged some hints. The minister was deceived, and went through the whole cause with him, pointing out where the strength of the argument lay, and where its weakness. The duke was very thankful, returned to town, passed the night in drinking, and, without going to bed, went to the House of Lords, where he spoke for the bishop, recapitulating, in the most masterly manner, and answering all that had been urged against him. His speech against the Ministry, two years before, on the affair of the South-Sea Company, had a fatal effect, Earl Stanhope answering it with so much warmth that he broke a blood-vessel and died. WARTON.

VER. 207. *'Twas all for fear, &c.*] To understand this, we must observe, that the *lust of general praise* made the person, whose character

When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store ;
 When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore ;
 In this the Lust, in that the Avarice
 Were means, not ends ; Ambition was the vice. 215
 That

COMMENTARY.

ambition ; which is so certain, that at whatsoever different time of the Republic these men had lived, their *ambition*, as the *Ruling Passion*, had been the same ; but a different time had changed their *subsidiary* ones of *lust* and *luxury*, into their very opposites of *chastity* and *frugality*. 'Tis in vain, therefore, says our Author, for the observer of human nature to fix his attention on the workman, if he all the while mistakes the scaffold for the building.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

character is here so admirably drawn, both *extravagant* and *flagitious* ; his *madness* was to please the Fools,

“ *Women and Fools must like him, or he dies.*”

And his *crimes*, to avoid the censure of the Knaves,

“ 'Twas all for fear the *Knaves* should call him Fool.”

Prudence and *Honesty* being the two qualities, in which fools and knaves are most interested, and consequently most industrious, to misrepresent.

WARBURTON.

VER. 213. *When Cæsar made*] This was Servilia, the sister of Cato, and the mother of Brutus. “ How great,” says St. Real, finely, “ must have been her affliction at the death of Cæsar her lover, massacred by the hand of her own son ! who perhaps hoped to efface this suspicion of his bastardy by this very action ! Historians have neglected to inform us of the fate of this most unhappy mistress and mother. Nothing could have been more interesting than the history of Servilia after this event. Next to Cleopatra, she was the most beloved of all Cæsar’s mistresses ; and Suetonius says, Cæsar bought for her a single jewel at the price of 50,000*l*.”

WARTON.

VER. 214. *In this the Lust,*] The same passion excited Richelieu to throw up the dyke at Rochelle, and to dispute the prize of poetry with Corneille ; whom to traduce was the surest method of gaining the affection of this ambitious minister ; nay, who formed a design to be canonized as a Saint. A perfect contrast to the character

That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity at praise.

Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.

In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one Passion man can strength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy.

Time,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 222. *In this one Passion, &c.*] But now it may be objected to our philosophic Poet, that he has indeed shewn *the true means* of coming to the *knowledge and characters of men*, by a *Principle* certain and infallible, when found; yet it is, by his own account of so difficult investigation, that its Counterfeit (and it is always attended with one) may be easily mistaken for it. To remove this difficulty, therefore, and consequently the objection that arises from it, the Poet has given (from ver. 221 to 228.) one certain and infallible criterion of the *Ruling Passion*: which is this, that all the *other* passions, in the course of time, change and wear away; while *this* is ever constant and vigorous, and still going on from strength to strength, to the very moment of its demolishing the miserable machine which it has now, at length, over-worked. Of this great truth, the Poet (from ver. 227 to the end) gives various instances, in all the principal *Ruling Passions* of our nature, as they are to be found in the *Man of business*, the *Man of pleasure*, the *Epicure*, the *Parfimonious*, the *Toast*, the *Courtier*, the *Miser*, and the *Patriot*; which last instance, the Poet has had the art, under the appearance of Satire, to turn into the noblest Compliment on the person to whom the Epistle is addressed. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

character of Cardinal Fleury, who shewed that it was possible to govern a great state with moderate abilities and a mild temper. His ministry is impartially represented by Voltaire in the Age of Louis XIV. WARTON.

VER. 215. *Ambition was the vice.*] *Pride, Vanity, and Ambition* are such bordering and neighbouring vices, and hold so much in common,

Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand. 225
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in bus'ness to the last ;

As

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common, that we generally find them going together ; and, therefore, as generally mistake them for one another. This does not a little contribute to our confounding characters ; for they are, in reality, very different and distinct ; so much so, that it is remarkable, the three greatest men in Rome, and cotemporaries, possessed each of these passions separately, with very little mixture of the other two : The men I mean were Cæsar, Cato, and Cicero : for Cæsar had *ambition* without either vanity or pride ; Cato had *pride* without ambition or vanity ; and Cicero had *vanity* without pride or ambition. The aim of these passions too are very different. VANITY leads men, as it did Cicero, to seek homage from others : PRIDE, as it did Cato, to seek homage from one's self : And AMBITION, as in the case of Cæsar, to dispense with it from all, for the sake of solid interest. WARBURTON.

VER. 225. *it sticks to our last sand, &c.*] “ M. de Lagny mourut le 12 Avril 1734. Dans les derniers momens, ou il ne connoissoit plus aucun de ceux qui estoient autour de son lit, quelqu'un, pour faire une experience philosophique, s'avisa de lui demander quel étoit le quarré de douze : Il repondit dans l'instant, et apparemment sans savoir qu'il repondit, cent quarante quatre.” *Fontenelle, Eloge de M. de Lagny.* WARTON.

VER. 228. *Old Politicians*] The strength and continuance of what our Author calls the Ruling Passion, concerning which see ver. 174. and the notes, is strongly exemplified in these eight characters ; namely, the Politician, the Debauchee, the Glutton, the Economist, the Coquet, the Courtier, the Miser, and the Patriot. Of these characters, the most lively, because the most dramatic, are the fifth and seventh. There is true humour also in the circumstance of the frugal Crone, who blows out one of the consecrated tapers in order to prevent its wasting.—Shall I venture to insert another example

As weak, as earnest ; and as gravely out, 230
As sober Laneſſ'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend fire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd : 235
Still

NOTES.

example or two?—An old uſurer, lying in his laſt agonies, was preſented by the prieſt with the crucifix. He opened his eyes a moment before he expired, attentively gazed on it, and cried out, “ Theſe jewels are counterfeit ; I cannot lend more than ten piſtoles upon ſo wretched a pledge.” To reform the language of his country was the ruling paſſion of Malherbe. The prieſt, who attended him in his laſt moments, aſked him if he was not affected with the deſcription he gave him of the joys of heaven ? “ By no means,” answered the incorrigible bard ; “ I deſire to hear no more of them, if you cannot deſcribe them in a purer ſtyle.” Both theſe ſtories would have ſhone under the hands of Pope.

This doctrine of our Author may be farther illuſtrated by the following paſſage of Bacon : “ It is no leſs worthy to obſerve how little alteration, in good ſpirits, the approaches of death make, for they appear to be the ſame men till the laſt inſtant. Auguſtus Cæſar died in a compliment ; Livia, conjugii noſtri memor, vive et vale. Tiberius, in diſſimulation ; as Tacitus ſaith of him, Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non diſſimulatio deſerebant. Veſpaſian, in a jeſt ; Ut puto Deus ſio. Galba, with a ſentence ; Feri, ſi ex re ſit populi Romani ; holding forth his neck. Septimus Severus, in a diſpatch ; Adeſte, ſi quid mihi reſtat agendum.”

This Epistle concludes with a ſtroke of art worthy admiration. The Poet ſuddenly ſtops the vein of ridicule with which he was flowing, and addreſſes his friend in a moſt delicate compliment, concealed under the appearance of ſatire. WARTON.

VER. 231. *Laneſſ'row*] An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were diſabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to adviſe her to preſerve her health and diſpel her grief by *Dancing*. POPE.

Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A falmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate ;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late :
“ Mercy !” cries Helluo, “ mercy on my soul ! 240
“ Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the
“ jowl.”

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still tries to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires. 245

“ Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a Saint provoke,”
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke ;)
“ No,

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VER. 241. *then bring the jowl.*] It is remarkable that a similar story may be found in the eighth book of Athenæus, concerning the poet Philoxenus, a writer of dithyrambics, who grew sick by eating a whole polypus, except the head ; and who, when his physician told him he would never recover from his surfeit, called out, “ Bring me then the head of the polypus.” It is not here insinuated that Pope was a reader of Athenæus ; but he evidently copied this ludicrous instance of gluttony from La Fontaine :

“ Puis qu'il faut que je meure
Sans faire tant de façon,
Qu'on m'apporte tout à l'heure
Le reste de mon poisson.”

WARTON.

VER. 242. *The frugal Crone, &c.*] A fact told him by Lady Bolingbroke, of an old Countess at Paris.

WARTON.

VER. 245. *expires.*] He repeated these four lines to Mr. J. Richardson many years before they were here inserted.

WARTON.

VER. 247. *the last words that poor Narcissa spoke ;*] This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the Author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in

“ No, let a charming Chintz and Bruffels lace
 “ Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :
 “ One would not, sure, be frightful when one’s
 “ dead— 250

“ And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red.”

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin’d
 An humble servant to all human kind,
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
 stir,

“ If—where I’m going—I could serve you, Sir?”

“ I give and I devise” (old Euclio said, 256
 And sigh’d) “ my lands and tenements to Ned.”
 Your money, Sir? “ My money, Sir! what all?
 “ Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.”
 The Manor, Sir?—“ The Manor! hold,” he cry’d,
 “ Not that,—I cannot part with that”—and dy’d.

And you, brave COBHAM! to the latest breath, 262
 Shall feel your Ruling Passion strong in death :

Such

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particular to a very celebrated Actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath.

POPE.

VER. 251. *Betty*—] The Betty here mentioned was Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Oldfield’s friend and confidante ; a good actress in parts of decayed widows and old maids.

WARTON.

VER. 261. *and dy’d.*] Sir William Bateman used those very words on his death-bed. No comic nor satyric writer has ever carried their descriptions of avarice or gluttony so far as what has happened in real life. Other vices have been exaggerated ; these two never have been.

WARTON.

VER. 262. *And you, brave COBHAM!*] Lord Cobham had perused this Epistle in manuscript, as appears from the following Letter (from Ruffhead):

“ Though

Such in those moments as in all the past ;

“ Oh, save my Country, Heav’n ! ” shall be your
last.

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“ Though I have not modesty enough to be pleased with your extraordinary compliment, I have wit enough to know how little I deserve it. I am afraid I shall not pass for an *absolute Patriot* ; however, I have the honour of having received a public testimony of your esteem and friendship ; and am as proud of it as I could be of any advantage that could happen to me. As I remember, when I saw the brouillon of this Epistle, it was perplexed ; you have now made it the contrary, &c.”

From another Letter it appears that Pope adopted Lord Cobham’s hints :

“ Stowe, Nov. 8.

“ ——— and the *Glutton* is a very good epigram. They are both appetites that from *Nature* we indulge, as well for her ends as *our pleasure*. A cardinal in his way of pleasure, would have been a better instance. What do you think of an old Lady dressing her silver-locks with pink, and ordering her coffin to be lined with quilted fatten ; or Counsellor Vernon, &c.” I mean, that a *passion*, or *habit*, that has not a *natural* foundation, falls in with your subject better than any of our *natural* wants, which in some degree we cannot avoid pursuing to the last, &c.”

Ruffhead justly observes, that from these Letters his Lordship appears to have been a man of sense and vivacity. It is to be wished that Pope, who saw the good sense of his Lordship’s opinion, had gone a step farther, and, instead of “ *shortening* ” the character of the Old Debauchee, had left it entirely out.

I CANNOT help making a few more observations on this Epistle. Johnson has very justly remarked, that Pope has confounded *Passions*, *Habits*, and *Appetites* ! The examples are humorous, and the stories well told ; but it is rather an odd circumstance, that, although the professed subject of this Epistle is “ the *Characters of Men*,” Pope has taken two of the examples to

illustrate his theory from *Women*, the “frugal Crone,” and “poor Narcissa;” and yet he says, in the next Epistle on *Women*,

“ In *Men*, we various RULING PASSIONS find;
In *Women*, two almost divide the kind;
The *Love of Pleasure*, and the *Love of Sway* !”

Neither of these Passions belonged to the *Women*, whose example he has introduced to illustrate the Character and ruling Passions of *Men*.

When Warburton first saw this Epistle, it was entirely *disjointed*, and without “connection, order, or dependence.” It was, he says, so jumbled together, as if *the several parts of a Poem were rolled up together, drawn at random, and set down as they rose*. The regular disposition of it was entirely owing to Warburton. This is not saying much in favour of Pope’s being such a mighty “Man of method,” as he would willingly persuade us he was. In my opinion this is the worst of Pope’s Epistles: it is founded upon an absurd and unphilosophical principle; and, though it is enlivened by humorous and accurate touches of character, it neither exhibits much extent of thought, or superior happiness of fancy. Warton has observed with his natural warmth, that the lines 166 to 174. display a “*perfect anatomy of the human mind* !” but, if we can neither judge of *Men’s Characters* by Passions or Actions, the *Ruling Passion* lies under the same difficulty. If *Actions* can denote the *Ruling Passion*, and no other, there is little observation required; but the whole theory is full of inconsistency.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

Of the CHARACTERS of WOMEN.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 “Most Women have no Characters at all.”
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish’d by black, brown, or fair.

How

NOTES.

Of the Characters of WOMEN.] There is nothing in Mr. Pope’s Works more highly finished, or written with greater spirit, than this Epistle: Yet its success was in no proportion to the pains he took in composing it, or the effort of genius displayed in adorning it. Something he chanced to drop in a short advertisement prefixed to it, on its first publication, may perhaps account for the small attention the Public gave to it. He said, that *no one Character in it was drawn from the Life*. They believed him on his word; and expressed little curiosity about a satire in which there was nothing personal.

WARBURTON.

VER. I. *Nothing so true*] Bolingbroke, a judge of the subject, thought this Epistle the matter-piece of Pope. But the bitterness of the satire is not always concealed in a laugh. The characters are lively, though uncommon. I scarcely remember one of them in our comic writers of the best order. The ridiculous is heightened by many strokes of humour, carried even to the borders of extravagance, as much as the two last lines of Boileau, quoted in the next page. The female foibles have been the subject of perhaps more wit in every language, than any other topic that can be named. The sixth satire of Juvenal, though detestable for its

How many pictures of one Nymph we view, 5
 All how unlike each other, all how true !
 Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.

Here

NOTES.

obscenity, is undoubtedly the most witty of all his sixteen, and is curious for the picture it exhibits of the private lives of the Roman ladies. If this Epistle yields, in any respect, to the tenth satire of Boileau on the same subject, it is in the delicacy and variety of the transitions by which the French writer passes from one character to another, always connecting each with the foregoing. It was a common saying of Boileau, speaking of La Bruyere, that one of the most difficult parts of composition was the art of transition. That we may see how happily Pope has caught the manner of Boileau, let us survey one of his portraits : it shall be that of his learned lady :

“ Qui s’offrira d’abord ? c’est cette Scavante,
 Qu’estime Roberval, et que Sauveur frequente.
 D’où vient qu’elle a l’œil trouble, et le teint si terni ?
 C’est que sur le calcal, dit-on, de Cassini,
 Un Astrolabe en main, elle a dans sa gôutièrre
 Il suivre Jupiter passé le nuit entière :
 Gardons de la troubler. Sa science, se croy,
 Aura par s’occuper ce jour plus d’un employ.
 D’un nouveau microscope on doit en sa présence
 Tantôt chez Dalancé faire l’expérience ;
 Puis d’une femme morte avec son embryon,
 Il faut chez Du Vernay voir la dissection.”

None of Pope’s female characters excel the Doris of Congreve in delicate touches of raillery and ridicule. WARTON.

VER. 5. *How many pictures*] The Poet’s purpose here is to shew, that the characters of Women are generally inconsistent with themselves ; and this he illustrates by so happy a similitude, that we see the folly described in it arises from that very principle which gives birth to this inconsistency of character. WARBURTON.

VER. 7, 8, 10, &c. *Arcadia’s Countess,—Pastora by a fountain,—Leda with a Swan,—Magdalen,—Cecilia—*] Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all.

Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a Swan. 10

Let then the Fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine ;
Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15
If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air ;
Chuse a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it 19
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa,

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all.—The Poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that whereas in the *Characters of Men* he has sometimes made use of real names, in the *Characters of Women* always fictitious. POPE.

But notwithstanding all the Poet's caution and complaisance, this general satire, or rather moral analysis of human nature, as it appears in the two sexes, will be always received very differently by them. The Men bear a general satire most heroically ; the Women with the utmost impatience. This is not from any stronger consciousness of guilt, for I believe the sum of Virtue in the female world does (from many accidental causes) far exceed the sum of Virtue in the male ; but from the fear that such representations may hurt the sex in the opinion of the men : whereas the men are not at all apprehensive that their follies or vices would prejudice them in the opinion of the women. WARBURTON.

VER. 20. *Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.*
Alluding in the expression to the precept of *Fresnoy*,

——“ *formæ veneres captando fugaces.*”

WARBURTON

“ Like a dove's neck she shifts her transient charnis.”

Young, Sat. 5.

WARTON.

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;

Or

NOTES.

VER. 21. Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent: As, I. In the *Affected*, Ver. 21, &c. POPE.

VER. 21. *Rufa, whose eye*] This character of Rufa, and the succeeding ones of Silia, Papillia, Narcissa, and Flavia, are precisely and entirely in the style and manner of the portraits Young has given us in his Fifth Satire on Women. The pictures of Young are sketched with a lighter and more sportive pencil; those of our Author with a firmer hand and a chaster manner. Pope put forth all his strength to excel his witty rival in this the best part of the Universal Passion; and he has succeeded accordingly. Both Pope and Boileau (see his tenth satire) have been censured for their severity on the fair sex. They have been reckoned as bad as Euripides; but surely they are nothing like an old comic poet, Eubolus, in a fragment preserved in that most entertaining book, the *Excerpta ex Trag. et Comœd.* of Grotius, 4to, p. 659. who, after mentioning Medæa, Clytemnestra, and Phædra, suddenly stops, and wickedly pretends that his memory fails him in enabling him to mention any one good character among women. The ladies of France revenged themselves on Boileau, by saying he was made incapable of love and marriage by an accident that befel him in his early youth.

WARTON.

VER. 23. *Agrees as ill*] This thought is expressed with great humour in the following stanza, said to mean Q. Caroline:

"Tho' Artemisia talks, by fits,
 Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
 Yet in some things, methinks, she fails,
 'Twere well, if she would pare her nails,
 And wear a cleaner smock."

WARBURTON.

VER. 24. *As Sappho's di'monds, &c.*] It appears very clear that by Sappho, throughout, Lady Montagu must have been meant. Mr. Dallaway's arguments on this subject have great weight, and

I con-

Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task, 25
 With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Mask :
 So morning Insects that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend ;
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend. 30
 To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice ;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden, she storms ! she raves ! You tip the wink,
 But spare your censure ; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
 All eyes may see——a Pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
 Sighs for the shades !—" How charming is a Park !"
 A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees 39
 All bath'd in tears—" Oh odious, odious Trees !"

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show ;
 'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe ;
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
 Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
 'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd, 45
 Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd ;

Her

NOTES.

I consider them as decisive, whatever doubts there might have been before about the real person alluded to. See Note upon Pope's letter to Lord Hervey, in this volume.

The Author attributes his use of fictitious names to motives of delicacy and politeness to the sex ; yet such terms occur, as would not, in the present times, be tolerated among men even of decent education.

VER. 29 and 37. II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natured*. POPE.

VER. 45. III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning and Artful*. POPE.

Her Tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her Eyes ;
 Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wife.
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ; 50
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child ;
 Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r, 55
 And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare ;
 Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
 And made a Widow happy, for a whim.

Why

NOTES.

VER. 52. *As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.*] Her charms consisted in the singular turn of her vivacity ; consequently the stronger she exerted this vivacity, the more forcible was her attraction. But when her vivacity arose to that height in which it was most attractive, it was upon the *brink* of Excess ; the point where the delicacy of sensuality disappears, and all the coarseness of it stands exposed.

WARBURTON.

VER. 53. IV. In the *Whimsical*.

POPE.

VER. 54. *would hardly stew a child ;*] This hyperbolical ridicule is carried to a great height, but in an image too disgusting. Juvenal, in his sixth satire, speaking of a great female talker, uses a pleasant hyperbole :

“ Una laboranti poterit succurrere lunæ.” WARTON.

VER. 57. *in a Christian trim,*] This is finely expressed ; implying that her very charity was as much an exterior of Religion, as the ceremonies of the season. It was not even in a *Christian humour*, it was only in a *Christian trim* : not so much as *habit*, only *fashion*.

WARBURTON.

VER. 58. *And made a Widow happy,*] There are some female characters sketched with exquisite delicacy and deep knowledge of nature, in a book where one would not expect to find them, *Law's Christian Perfection*.

WARTON.

Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be born? 60
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:
 Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres:
 Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns:
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns; 66
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
 See Sin in State, majestically drunk;
 Proud as a Peerefs, prouder as a Punk; 70
Chaste

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Now. Conscience chills her,*] Madame de Montespan, during her criminal intercourse with Louis XIV. kept her Lent so strictly, that she used to have her bread weighed out to her.

WARTON.

VER. 68. *Yet still a sad,*] I have been informed on good authority, that this character was designed for the then Duchess of Hamilton.

WARTON.

VER. 69. V. In the *Lewd and Vicious*.

POPE.

VER. 70. *Proud as a Peerefs,*] Designed for the Duchess of Marlborough, who so much admired Congreve; and after his death caused a figure in wax-work to be made of him, and placed frequently at her table. This connection is particularly hinted at in ver. 76.

She fins with Poets—

Our Author's declaration, therefore, that no particular character was aimed at, is not true.

WARTON.

For *the want of delicacy*, the coarseness, and the vulgarity of these lines, no wit can atone. Even Ruffhead here seems alarmed at the want of politeness of his favourite Bard, though he expresses himself in terms more offensive upon the subject, than the Poet!

Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming Mistress, but a barren Bride.
 What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
 Her Head's untouch'd, that noble seat of Thought :
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit 75
 She sins with Poets through pure Love of Wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
 Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
 As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,
 The Nose of Hautgout and the Tip of Taste, 80
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain Pudding deign'd at home to eat :
 So Philomédé, lect'ring all mankind,
 On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd,
 Th' Address, the Delicacy—stoops at once, 85
 And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to pray ;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way ;
 Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, " While we live, to live." 90
 Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul !
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
 A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.

Wife

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *What has not fir'd, &c.*] In the MS.

In whose mad brain the mixt ideas roll

Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul.

NOTES.

VER. 87. VI. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refined*.

POPE.

Wife Wretch ! with pleasures too refin'd to please ;
 With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease : 96
 With too much Quickness ever to be taught ;
 With too much Thinking to have common Thought :
 You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a Rage to live. 100

Turn then from Wits ; and look on Simo's Mate,
 No Afs so meek, no Afs so obstinate.
 Or her, that owns her Faults, but never mends,
 Because she's honest, and the best of Friends.
 Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share,
 For ever in a Passion, or a Pray'r. 106
 Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
 Cries, " Ah ! how charming if there's no such place !"
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears,
 Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears, 110
 The daily Anodine, and nightly Draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.
 Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit ;
 For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

But

NOTES.

VER. 107. *Or her, who laughs at Hell,*]

" Shall pleasures of a short duration chain

A Lady's soul in everlasting pain ?

Will the Great Author us poor worms destroy

For now and then a sip of transient joy ?

No ; He's for ever in a smiling mood ;

He's like themselves ; or how could he be good ?

From Young, Sat. 5. The person Pope intended to ridicule was the Duchess of Montague.

WARTON.

VER. 113. *Woman and Fool, &c.*] Here the Poet's honest panegyriser is again alarmed at his want of politeness for the Ladies.

" The

But what are these to great Atossa's mind? 115
 Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind!
 Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
 Shines in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120
 No

NOTES.

"The Author at this time," he observes, "seems to have been so much out of temper with the fair sex, that he cannot long keep within the bounds of decorum." Ruffhead.

VER. 115. *great Atossa's mind?*] Atossa is a name mentioned in Herodotus, and said to be a follower of Sappho. She was daughter of Cyrus and sister of Cambyfes, and married Darius. She is also named in the *Perfæ* of Æschylus. She is said to be the first that wrote Epistles. See Bentley on Phalaris, p. 385. and Dodwell against Bentley.

WARTON.

VER. 120. *Yet is, whate'er she hates*] These spirited lines, that paint a singular character, are designed for the famous Duchess of Marlborough, whom Swift had also severely satirized in the Examiner. Her beauty, her abilities, her political intrigues, are sufficiently known. The violence of her temper frequently broke out into wonderful and ridiculous indecencies. In the last illness of the great Duke her husband, when Dr. Mead left his chamber, the Duchess, disliking his advice, followed him down stairs, swore at him bitterly, and was going to tear off his periwig. Her friend Dr. Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester, was present at this scene. These lines were shewn to her Grace as if they were intended for the portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham; but she soon stopped the person who was reading them to her, as the Duchess of Portland informed me, and called out aloud, "I cannot be so imposed upon: I see plainly enough for whom they are designed:" and abused Pope most plentifully on the subject, though she was afterwards reconciled to him, and courted him, and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress this portrait, which he accepted, it is said, by the persuasion of Mrs. M. Blount; and, after the Duchess's death, it was printed in a folio sheet, 1746, and afterwards here inserted with those of Philomédé and Cloe. This is the greatest

blemish

No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,
 The wisest Fool much Time has ever made.
 From loveless Youth to unrespected Age, 125
 No Passion gratify'd, except her Rage.
 So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit,
 The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell;
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
 Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd,
 No more a storm her Hate than Gratitude :
 To

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 122. in the MS.

Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad!
 One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

NOTES.

blemish * in our Poet's moral character. These three portraits are all animated with the most poignant wit. That of Cloe is particularly just and happy, who is represented as content merely and only to dwell in decencies, and satisfied to avoid giving offence; and is one of those many insignificant and useless beings,

“ Who want, as thro' blank life they dream along,
 Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.”

As says the ingenious author of the Universal Passion; a work that abounds in wit, observation on life, pleasantry, delicacy, urbanity, and the most well-bred raillery, without a single mark of spleen and ill-nature. These were the first characteristical satires in our language, and are written with an ease and familiarity of style very different from this author's other works. The four first were published in folio, in the year 1725; and the fifth and sixth, 1727.

WARTON.

* A blemish!—call it rather, if it be fact, the most shameful dereliction of every thing that was manly and honourable.

To that each Passion turns, or soon or late ;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate :
 Superiors ? death ! and Equals ? what a curse ! 135
 But an Inferior not dependant ? worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live :
 But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust
 And Temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140
 Last

NOTES.

VER. 139. *But die, and she'll adore you—*] “ It is seldom,” says Mr. Walpole, “ the public receives information on princes and favourites from the fountain-head. Flattery or invective is apt to pervert the relation of others. It is from their pens alone, whenever they are so gracious, like the lady in question, as to have a passion for fame and approbation, that we learn exactly how trifling, and foolish, and ridiculous their views and actions were, and how often the mischief they did proceeded from the most inadequate causes. We happen to know indeed, though he was no author, that the Duke of Buckingham’s repulses, in very impertinent amours, involved King James and King Charles in national quarrels with Spain and France. From her Grace of Marlborough we may collect, that Queen Anne was driven to change her ministry, and, in consequence, the fate of Europe, because she dared to affect one bed-chamber woman as she had done another. The Duchesses could not comprehend how the cousins, Sarah Jennings and Abigail Hill, could ever enter into competition, though the one did but kneel to gather up the clue of favour which the other had haughtily tossed away, and which she could not recover by putting the Whole Duty of Man into the Queen’s hands to teach her friendship. This favourite Duchesses, who, like the proud Duke of Espernon, lived to brave the successors in a court where she had domineered, wound up her capricious life, where it seems she had begun it, with an apology for her conduct. The piece, though weakened by the prudence of those who were to correct it, though maimed by her Grace’s own corrections, and though great part of it is rather the annals of a wardrobe than of a reign, yet
 has



Engraved by C. Heath from a Drawing by Garbier

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

From a Picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller

in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at Stowe.

Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
 A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
 Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
 By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends,
 By Wealth of Follow'rs! without one distress 145
 Sick of herself through very selfishness!
 Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
 Childless with all her Children, wants an Heir.

To

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 148. in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the blessing fall
 On any one she hates, but on them all.
 Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
 If any part should wander to the poor.

NOTES.

has still curious anecdotes, and a few of those sallies of wit which fourscore years of arrogance could not fail to produce in so fantastic an understanding: And yet, by altering her memoirs as often as her will, she disappointed the public as much as her own family. However, the chief objects remain; and one sees exactly how Europe and the back-stairs took their places in her imagination and in her narrative. The Revolution left no impression on her mind, but of Queen Mary turning up bed-clothes; and the Protestant Hero, but of a selfish glutton who devoured a dish of peas from his sister-in-law. Little circumstances indeed convey the most characteristic ideas; but the choice of them may as often paint the genius of the writer as of the person represented. Mrs. Abigail Hill is not the only person transmitted to posterity with marks of the Duchess's resentment. Lord Oxford, "honest Jack Hill, the ragged boy, the Quebec General," and others, make the same figure in her history that they did in her mind:—Sallies of passion not to be wondered at in one who has sacrificed even the private letters of her mistress and benefactress. The Queen gave her a picture in enamel, set with diamonds. The Duchess took off the diamonds, and gave the picture to a Mrs. Higgins to be sold.

WARTON.

To Heirs unknown, descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor. 150

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how could equal Colours do the knack? 155
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Cloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.

"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part, 159
"Say, what can Cloe want?"—She wants a Heart.

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.

So very reasonable, so unmov'd, 165
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.

She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest:
And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair. 170

Forbid it, Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er should cancel!—but she may forget.
Safe is your Secret still in Cloe's ear;
But none of Cloe's shall you ever hear.

Of

NOTES.

VLR. 155. "Do the knack," is a wretched vulgarism, and unworthy a place in so polished a composition.

Of all her Dears she never slander'd one, 175
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Cloe know if you're alive or dead?
 She bids her Footman put it in her head.
 Cloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
 Then never break your heart when Cloe dies. 180

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a *Queen* :
 THE SAME FOR EVER ! and describ'd by all
 With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown and Ball.
 Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will, 185
 And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but, Artists ! who can paint or write,
 To draw the Naked is your true delight.
 That Robe of Quality so struts and swells,
 None see what Parts of Nature it conceals : 190
 Th' exactest traits of Body or of Mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.

If

NOTES.

VER. 180. *when Cloe dies.*] This highly-finished portrait was intended for Lady Suffolk, with whom, at the time he wrote it, he lived in a state of intimacy. At ver. 178, he alludes to a particular circumstance : Pope, being at dinner with her, heard her order her footman to put her in mind to send to know how Mrs. Blount, who was ill, had passed the night. WARTON.

VER. 182. *Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a Queen.*]

“ This age, 'tis true, has one great instance seen,
 And Heav'n in justice made that one a Queen.”

Prologue to Fair Penitent.

STEEVENS.

Pope is ironical, as he generally is when he mentions the virtues of Kings or Queens.

If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen.
 From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing 195
 To draw the Man who loves his God, or King :
 Alas ! I copy (or my draught would fail)
 From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.
 But grant, in Public, Men sometimes are shown,
 A Woman's seen in Private Life alone : 200
 Our

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 198. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender Wife ;
 I cannot prove it on her, for my life :
 And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
 Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.
 Thus while immortal Cibber only sings
 (As * and H**y preach) for queens and kings,
 The nymph, that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
 May, if she love, and merit verse, have mine.

NOTES.

VER. 198. *Mah'met*, servant to the late King, said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person. POPE.

VER. 198. *honest Mah'met*,] George the First brought two Turks with him from Hanover. They were made pages of the back-stairs. Their portraits are on the grand stair-case at Kensington.

VER. 198. *plain Parson Hale*.] Dr. *Stephen Hale* ; not more estimable for his useful discoveries as a natural Philosopher, than for his exemplary life and pastoral charity as a parish priest.

WARBURTON.

VER. 199. *But grant, in Public, &c.*] In the former Editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of connexion might be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain *Examples* and *Illustrations* to the Maxims laid down ; and though some of these have since been found, viz. the Characters of *Philomédé*, *Atossa*, *Cloe*, and some verses following, others are still wanting, nor can we answer that these are exactly inserted. POPE.

Our bolder Talents in full light display'd ;
 Your Virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide ;
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weak-

NOTES.

VER. 202. *Your Virtues open*] To balance the many severe things our Author has said of Women in this Epistle, I cannot forbear adding a passage from a writer who has been usually thought by no means a friend to the fair sex. And it may occasion surprise to find such a passage from Dean Swift. "The degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, hath been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, further than in parties at play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in *England* (and it is of the same date in *France*) to have been the peaceable part of King *Charles* the First's reign ; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours ; several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started ; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into every thing that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall."

WARTON.

VER. 203. *Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide ;*] There is something apparently exceptionable in the turn of this assertion, which makes their *disguising in public* the natural effect of their
being

Weakness or Delicacy ; all so nice, 205
That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.

In Men, we various Ruling Passions find ;
In Women, two almost divide the kind ;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway. 210

That, Nature gives ; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault ?
Experience, this ; by Man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. in the first Edition,
In sev'ral Men, we sev'ral Passions find ;
In Women, two almost divide the Kind.

NOTES.

being *bred to disguise* : but if we consider that female education is the art of teaching, not to *be*, but to *appear*, we shall have no reason to find fault with the exactness of the expression.

WARBURTON.

VER. 207. The former part having shewn, that the *particular Characters* of Women are more various than those of Men, it is nevertheless observed, that the *general Characteristic* of the sex, as to the *ruling Passion*, is more uniform. POPE.

VER. 208. *In Women, two*] I cannot think our Author would suffer by a minute comparison of this Epistle with the most shining and applauded morsels of the tenth satire of Boileau, which undoubtedly are his portraits of the affected female Pedant, ver. 439. The Gamester, ver. 215. His Jealous Lady, ver. 378. The Haughty Lady of Family, ver. 470. And above all, what Boileau himself valued most, the Devout Lady and her Director, ver. 558. Boileau was severely attacked for this Epistle by Perreault ; but was powerfully defended by the great Arnauld, a rigid moralist, and also by La Bruyere. WARTON.

VER. 211. This is occasioned partly by their *Nature*, partly by their *Education*, and in some degree by *Necessity*. POPE.

Men, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take;
 But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake: 216
 Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife;
 But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
 Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means: 220
 In Youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,
 As leaves them scarce a subject in their Age:
 For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
 No thought of peace or happiness at home.
 But Wisdom's triumph, is well-tim'd Retreat, 225
 As hard a science to the Fair as Great!
 Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
 Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230

Pleasures

NOTES.

VER. 216. *But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:*] This line has given offence: but in behalf of the Poet we may observe, that what he says amounts only to this, "Some men take to business, some to pleasure; but every woman would willingly make *pleasure her business*;" which being the proper periphrasis of a *Rake*, he uses that word, but of course includes in it no more of the *Rake's* ill qualities than is implied in this definition, of *one who makes pleasure his business*.
 WARBURTON.

VER. 219. What are the *Aims* and the *Fate* of this sex.—I. As to *Power*.
 POPE.

VER. 229. *Worn out in public,*] -Copied from Young, Satire 5. written eight years before this Epistle appeared;

"Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
 To throngs, and tarnish to the fated sight." WARTON.

Pleasures the sex, as children Birds, pursue,
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost :
 At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend, 235
 It grows their Age's prudence to pretend ;
 Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
 Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more :
 As Hags hold Sabbaths less for joy than spight,
 So these their merry, miserable Night : 240
 Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
 And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards !
 A Youth of Frolics, an old Age of Cards ;

Fair

NOTES.

VER. 231.—II. As to *Pleasure*.

POPE.

VER. 234. *To covet flying*,] It is impossible not to recollect the witty simile of Young, Sat. 5.

“ Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy ;
 Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy ;
 We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
 Still it eludes us, and it glitters still ;
 If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains,
 What is it, but rank poison in your veins ?”

WARTON.

VER. 244. *A Youth of Frolics*,] The antithesis, so remarkably strong in these lines, was a very favourite figure with our Poet : he has indeed used it but in too many parts of his Works ; nay, even in his translation of the Iliad, where it ought not to have been admitted, and which Dryden has but rarely used in his Virgil. Our Author seldom writes many words together without an antithesis. It must be allowed sometimes, to add strength to a sentiment by an opposition of images : but, too frequently repeated, it becomes tiresome and disgusting. Rhyme has almost
 a natural

Fair to no purpose, artful to no end, 245

Young without Lovers, old without a Friend ;

A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot,

Alive, ridiculous ; and dead, forgot !

Ah ! Friend ! to dazzle let the Vain design ;

To raise the Thought, and touch the Heart, be
thine ! 250

That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the
Ring,

Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :

So

NOTES.

a natural tendency to betray a writer into it : but the purest authors have despised it, as an ornament pert and puerile, and epigrammatic. Seneca, Pliny, Tacitus, and later authors, abound in it. Quintilian has sometimes used it with much success, as when he speaks of style ; “ magna, non nimia ; sublimis, non abrupta ; severa, non tristis ; læta, non luxuriosa ; plena, non tumida.” And sometimes Tully ; as, “ vicit pudorem libido, timorem audacia, rationem amentia.” But these writers fall into this mode of speaking but seldom, and do not make it their constant and general manner. Those moderns, who have not acquired a true taste for the simplicity of the best ancients, have generally run into a frequent use of point, opposition, and contrast. They who begin to study painting, are struck at first with the pieces of the most vivid colouring ; they are almost ashamed to own that they do not relish and feel the modest and reserved beauties of Raphael. The exact proportion of St. Peter’s at Rome occasions it not to appear so great as it really is. It is the same in writing ; but by degrees we find that Lucan, Martial, Juvenal, Q. Curtius, and Florus, and others of that stamp, who abound in figures that contribute to the false florid, in luxuriant metaphors, in pointed conceits, in lively antitheses, unexpectedly darting forth, are contemptible for the very causes which once excited our admiration. It is then we relish Terence, Cæsar, and Xenophon.

WARTON.

VER. 249. Advice for their true Interest.

POPE.

So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the fight,
 All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
 Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines, 255
 And unobserv'd the glaring Orb declines.

Oh! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day ;
 She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear ; 260
 She, who ne'er answers till a Husband cools,
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;
 Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will ; 265
 Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille;
 Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
 And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And

NOTES.

VER. 253. *So when the Sun's*] There are not, perhaps, in the whole compass of the English language, four lines more exquisitely finished ; not a syllable can be altered for the better ; every word seems to be the only proper one that could have been used. So pure and pellucid is the style,

“ Ut pura nocturno renidet
 Luna mari !”

WARTON.

VER. 256. *And unobserv'd*] Nothing can be more poetical than this imagery, or more artfully conducted. Every epithet is appropriated to heighten the figure, and embellish the verse.

RUFFHEAD.

VER. 268. *though China fall.*] Addison has touched this subject with his usual exquisite humour, in the Lover, No. 10. p. 291. of his Works, 4to. quoting Epictetus to comfort a lady that labours under this heavy calamity.

WARTON.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a Contradiction still. 270
 Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
 Its last best work, but forms a softer Man;
 Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,
 Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest:
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules, 275
 Your Taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools:
 Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
 Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;
 Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
 Shakes all together, and produces——You. 280

Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unblest,
 Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
 This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
 Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, 285
 Averted half your Parents' simple Pray'r;

And

NOTES.

VER. 269. The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties, created out of the Poet's imagination; who therefore feigned those circumstances of a husband, a daughter, and *love for a sister*, to prevent her being mistaken for any of his acquaintance. And having thus made his *Woman*, he did, as the ancient Poets were wont, when they had made their *Muse*, invoke, and address his poem to her.

WARBURTON.

VER. 270. *a Contradiction still.*] So also has he shewn Man to be in the Essay.

WARTON.

VER. 280. *and produces——You.*] The turn of these lines is exactly the same with those of Mrs. Biddy Floyd; Swift's *Miscellanies*, vol. iv. p. 142.

“ Jove

And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
 That buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itself.
 The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
 And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines, 290
 Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,
 To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

NOTES.

" Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,
 'Then call'd the happy composition—Floyd.'"

Mrs. Patty Blount was always supposed to be the lady here addressed—"produces You." WARTON.

VER. 291. *the world shall know it,*] This is an unmeaning expression, and a poor expletive, into which our Poet was unfortunately forced by the rhyme. WARTON.

Rhyme, as Warton properly remarks, has been the occasion of some other faulty expressions in our Author's Works, which he points out, though they scarcely need enumeration. On this occasion, he enters into the general comparative merits of Rhyme and Blank Verse: but there can be surely no doubt on the subject. Rhyme is absolutely necessary for pieces like these, of point, wit, and satire; if not for lyric and elegiac poetry. A satire in blank verse, would be as ridiculous as an "Æneid in hexameter and pentameter verses." For more dignified and extensive subjects, there can be no doubt of the propriety of a more varied, harmonious, and lofty measure, as blank verse for the serious drama, and epic poetry, notwithstanding Burnet's opinion, that "The Paradise Lost was a *fine poem*, though the Author affected to write it in blank verse!"

It should be remembered, that when this Epistle was first published, Pope in an advertisement declared, "UPON HIS HONOUR," no Character was taken from real life. Walpole relates a story of his conduct in this respect, highly to his discredit, to which Warton alludes; but I do not think it should be admitted without the clearest evidence, as we should read, *cum grano salis*, whatever comes from Walpole's party against Pope, and *vice versa*.

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

THE following original Letter of Lord Bathurst to Pope, will shew the great respect and kindness he had for him. It is taken from the Autographs of the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, preserved in the British Museum, which are written chiefly on the backs of various letters :

“ I will not fail to attend Mrs. Howard upon Marble Hill next Tuesday ; but Lady Bathurst is not able to come at this time, which is no small mortification to her. I hope I shall persuade John Gay to come hither to me, for I really think such a wintry summer as this should be passed altogether in society by a chimney-corner ; but I believe I should not lie, if I assured you that I would quit the finest walk on the finest day in the finest garden, to have your company at any time. This is saying a great deal more than is commonly understood by one. I am

Your most faithful humble servant,

BATHURST.”

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use of RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, Ver. 1, &c. The Point discussed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious, or pernicious to Mankind, Ver. 21 to 77. That Riches either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Happiness, scarcely Necessaries, Ver. 89 to 160. That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpose, Ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious Men, Ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of Men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions, Ver. 161 to 178. How a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable, Ver. 179. How a Prodigal does the same, Ver. 199. The due Medium, and true Use of Riches, Ver. 219. The Man of Rags, Ver. 250. The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples; both miserable in Life and in Death, Ver. 300, &c. The Story of Sir Balaam, Ver. 339, to the End.

EPISTLE III.

P. **W**HO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
 And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?
 You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
 That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n;
 And

COMMENTARY.

EPISTLE III.] This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our Author, on suspicion that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: "I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places, and change my subject from their pride to their meannesses, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones." POPE.

VER. 1. *Who shall decide, &c.*] The address of the *introduction* (from ver. 1 to 21.) is remarkable: The Poet represents himself, and the noble Lord, his friend, as in a free conversation, philosophizing on the *final cause of Riches*; and it proceeds by way of dialogue, which most writers have employed to hide the want of method; our Author uses it only to soften and enliven the dryness and severity of it. *You* (says the Poet)

"— hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n, —
 But I, who think more highly of our kind, —
 Opine, that Nature," &c.

As

NOTES.

VER. 2. *like you and me?*] A most unaccountable piece of false English—me for I. It is not for the sake of making petty objections

And Gold but sent to keep the fools in play, 5
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely, Heav'n and I are of a mind,)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground : 10
But when by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of Men,
To squander These, and Those to hide agen.

Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last. 16

Both

COMMENTARY.

As much as to say, " You, my Lord, hold the subject we are upon, as fit only for SATIRE ; I, on the contrary, esteem it amongst the high points of Philosophy, and profound ETHICS : But as we both agree in the main *Principle*, that *Riches were not given for the reward of Virtue, but for very different purposes* (see *Essay on Man*, Ep. iv.), let us compromise the matter, and consider the subject both under your idea and mine conjointly, *i. e.* *Satirically* and *Philosophically*."—And this, in fact, we shall find to be the true character of this poem ; which is of a *Species* peculiar to itself ; partaking equally of the nature of his *Ethic Epistles* and of his *Satires*, just as the best pieces of *Lucian* arose from a combination of the Dialogues of *Plato*, and the Scenes of *Aristophanes*. This it will be necessary to carry with us, if we would see either the *wit* or the *reasoning* of this Epistle in their true light.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

objections that it is thought necessary to hint at these inaccuracies in so correct a writer, but merely to prevent their becoming authorities for errors. " In the Epistles to Lords Bathurst and Burlington," says Johnson, " Warburton has endeavoured to find a train of thought which was never in the writer's head ; and, to support his hypothesis, has printed that first which was published last."

Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
 No grace of Heav'n, or token of th' Elect;
 Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil. 20

B. What

NOTES.

VER. 20. JOHN WARD of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Dukes of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood on the pillory on the 17th of March, 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's estate, forfeited to the South Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the several æras of his life: At his standing in the Pillory, he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds*; at his commitment to Prison, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand*; but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a *worse man by fifty or sixty thousand*.

POPE.

FR. CHARTRES, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in

B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold bestows,
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But

COMMENTARY.

VER. 21. *What Nature wants, &c.*] Having thus settled the terms of the *debate*, before he comes to the *main question*, the *Use of Riches*, it was necessary to discuss a *previous* one, whether, indeed, they be, upon the whole, *useful to mankind or not*; (which he does from ver. 20 to 77). It is commonly observed, says he, (from ver. 20 to 35.), *That Gold most commodiously supplies the wants of Nature*: "Let us first consider the proposition in *general*, both in MATTER and EXPRESSION; 1. As it regards the *supply*; and this we shall find to be very *unequal*: 2. As it regards the *wants*; and these, we shall see, are very *ambiguous*; under that term, all our

NOTES.

Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:

HERE continueth to rot

The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,

Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
 and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,

PERSISTED,

In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,

In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,

Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:

His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,

His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Nor was he more singular

in the undeviating *Pravity*, of his *Manners*,

Than successful

in *Accumulating WEALTH*;

For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,

Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,

And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,

He acquired, or more properly created,

A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Person of his Time,

Who

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
 'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve :

What

COMMENTARY.

our fantastic and imaginary, as well as real, wants being comprized. Hitherto the use is not very apparent. Let us in the second place, therefore, consider the proposition in *particular*, or how Gold supplies the wants of nature both in private and public life : 1. As to *private* ; it aids us, indeed, to support life ; but, at the same time, it hires the assassin. 2. As to *Society* ; it may procure friendships and extend trade ; but it, allures robbers, and corrupts our acquaintance. 3. As to *Government* ; it pays the guards necessary for the support of public liberty ; but it may, with the same ease, bribe a Senate to overturn it."

The matter, therefore, being thus problematical, the Poet, instead of formally balancing between the good and ill, chuses to leave this *previous Question* undetermined (as Tacitus had done before him ; where, speaking of the ancient *Germans*, he says, *Argentum et aurum propitii aut irati Dii negaverint dubito*) ; and falls
 at

NOTES.

Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
 Retain his Primeval MEANNESS

When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
 And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
 Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not do.

Oh indignant Reader !

Think not his Life usefess to Mankind !

PROVIDENCE conniyed at his execrable Designs,

To give to After-ages

A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,

Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
 In the Sight of GOD,

By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY OF ALL MORTALS.

This fine reflection has been much admired ; it is also found in La Bruyere ; but he evidently borrowed it from Seneca : " Non sunt divitiarum bonum ; nullo modo magis potest Deus concupita traducere, quam si ille ad perpestimos desert, ab optimis abigit."

Cur Bonis Viris mala fiunt, cap. v.

What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25
 Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust :

Useful,

COMMENTARY.

at once upon what he esteems the principal of these abuses, *public Corruption*.

For having in the last instance, of the *Use of Riches* in Government, spoken of *venal Senates*, he goes on to lament the mischief as desperate and remediless; Gold, by its power to corrupt with *Secrecy*, defeating all the efforts of public spirit, whether exerted in the courage of Heroes, or in the wisdom of Patriots.

It

NOTES.

This passage was pointed out to me by an amiable friend, equally skilled in all parts of useful and ornamental learning in matters both of taste and philosophy, Dr. Heberden.

The figure of Chartres is introduced by Hogarth in the first plate of his *Rake's Progress*, and behind him stands a man whom he always had about him, and was his pimp.

This Gentleman, it was said, was *worth seven thousand pounds a year* estate in Land, and about *one hundred thousand* in Money.

MR. WATERS, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this Gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly.

POPE.

VER. 20. *Waters*,] The *Waters* here mentioned is the same person who is introduced under the character of "Wife Peter;" whose name was "Walter," though sometimes called Waters. See Note in this Epistle.

VER. 21. *What Nature wants*, commodious *Gold bestows*,] The epithet *commodious* gives us the very proper idea of a *Bawd* or *Pander*; and this thought produced the two following lines, which were in all the former editions, but, for their bad reasoning, omitted:

"And if we count amongst the needs of life

Another's Toil, why not another's Wife? WARBURTON.

Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Affassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, Society extend.

P. But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend. 30

B. It raises Armies in a Nation's aid.

P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.

In

COMMENTARY.

It is true, indeed, (continues the Poet, from ver. 34 to 49.), the very weight of the bribe has sometimes detected the corruption :

“ From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,” &c.
But this inconvenience was soon repaired, by the invention of *paper credit* ; whose dreadful effects on public Liberty he describes in all the colouring of his poetry, heightened by the warmest concern for virtue ; which now makes him willing to give up, as it were, the *previous question*, in a passionate wish (from ver. 48 to 59.) for the return of that incumbrance attendant on public Corruption, before the so *common* use of money.

And, pleas'd with this flattering idea, he goes on (from ver. 58 to 77.) to shew the other advantages which would accrue from riches only *in kind* ; these are, that neither *Avarice* could contrive to hoard, nor *Prodigality* to lavish, in so mad and boundless a manner as they do at present. Here he shews particularly, in a fine ironical description of the embarras on *Gaming*, how naturally it tends to eradicate that execrable vice.

But this whole *Digression* (from ver. 34 to 77.) has another very uncommon beauty ; for, at the same time that it arises naturally from the *last* consideration, in the debate of the *previous question*, it artfully denounces, in our entrance on the *main question*, the principal topics intended to be employed for the dilucidation of it ; namely AVARICE, PROFUSION, and PUBLIC CORRUPTION.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 32. *But bribes a Senate, &c.*] Evidently levelled at Sir Robert Walpole's administration, and the supposed corrupt mode by which he maintained his influence and superiority in Parliament.

In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave ;
 If secret Gold sap on from knave to knave.
 Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak, 35
 From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,
 And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 " Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."

Blest

NOTES.

VER. 33. *and Patriots rave ;*] The character of modern patriots was, in the opinion of our Poet, very equivocal ; as the name was undistinguishably bestowed on every one who was in opposition to the court ; of this he gives a hint in ver. 139. of this Epistle. And agreeable to these sentiments is the equivocal turn of his expression here,

" In vain—may Patriots rave ;
 which they may do either in earnest or in jest ; and, in the opinion of *Sempronius* in the Play, it is best done in jest.

WARBURTON.

VER. 34. *If secret Gold sap on from knave to knave.*] The expression is fine, and gives us the image of a place invested ; where the approaches are made by communications, which support one another : just as the connexions amongst knaves, after they have been taken in by a state-engineer, serve to screen and encourage each other's private corruptions.

WARBURTON.

VER. 35. *beneath the Patriot's cloak,*] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there. POPE.

" Sir Christopher Musgrave, the wisest man of the party (the Tories), died before the last Session ; and, by their conduct after his death, it appeared that they wanted his direction : He had been at the head of the opposition that was made in the last reign, from the beginning to the end ; but he gave up many points of great importance in the critical minute ; for which I have good reason to believe that he had twelve thousand pounds from the late King, at different times." *Burnet under the year 1705.*

WARBURTON.

Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !
 That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly ! 40
 Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings ;
A single

NOTES.

VER. 39. *Blest paper-credit !*] “None of my Works,” said Pope to Mr. Spence, “was more laboured than my Epistle on the Use of Riches.” It does indeed abound in knowledge of life, and in the justest satire. The lines above quoted have also the additional merit of touching on a subject that never occurred to former satirists. And though it was difficult to say any thing new about avarice, “a vice that has been so pelted,” says Cowley, “with good sentences,” yet has our Author done it so successfully, that this Epistle, together with Lord Bacon’s thirty-third Essay, contains almost all that can be said on the use and abuse of Riches, and the absurd extremes of avarice and profusion. But our Poet has enlivened his precepts with so many various characters, pictures, and images, as may entitle him to claim the preference over all that have treated on this tempting subject, down from the time of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes. That very lively and amiable old nobleman, the late Lord Bathurst, told me, “that he was much surprised to see, what he had with repeated pleasure so often read as an epistle addressed to himself, in this edition converted into a dialogue, in which,” said he, “I perceive I make but a shabby and indifferent figure, and contribute very little to the spirit of the dialogue, if it must be a dialogue ; and I hope I had generally more to say for myself in the many charming conversations I used to hold with Pope and Swift, and my old poetical friends.” In truth we may make the same objection that Perrault is said to have done to the tenth satire of Boileau ; “l’auteur oublie quelquefois que c’est un dialogue qu’il compose.” I cannot forbear adding, that Cicero gives to his friend Atticus a very small share in those dialogues in which he himself is represented as a speaker.

WARTON.

VER. 42. *fetch or carry Kings ;*] In our Author’s time, many Princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The partition treaty had disposed of

A single leaf shall waft an Army o'er,
 Or ship off Senates to a distant Shore;
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro 45
 Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow:
 Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

Oh! that such bulky Bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy! 50
 Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies or with all their wines?

What

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 50. in the MS.

To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,
 Peter! 'twould pose as wife a head as thine.

NOTES.

Spain; France had set up a King for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy. POPE.

VER. 44. *Or ship off Senates to a distant Shore;*] Alludes to several Ministers, Counsellors, and Patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720. POPE.

VER. 47. *Pregnant with thousands*] Warburton thinks that the Psalmist, in his expression of "walketh in *darkness*," supplied Pope with the "*grandeur*" of this idea. He calls the imagery of the "*Scrap that flits unseen*" very sublime, and thinks it alludes to the course of a destroying pestilence.

The "*grandeur*" of the image is not so clear, but no one can be insensible to the humour, the wit, and the happy combination of the circumstances.

VER. 48. *buys a Queen.*] Another stroke of undeserved satire on Queen Caroline. What right had Pope to complain of the "whisper vibrating on his Sovereign's ear," when he never omits an opportunity of shewing his contempt, both of his Sovereign, and of all who were connected with him?

What could they more than Knights and Squires
confound,

Or water all the Quorum ten miles round ?

A Statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil !

“ Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil ; 56

“ Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door ;

“ A hundred oxen at your levee roar.”

Poor Avarice one torment more would find ; -

Nor could Profusion squander all in kind. 60

Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet ;

And Worldly crying coals from street to street,

Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,

Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.

Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,

Could he himself have sent it to the dogs ? 66

His

NOTES.

VER. 62. Some Misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an Association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve ; till one of them, taking the advantage of under-selling the rest, defeated the design. One of these Misers was *worth ten thousand*, another *seven thousand* a year. POPE.

VER. 65. *Colepepper's*] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Bart. a Person of an ancient family and ample fortune, without one other quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the Gaming-table, passed the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others ; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a Post in the army, which was offered him. POPE.

VER. 65. *Had Colepepper's*] Thus in former Editions,

Had Hawley's fortune lay'n in hops and hogs,

Scarce Hawley's self had sent it to the dogs.

WARTON.

His Grace will game : to White's a Bull be led,
 With spurning heels and with a butting head.
 To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
 Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames. 70
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home six Whores, and make his Lady weep?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill, 75
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!
 Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and
 all.

P. What

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *Since then, &c.*] In the former Editions,
 Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,
 Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 77. *Since then, my Lord, on such a world, &c.*] Having thus ironically described the incumbrance which the want of money would occasion to all criminal excesses by the abuse of Riches, particularly to *Gaming*, which being now become of public concern, he affects much regard to :

“ Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille !”

he dismisses the *previous question* without deciding on it, in the same *ironical* manner,

“ Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you? Say? Why take it, Gold and all.”

That is, since for these great purposes we must have *Money*, let us now *seriously* inquire into its *true use*.

WARBURTON.

P. What Riches give us let us then enquire :

Meat, Fire, and Clothes. B. What more? P. Meat,
Clothes, and Fire.

80

Is

COMMENTARY.

VER. 79. *What Riches give us, &c.*] He examines therefore in the first place (from ver. 78 to 97.), I. *Of what use Riches are to ourselves :*

“ What Riches give us let us then enquire :

Meat, Fire, and Clothes. What more? Meat, Clothes, and
Fire.”

The mere turn of the expression, without further reasoning, shews that all the infinite ways of spending *on ourselves*, contrived in the insulence of *wealth*, by those who would *more than live*, are only these three things diversified throughout every wearied mode of luxury and wantonness.

Yet as little as this is (adds the Poet from ver. 81 to 85.) it is only to be had by the moderate use of riches ; *Avarice* and *Profusion* not allowing the possessors of the most exorbitant wealth even this little :

“ Alas ! ’tis more than *Turner* finds they give.

Alas ! ’tis more than (all his visions past)

Unhappy *Wharton*, waking, found at last !”

But what is it you would expect them to give? continues the Poet (from ver. 84 to 91.). Would you have them capable of restoring those real blessings, which men have lost by their vices or their villainies ; or of satisfying those imaginary ones, which they have gotten by their irregular passions? Though they were, with what face could Japhet demand his forfeit nose and ears? or in
what

NOTES.

VER. 80. *Meat, Fire, and Clothes.*] This decision must be allowed at least the merit of humility, pretending to no farther knowledge of the use of Riches, than the supply of physical wants. The Poet’s Friend is not highly flattered by being represented insensible to the most exalted of human enjoyments—to the power of relieving distress, and to leisure for intellectual improvement, which cannot be obtained without a competency.

The amiable and sensible Lord Bathurst, as he himself observed, makes but an indifferent figure in the Dialogue.

Is this too little? would you more than live?
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his Visions past)
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
 What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs; 85
 To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Nose and Ears?

Can

COMMENTARY.

what language could Nares ask for the gratification of appetites which Nature never gave?

But now admit, pursues our Author (from ver. 90 to 97.), that wealth might, in some cases, alleviate the unmerited miseries of life, by procuring medicines both for the mind and body; it is not to be thought that it should operate like a charm, while only worn about one: Yet this, these *poor men of pelf* expect from it; while *Avarice* on the one hand, withholds them from giving at all, even to the Doctor in extremity; or *Vanity* diverts the donation from a Friend in life, to the Endowment of a *Cat* or *College* at their death. It is true, *Riches* might bestow the greatest of all blessings, a *virtuous consciousness* of our having employed them as becomes the *substitutes of Providence*,

“To ease or emulate the care of Heav’n,” Ver. 230.
 in acts of BENEFICENCE and CHARITY; and this use is next to be considered.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 82. *Turner*] One who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his Coach, because Interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better Interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both clothes and all other expences.

POPE.

VER. 84. *Unhappy Wharton*,] A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his Character in the first Epistle. POPE.

VER. 85. *Hopkins*,] A Citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*. He lived worthless, but died *worth*

Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippias glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below :
 Or heal, old Narfes, thy obfcener ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plaifter'd at thy tail ? 90
 They might (were Harpax not too wife to fpend)
 Give Harpax felf the bleffing of a Friend ;
 Or find fome Doctor that would fave the life
 Of wretched Shylock, fpite of Shylock's Wife :
 But thoufands die, without or this or that, 95
 Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.

To

NOTES.

three hundred thousand pounds, which he would give to no perfon living, but left it fo as not to be inherited till after the fecond generation. His counfel representing to him how many years it muft be before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at intereft all that time, he expreffed great joy thereat, and faid, " They would then be as long in fpending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards fet afide the will, and gave it to the heir at law. POPE.

VER. 86. *Japhet, Nose and Ears ?*] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punifhed with the lofs of thofe parts, for having forged a conveyance of an eftate to himfelf, upon which he took up feveral thoufand pounds. He was at the fame time fued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he poffeffed another confiderable eftate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By thefe means he was *worth* a great fum, which (in reward for the fmall lofs of his ears) he enjoyed in prifon till his death, and quietly left to his executor. POPE.

VER. 90. *Or heal, old Narfes, &c.*] Pope followed Lord Cobham's fenfible advice, in fhortening the character of the Old Debauchee. How much more offensive are fome of thefe images !

VER. 96. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous Duchefs of R. in her laft Will left confiderable legacies and annuities to her Cats.

POPE.

This

To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a Bastard, or a Son they hate.

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part ?
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his
heart :

100

The

COMMENTARY.

VER. 97. *To some, indeed, &c.*] For now the Poet comes, in the second place, to examine, II. *Of what use Riches are to others* ; which he teaches, as is his way throughout this Poem, by the *abuse* that stands opposed to it : Thus he shews (from ver. 96 to 107.), that with regard to acts of *beneficence*, the utmost Heaven will grant to those who so greatly abuse its blessings, is either to enrich some favourite *Bastard*, and so perpetuate their vice and infamy ; or else, contrary to their intent, a legitimate *Son they hated*, and so expose to public scorn and ridicule, the defeat of their unnatural cruelty. But with regard to acts of charity, they are given up to so reprobate a sense, as to believe they are then seconding the designs of Heaven, when they pursue the indigent with imprecations, or leave them in the midst of their distresses unrelieved, as the common enemies of God and Man.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

This benefactress was no other than La Belle Stuart of the Comte de Grammont ; and her endowment was not a proper object of satire. The real truth was, that she left annuities to certain female friends, with the burden of maintaining some of her cats ; a delicate way of providing for poor, and probably, proud gentlewomen, without making them feel that they owed their livelihood to her mere liberality.

WARTON.

VER. 100. *Bond damns the Poor, &c.*] This Epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation* ; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers ; and three of the managers, who were members of the House, were expelled. By the report of the Committee appointed

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
 That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool :
 " God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
 " The wretch he starves"—and piously denies :
 But the good Bishop, with a meeker air, 105
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet,

NOTES.

appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, *Damn the Poor*. That " God hates the poor," and, " That every man in want is either knave or fool," &c. were the genuine apothegms of some of the Persons here mentioned. POPE.

VER. 105. *But the good Bishop, &c.*] In the place of this imaginary *Bishop*, and in the first Dialogue of 1738, the Poet had named a very worthy Person of condition, who, for a course of many years, had shined in public stations much to the honour and advantage of his country. But being at once oppressed by popular prejudice and a public censure, it was no wonder the Poet, to whom he was personally a stranger, should think hardly of him. I had the honour to be well known to that truly illustrious Person, and to be greatly obliged by him. From my intimate knowledge of his character, I was fully persuaded of his innocence, and that he was unwarily drawn in by a pack of infamous Cheats, to his great loss of fortune as well as reputation. At my request and information, therefore, the Poet with much satisfaction retracted, and struck out, in both places, his ill-grounded censure. I have since had the pleasure to understand, from the best authority, that these favourable sentiments of him have of late been fully justified in the course of some proceedings in the High Court of Chancery, the most unerring investigator of Truth and Falsehood.

WARBURTON.

This proceeding certainly does great honour to Dr. Warburton's gratitude and friendship. Sir R. gave him the living of Brand-broughton ; and the letter he wrote in his vindication appears in p. 144. of his *Life* by Bishop Hurd.

WARTON.

Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:

Damn'd

COMMENTARY.

VER. 107. *Yet, to be just, &c.*] Having thus shewn the *true use* of Riches in a description of the *abuse*; and how that use is perpetually defeated by *profusion* and *avarice*; it was natural to inquire into the spring and original of these vices; as the mischiefs they occasion must be well understood, before they can be corrected. The disposition of his matter, therefore, now calls upon him to come to the *Philosophy* of his subject: And he examines particularly into the *Motives* of *Avarice*: But what is observable, he, all along, satirically intermixes with the *real motives*, several *imaginary*; and those as wild as imagination could conceive. This, which at first sight might seem to vitiate the purpose of his philosophical inquiry, is found, when duly considered, to have the highest art of design. His business, the reader sees, was to prove that the real motives had the utmost extravagancy: Nothing could more conduce to this end, than the setting them by, and comparing them with, the most whimsical the fancy itself could invent; in which situation it was seen, that the real were full as wild as the fictitious. To give these images all the force they are capable of, he first describes (from ver. 118 to 123.) the real motive, and an imaginary one different from the real, in the *same person*; and then (from ver. 122 to 133.) an imaginary one, and a real the very same with the imaginary, in *different persons*. This address the Poet himself hints at, ver. 155.

“ Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,” &c.

Let me observe, that this has still a further beauty, arising from the nature of the poem, which (as we have shewn) is partly satirical, and partly philosophical. With regard to the particular beauties of this disposition, I shall only take notice of one; where the Poet introduces the fictitious motive of Blunt's avarice, by a wizard's prophecy:

“ At

NOTES.

VER. 105. *But the good Bishop,*] Formerly thus:

But rev'rend Sutton, with a softer air
Admits and leaves them——

WARTON.

Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere Charity should own, 111
Must act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.

P. Some War, some Plague, or Famine they foresee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me. 114

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
He thinks a Loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made Directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on Ven'son when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general Excise. 120

Why

COMMENTARY.

" At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
(So long by watchful Ministers withstood)
Shall deluge all; and *Av'rice* creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun," &c.

" See Britain sunk in lucre's fordid charms,
And France reveng'd on Anne's and Edward's arms!"

For it was the Poet's purpose to shew, that the main and principal
abuse of Riches arises from *AVARICE*. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 109. *Damn'd to the Mines,*] This is plainly taken from the Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety. " It has always been held," says this excellent writer, " the severest treatment of slaves and malefactors, *damnare ad metalla*, to force them to dig in the mines: now this is the covetous man's lot, from which he is never to expect a release. WARTON.

VER. 118. *To live on Ven'son*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of Venison was from three to five pounds. POPE.

VER. 120. *general Excise.*] Many people, about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation. POPE.

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?

Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wife Peter sees the World's respect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold:

Glorious

NOTES.

VER. 121. *Why she and Sappho*] See Note to the Letter to Lord Hervey.

VER. 123. *Wife Peter*] PETER WALTER, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession; as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer; extremely respected by the Nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his Wealth was never seen, and his Bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *necessary*. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him. POPE.

Peter Walter purchased Stalbridge Park, near Sherborne, a seat of the Boyle Family, now in possession of the Earl of Uxbridge, where he lived many years. He was a neighbour of Henry Fielding, who lived at East Stour, about four miles distant, and was supposed to be the character described by him in Tom Jones, the important "Peter Pounce."

"The manor of Stalbridge was purchased by Peter Walter, Esq. who was Clerk of the Peace for the county of Middlesex, steward to the Duke of Newcastle, and other Noblemen and Gentlemen. He acquired an immense fortune, *represented the borough of Bridport in Parliament, and died 1745, et. 83.*"

History of Dorset.

He resided, during the latter period of his life, in a spacious mansion within this Manor, where some particulars of him are still remembered. He had been assisted in making a favourite purchase by a dependant, who consequently expected a compensation: Mr. W. refused making any at his *own expence*, but promised to reward him at the expence of *some other person*. He accordingly prevailed on a neighbouring Baronet to lease to him a part of his demesne lands on terms so unusually advantageous, that they could not escape observation; the *taxes* and *parochial imposts* being charged

Glorious Ambition ! Peter, swell thy store, 125
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
'To just three millions stinted modest Gage.

But

NOTES.

on the occupier of the *adjoining farm*. The estate is still possessed by a daughter of the lessee, with all the advantages attached to it. A characteristic scene was described by a son of his bailiff, who, when a boy, attended his father in an evening on business at the Manor-House. They found its possessor sitting without light in a small room communicating with the kitchen. On their approach he applied a dry raspberry stick to his fire, and lighted a small candle which stood on the table before him ; but finding, on enquiry, that the present business required no light, he extinguished the candle, and continued the conversation in the dark. Notwithstanding his rigid parsimony, he exacted the respect usually paid to opulence ; for observing that the youth had continued with his hat on, supposing no extraordinary deference due to the great man's appearance, he rated him violently for his rusticity and inattention.

The story of the " Miser and the Candle," is not uncommon : but I have this account from undoubted authority. The other anecdote shews the propriety of Pope's epithet, " Wise Peter."

VER. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

POPE.

VER. 127. *The Crown of Poland, &c.*] The two persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realize above *three hundred thousand pounds* ; the Gentleman with a view to the purchase of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias.

POPE.

A country devoted to ruin by its ambitious and unjust neighbours ; who deserve the severest strokes of such a satirist as our Author.

WARTON.

VER. 128. *stinted modest Gage.*] " The names of these two persons were Mr. Gage, and Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of Wil-

But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
 Hereditary realms, and worlds of Gold. 130
 Congenial souls ! whose life one Av'rice joins,
 And one fate buries in th' Asturian Mines.

Much injur'd Blunt ! why bears he Britain's hate ?
 A wizard told him in these words our fate :

“ At

NOTES.

liam Marquis of Powis, who, dying October 1745, left in the hands of his executors and trustees an annuity of 200l. a-year to be paid to the use of this daughter, not for the payment of her many debts which she had contracted, but to keep her from wanting necessaries. William Marquis of Powis, son of the former, litigated the said will, but died while the suit was pending in the Ecclesiastical Court, leaving the residue of the lands and profits of his estates, after his debts should be paid, in the hands of trustees for the use of the Right Honourable Henry Arthur, then Lord Herbert, afterwards Earl of Powis, with whom he had no relation, friendship, or acquaintance ; which Arthur afterwards married Barbara Herbert, niece and heir at law of the latter Earl Powis. This man, by fair promises and threats, got the trustees of the first Earl to agree in obtaining administration with the will and codicil of the Marquis the father, annexed in May 1749, and then repented paying the annuity of 200l. to Mary Herbert, daughter of the said Marquis. As she now resided in France, she had obtained a promise there of being made Dame of Honour to the Queen of France ; which Lord Herbert hearing of, went out of England to dissuade her from accepting it, as being a disgrace to her and the family ; and promised he would pay her all the arrears of the annuity of 200l. due by her father's will, and would give her, over and above, 200l. a-year more. This he never performed, till after several suits of law the cause was brought to the House of Lords, who decreed both her annuities to be paid, with all arrears due in the year 1766. Throughout a long life, so little difference has this lady found between dreams and realities.”

From MSS. Notes of Mr. Bowyer.

WARTON.

VER. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt !*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-Sea Company,

“ At length Corruption, like a gen’ral flood, 135
 “ (So long by watchful Ministers withstood,)
 “ Shall deluge all ; and Av’rice creeping on,
 “ Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun ;
 “ Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks,
 “ Peerefs and Butler share alike the Box, 140
 “ And Judges job, and Bishops bite the town,
 “ And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
 “ See Britain sunk in lucre’s fordid charms,
 “ And France reveng’d on ANNE’S and EDWARD’S
 “ arms !”

’Twas

NOTES.

pany, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a Dissenter of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the Age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the misery of Party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against *Avarice* in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732. POPE.

VER. 137.

— *Av’rice creeping on,*

Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun ;]

The similitude is extremely apposite, implying that this vice is of base and mean original ; hatched and nursed up among Scriveners and Stock-jobbers, and unknown, till of late, to the Nobles of this land : But now, in the fulness of time, she rears her head, and aspires to cover the most illustrious stations in her dark and pestilential shade. The Sun, and other luminaries of Heaven, signifying, in the high eastern style, the Grandees and Nobles of the earth. SCRIBL.

WARBURTON.

The interpretation is here strained, but the illustration is correct and beautiful.

'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner ! fir'd thy
brain, 145

Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain :

No, 'twas thy righteous end, aham'd to see

Senates degen'rate, Patriots disagree,

And nobly wishing Party-rage to cease,

To buy both sides, and give thy Country peace. 150

“ All this is madness,” cries a sober sage :

But who, my friend, has reason in his rage ?

“ The

COMMENTARY.

VER. 151. “ *All this is madness,*” &c.] But now the *Sage*, who has confined himself to *books*, which prescribe the *government of the passions* ; and never looked out upon the world, where he might see them let loose, and, like Milton's devils, riding the air in whirlwind, cries out, *All this is madness*. True, replies the Poet (from ver. 151 to 177.), but this madness is a common one ; and only to be prevented by a severe attention to the rule laid down in the *Essay*,

“ Reason still use, to Reason still attend ;” Ep. ii. ver. 68.
for amongst the generality of men, and without the greatest circumspection,

“ The ruling *Passion*, be it what it will,

‘The ruling *Passion* conquers Reason still.”

But then (continues he), as senseless as this passion appears, by the sway of its overbearing bias, it would be still more senseless had it no bias at all : You have seen us here intermix with the *real*, the most *fantastical* and extravagant that imagination could invent ; yet even these are less extravagant than a *ruling Passion without a constant aim*. Would you know the reason ? then listen to this important truth : “ 'Tis HEAVEN itself that gives the *ruling Passion*, and thereby directs different men to different ends : But these being exerted through the ministry of NATURE (of whom the great

NOTES.

VER. 145. *fir'd thy brain*,] A Court-badge firing the brain, is surely an uncouth and improper expression. WARTON.

“ The Ruling Passion, be it what it will,
 “ The Ruling Passion conquers Reason still.”

Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame, 155
 Than ev’n that Passion, if it has no Aim ;
 For tho’ such motives Folly you may call,
 The Folly’s greater to have none at all.

Hear

COMMENTARY.

great Philosopher truly observes, *modum tenere nescia est*, Aug. Scient. l. ii. c. 13.), they are very apt to run into extremes : To correct which, Heaven, at the same time, added the moderatrix *Reason* ; not to take the *ruling Passion* out of the hands and ministry of *Nature*, but to restrain and rectify its irregular impulses (see *Essay*, Ep. ii. ver. 151, & seq.) ; and what extremes, after this, remained uncorrected in the administration of this *weak Queen* (ver. 140. Ep. ii.), the Divine Artist himself has, in his heavenly skill and bounty, set to rights ; by so ordering, that these of the *moral* world, like those of the *natural*, should, even by the very means of their contrariety and diversity, concur to defeat the malignity of one another :

“ Extremes in *Nature* equal good produce,
 Extremes in *Man* concur to gen’ral use.”

For as the various seasons of the year are supported and sustained by the reconciled extremes of *Wet* and *Dry*, *Cold* and *Heat* ; so all the *orders* and *degrees* of civil life are kept up by *Avarice* and *Profusion*, *Selfishness* and *Vanity*. The Miser being but the Steward of the Prodigal ; and only so much the more backward as the other is precipitate :

“ This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare ;
 The next, a Fountain, spouting thro’ his Heir.”

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 154. *conquers Reason still.*] See what is said before of the pernicious tenet of a Ruling Passion. WARTON.

VER. 158. *The Folly’s greater*] Verbatim from Rochefoucault.

WARTON.

Hear then the truth : “ ’Tis Heav’n each Passion
“ fends,

“ And diff’rent men directs to diff’rent ends. 160

“ Extremes in Nature equal good produce,

“ Extremes in Man concur to gen’ral use.”

Ask me what makes one keep, and one bestow ?

That Pow’r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,

Bids feed-time, harvest, equal course maintain, 165

Thro’ reconcil’d extremes of drought and rain,

Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,

And gives th’ eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal’d they lie,

Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. 170

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward steward for the Poor ;

This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare ;

The next, a Fountain, spouting thro’ his Heir,

In lavish streams to quench a Country’s thirst, 175

And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham’d his fortune and his birth,

Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :

What

COMMENTARY.

VER. 177. *Old Cotta sham’d his fortune, &c.*] The Poet now proceeds to support the principles of his Philosophy by *examples* ; but before we come to these, it will be necessary to look back upon the general economy of the Poem.

In

NOTES.

VER. 173. *This year a Reservoir,*] The same comparison was before used by Young, Sat. vi. line 34. Pope collected gold from many a dunghill ; for this allusion is taken from Fuller’s Church History, p. 28.

WARTON

What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
 His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot? 180
 His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
 With soups unbought and fallads blest'd his board?

If

COMMENTARY.

In the first part, to ver. 109. the *use* and *abuse* of Riches are *satirically* delivered in *precept*. From thence to ver. 177, the causes of the abuse are *philosophically* inquired into: And from thence to the end, the *use* and *abuse* are *historically* illustrated by *examples*. Where we may observe, that the conclusion of the *first* part, concerning the Miser's cruelty to others, naturally introduceth the *second*, by a satirical apology, which shews that he is full as cruel to himself: The explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon brings the Author into the *Philosophy* of his subject; and this ending in an observation of *Avarice* and *Profusion's* correcting and reconciling one another, as naturally introduces the *third*, which proves the truth of the observation from *fact*. And thus the *Philosophy* of his subject standing between his *Precepts* and *Examples*, gives strength and light to both, and receives it reflected back again from both.

He first gives us two examples (from ver. 176 to 219.) of these opposite *ruling Passions*, and (to see them in their full force) taken from subjects, as he tells us, *not void of wit or worth*; from such as could reason themselves as we see by ver. 183, & *seq.* and ver. 205, & *seq.*) into the whole length of each extreme: For the Poet had observed of the *ruling Passion*, that

“ Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
 Reason itself but gives it edge and power.”

Essay, Ep. ii. ver. 146.

Old *Cotta* and his *Son* therefore afforded him the most happy illustration of his doctrine.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 181. *His court with nettles, &c.*] Dr. Warton has taken from this striking passage occasion to point out the necessity, in Poetry, of using distinct and particular images. Although I could

IMITATIONS.

VER. 182. *With soups unbought*]

“ — dapibus menfas onerabat inemptis.” VIRG. POPE.

If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before ;

To

NOTES.

could not avoid thinking, in some places perhaps, "*Non nunc erat his locus*," yet the criticism is generally so just, I am sure I need make no apology for retaining the most essential part of it.

We cannot help smiling, perhaps, when Dr. Warton asks,—“After having passed over the moat full of cresses, do you not *actually* find yourself, in the middle court, overgrown with nettles? and do you not *bear the dog* who is going to assault you?” Without being quite so much *alarmed*, no person can view the minute, circumstantial, and highly-finished picture,

“Like some lone Chartreux,” &c.

without feeling very strongly the sensations it is intended to convey.

VER. 181. *His court with nettles,*] The use, the force, and the excellence of language, certainly consists in raising clear, complete, and circumstantial images, and in turning readers into spectators. Here is an eminent example of this excellence, of all others the most essential in poetry. Every epithet here used paints its object, and paints it distinctly. Among the other fortunate circumstances that attended Homer, it was not one of the least, that he wrote before general and abstract terms were invented. Hence his muse (like his own Helen standing on the walls of Troy) points out every person and thing accurately and forcibly. All the views and prospects he lays before us appear as fully and perfectly to the eye as that which engaged the attention of Neptune when he was sitting (*Iliad*, b. xiii. v. 12.),

Ἵψ' ἐπ' ακροατῆς κορυφῆς Σαμβ ὕλησσης,

Θρηικῆς· εὐθεν γὰρ εἴφαινετο πάσα μεν Ἰδῆ,

Φαίνεται δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις, καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.

Those who are fond of generalities may think the number of natural little circumstances, introduced in the beautiful narration of the expedition of Delon and Diomed (book the tenth), too particular and trifling, and below the dignity of epic poetry. But every reader of a just taste will always admire the minute description of the helmet and crest, at verse 257; the clapping of the wings

To cram the Rich was prodigal expence, 185
And who would take the Poor from Providence?

Like

NOTES.

wings of the heron which they could not see; the squatting down among the dead bodies till Dolon had passed; Ulysses hissing to Diomed as a signal; the striking the horses with his bow, because he had forgotten to bring his whip with him; and the innumerable circumstances which make this narration so lively, so dramatic, and so interesting. Half the Iliad and the Odyssey might be quoted as examples of this way of writing: so different from the unfinished, half-formed figures presented to us by many modern writers. How much is the pathetic heightened by Sophocles, when, speaking of Deianira determined to destroy herself, and taking leave of her palace, he adds, a circumstance that Voltaire would have disdained,

—— Κλαίει δ' ὀργάνων ὅτε

Ψαύσεινεν, οἷς ἐχρητο δειλαία παρὸς.

Among the Roman poets, Lucretius will furnish many instances of this sort of strong painting. Witness his portrait of a jealous man, book iv. v. 1130.

“ Aut quod in ambiguo verbum jaculata reliquit;
Aut nimium jactare oculos, aliumve tueri
Quod putat, in vultuque videt vestigia risus.”

Of Iphigenia going to be sacrificed, at the moment when,

——“ Mœstum ante aras astare parentem
Sensit, et hunc propter ferrum celare ministros.”

Of fear, in book iii. v. 155.

“ Sudores itaque et pallorem existeret toto
Corpore; et infringi linguam; vocemque aboriri;
Caligare oculos; sonere aures; succidere artus.”

Without specifying the various strokes of nature with which Virgil has described the prognostics of the weather in his first Georgic, let us only consider with what energy he has enumerated and particularized the gestures and attitudes of his dying Dido. No five verses ever contained more images more distinctly expressed:

“ Illa

Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall ;

No

NOTES.

“ Illa graves oculos conata attollere, rursus
Deficit ; infixum stridet sub pectore vulnus ;
Ter revoluta toro est ; oculisque errantibus, alto
Quæsit cælo lucem, ingemuitque repertâ.”

The words of Virgil have here painted the dying Dido as powerfully as the pencil of Reynolds has done when she is just dead. I once saw Mr. Garrick gesticulate every circumstance in this fine description. But none of the Roman writers has displayed a greater force and vigour of imagination than Tacitus, who was in truth a great poet. With what an assemblage of masterly strokes has he exhibited the distress of the Roman army under Cæcina, in the first book of the *Annals* ! “ Nox per diversa inquires ; cum barbari festis epulis, læto cantu, aut truci sonore, subjecta vallium, ac resultantis saltus, complerent. Apud Romanos, invalidi ignes, interruptæ voces, atque ipsi passim adjacerent vallo, oberrarent tentoriis, insomnes magis quam pervigiles, ducemque terruit dira quies.” And what a spectre he then immediately calls up, in the style of Michael Angelo ! “ Nam Quintilium Varum, sanguine oblitum, et paludibus emersum, cernere et audire visus est, velut vocantem, non tamen obsecutos, et manum intendentis repulisse.”

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because I think I can perceive many symptoms, even among writers of eminence, of departing from these true, and lively, and minute representations of Nature, and of dwelling in generalities. To these I oppose the testimony of, perhaps, the most judicious and elegant critic among the ancients : “ Proculdubio qui dicit expugnatam esse civitatem, complectitur omnia quæcunque talis fortuna recipit : sed in affectus minus penetrat brevis hic velut nuntius. At si aperias hæc quæ verbo uno inclusa erant, apparebunt effusa per domos ac templa flammæ, et ruentium tectorum fragor, et ex diversis clamoribus unus quidam sonus ; aliorum fuga incerta ; alii in extremo complexu suorum cohærentes, et infantium sæminarumque ploratus, et malè usque in illum diem servati fato senes ; tum illa profanorum sacrorumque direptio, efferentium prædas, repetentiumque discursus, et acti ante suum quisque prædonem catenati, et conata retinere

No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor found,
 No noon-tide bell invites the country round : 190
 Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,
 And turn th' unwilling steeds another way :
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
 Curse the fav'd candle, and unop'ning door ;
 While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate, 195
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his Son, he mark'd this oversight,
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
 (For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
 But what to follow, is a task indeed.) 200

Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
 More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raise.
 What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
 Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine !
 Yet no mean motive this profusion draws, 205
 His oxen perish in his Country's cause ;
 'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
 And Zeal for that great House which eats him up.
 The woods recede around the naked seat,
 The sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet : 210

Next

NOTES.

retinere infantem suum mater, et sicubi majus lucrum est, pugna inter victores. Licet enim hæc omnia, ut dixi, complectatur everfio, minus est tamen totum dicere quam omnia." WARTON.

VER. 200. Here I found two lines in the Poet's MS.

" Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
 More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raise ;"

which, as they seem'd to be necessary to do justice to the imaginary Character going to be described, I advis'd him to insert in their place.

WARBURTON.

The expression of " more qualities go," is surely faulty.

Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands ;
 Last, for his Country's Love, he sells his Lands.
 To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
 And shall not Britain now regard his toils, 215
 Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils ?
 In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless Country leaves him to her Laws.

The Sense to value Riches, with the Art
 T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart, 220
 Not

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
 And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord ;
 Where mad good-nature, bounty misapply'd,
 In lavish Curio blaz'd a-while and dy'd ;
 T'here Providence once more shall shift the scene,
 And shewing H—Y, teach the golden mean.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 219. *The Sense to value Riches, &c.*] The Author having now largely exposed the ABUSE of Riches by *example* ; not only the *Plan*, but the *Philosophy* of his Poem, required that he should, in the same way, shew the USE likewise : He therefore (from ver. 218 to 249.) calls for an Example, in which may be found, against the PRODIGAL, the *Sense to value Riches* ; against the VAIN, the *Art to enjoy them* ; and against the AVARICIOUS, the *Virtue to impart them*, when acquired. This whole ART (he tells us) may be comprized in one great and general precept, which is this : “ That the rich man should consider himself as the substitute of Providence, in this unequal distribution of things ; as the person who is
 “ *To ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n.*” WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 214. *burns a Pope.*] This was the common mode, at the time, of the people's expressing their detestation of

“ — the Devil, the Pretender, and the Pope.”

Poor Guy Faux, who is burnt every year, seems to bear all the odium at present.

Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude ;
 To balance Fortune by a just expence,
 Join with Economy, Magnificence ; 224
 With Splendor, Charity ; with Plenty, Health ;
 Oh teach us, BATHURST ! yet unspoil'd by wealth !
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To Worth or Want well weigh'd, be Bounty
 giv'n,

And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n ; 230
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race ;)
 Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd ;
 As Poison heals, in just proportion us'd :
 In heaps, like Ambergrise, a stink it lies, 235
 But well dispers'd, is Incense to the Skies.

P. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats ?
 The Wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that
 cheats.

Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
 Without a Fiddler, Platt'rer, or Buffoon ? 240

Whose

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 226. in the MS.

That secret rare, with affluence hardly join'd,
 Which W——n lost, yet B——y ne'er could find ;
 Still miss'd by Vice, and scarce by Virtue hit,
 By G——'s goodness, or by S——'s wit.

NOTES.

VER. 229. *To Worth or Want*] Lord Bathurst here makes
 amends for the sentiments attributed to him at the beginning of
 this Epistle.

Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
 Un-elbow'd by a Gamester, Pimp, or Play'r?
 Who copies Yours, or OXFORD's better part,
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
 Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene, 245
 And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
 There, English Bounty yet awhile may stand,
 And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
 Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS: 250
 Pleas'd

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,
 Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!

COMMENTARY.

VER. 249. *But all our praises why should Lords engross?*
Rise, honest Muse!]

This invidious expression of unwillingness that the Nobility should engross all the praise, is strongly ironical; their example having been hitherto given only to shew the *abuse* of Riches. But there is great justness of design, as well as agreeableness of manner, in the preference here given to the *Man of Ross*. The purpose of the Poet is to shew, that an immense fortune is not wanted for all the good that Riches are capable of doing: He therefore chuses such an instance, as proves, that a man with five hundred pounds a-year could become a blessing to a whole country; and, consequently, that his precepts for the right use of money, are of
 more

NOTES.

VER. 242. *or Play'r?*] Alluding to Cibber.

VER. 243. OXFORD's *better part*,] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl of Mortimer by Queen Anne. This Nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble Libraries in Europe.

POPE.

Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause refounds.

Who

COMMENTARY.

more general service than a bad heart will give an indifferent head leave to conceive. This was a truth of the greatest importance to inculcate: He therefore (from ver. 249 to 297.) exalts the character of a very private man, one Mr. J. Kyrle, of Herefordshire: And, in ending his description, struck as it were with admiration at a sublimity of *his own creating*, and warmed with sentiments of gratitude which he had raised in himself, in behalf of the public, he breaks out:

“ And what? no monument, inscription, stone?

His race, his form, his name almost unknown?”

And then, transported with indignation at a contrary object, he exclaims,

“ When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend

The wretch, who living fav'd a candle's end:

Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,

Belies his features, nay extends his hands.”

I take notice of this description of the portentous vanity of a miserable Extortioner, chiefly for the use we shall now see he makes of it, in carrying on his subject.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 246. *And Angels guard him in the GOLDEN MEAN!*] “ The idea of *this Guard*, says Warburton, very gravely, was prettily imagined, being taken from the Supporters of his Lordship's Arms!!!”

VER. 250. *The MAN of ROSS:*] The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription), was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire. POPE.

VER. 250. *Rise, honest Muse!*] These lines, which are eminently beautiful, particularly 267, containing a fine prosopopœia, have conferred immortality on a plain, worthy, and useful citizen of Herefordshire, Mr. John Kyrle, who spent his long life in

Who hung with woods yon mountain's fultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in uselefs columns toft, 255
 Or in proud falls magnificently loft,
 But clear and artlefs, pouring thro' the plain
 Health to the fick, and folace to the fwain.
 Whose Cause-way parts the vale with fhady rows?
 Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose? 260
 Who taught that heav'n-directed fpire to rife?
 "The MAN of ROSS!" each lifping babe replies.
 Behold the Market-place with poor o'erfpread!
 The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread;
 He feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of ftate,
 Where Age and Want fit fmiling at the gate: 266
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleft,
 The young who labour, and the old who reft.

Is

NOTES.

advancing and contriving plans of public utility. The Howard of his time; who deserves to be celebrated more than all the heroes of Pindar. The particular reason for which I mention them, is to observe the pleasing effect that the use of common and familiar words and objects, judiciously managed, produce in poetry. Such as are here, the words *causeway*, *seats*, *spire*, *market-place*, *alms-house*, *apprentic'd*. A fastidious delicacy, and a false refinement, in order to avoid meanness, have deterred our writers from the introduction of such words; but Dryden often hazarded it, and gave by it a secret charm, and a natural air to his verses, well knowing of what consequence it was sometimes to soften and subdue his hints, and not to paint and adorn every object he touched, with perpetual pomp and unremitted splendor. Mr. Kyrle was enabled to effect many of his benevolent purposes by the assistance of liberal subscriptions, which his character easily procured. This circumstance was communicated by Mr. Victor.

WARTON.

- Is any sick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door, 271
 Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile Attornies, now an uselefs race.
- B. Thrice happy man! enabl'd to pursue 275
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
 What mines, to swell that boundless charity?
- P. Of Debts, and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
 This man possest——five hundred pounds a year.
 Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw
 your blaze! 281
 Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
- B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
- P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his Name: 286
 Go,

NOTES.

VER. 269. *Is any sick?*] Warton mentions the pleasing effect which familiar words, such as causeway, spire, &c. have; but the beauty of this passage consists in the picturesque adjuncts; every circumstance forms an interesting little landscape. Pope has carried "*familiar words*," perhaps, too far, when he says,

"—— the med'cine makes, and gives."

VER. 281. *Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze, &c.*] In this sublime apostrophe, *proud Courts* are not bid to *blush* because *outripped* in virtue; for no such contention is supposed: but for being *outskined* in their own proper pretensions to Splendor and Magnificence. SCRIBL. WARBURTON.

VER. 286. *Will never mark*] As Voltaire did at Ferney, with this inscription: "Deo crexit Voltaire." WARTON.

Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor, makes all the history;
 Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
 Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been. 290
 When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
 The wretch, who living fav'd a candle's end:
 Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
 Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
 That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone. 296
 Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend!
 And see, what comfort it affords our end.

In

VARIATIONS.

VER. 287. Thus in the MS.

The Register inrolls him with his Poor,
 Tells he was born and dy'd, and tells no more.
 Just as he ought, he fill'd the space between;
 Then stole to rest, unheeded and unseen.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 297. *Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend!*
And see, what comfort it affords our end.]

In the first part of this Epistle, the Author had shewn, from *Reason*, that Riches abused afford no comfort either in life or death. In this part, where the same truth is taught by *examples*, he had, in the case of Cotta and his son, shewn, that they afford no comfort in *life*: the other member of the division remained to be spoken to:

“ Now

NOTES..

VER. 287. *Go, search it there,]* The Parish-register.

WARBURTON.

VER. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.]* The Poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large periwigs on bustos, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster, and elsewhere.

POPE.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-
hung,

The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung, 300

On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,

With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,

The George and Garter dangling from that bed

Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,

Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,

That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim! 306

Gallant

COMMENTARY.

“ Now see what comfort they afford our end.”

And this he illustrates (from ver. 298 to 335.) in the unhappy deaths of the last Villers, Duke of Buckingham, and Sir J. Cutler; whose profusion and avarice he has beautifully contrasted. The miserable end of these two extraordinary persons naturally leads the Poet into this reflection, truly humane, however ludicrously as well as ironically expressed :

“ Say, for such worth, are other worlds prepar'd?

‘Or are they both, in this, their own reward?’

And now, as if fully determin'd to resolve this doubtful question, he assumes the air and importance of a Professor ready addressed to plunge himself into the very depths of Theology :

“ A knotty point! to which we now proceed—”

when, on a sudden, the whole sense is changed,—

“ But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale.—Agreed.”

And thus, by the most easy transition, we are come to the concluding doctrine of his poem.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VFR. 305. *Great Villers lies—*] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about 50,000*l.* a-year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.

POPE.

“ When this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax, and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty king, and his

Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
 Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
 Of mimick Statesmen, and their merry King.

310

No

NOTES.

solemn chancellor ; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad ministers ; or, equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots ; one laments that such parts should have been devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chymist ; when he is a real bubble, and a visionary miser ; when ambition is but a frolic ; when the worst designs are for the foolishlest ends ; contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character. The portrait of this duke has been drawn by four masterly hands : Burnet has hewn it with a rough chissel : Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy that finishes while it seems to sketch : Dryden caught the living likeness : Pope completed the historical resemblance. Yet the abilities of this Lord appear in no instance more amazing, than that being exposed by two of the greatest Poets, he has exposed one of them ten times more severely. Zimri is an admirable portrait ; but Bayes an original creation. Dryden satirized Buckingham ; but Villers made Dryden satirize himself." Catalogue of Noble Authors, vol. ii. p. 77. WARTON.

VER. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham. POPE.

VER. 308. *Shrewsbury*] The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel ; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page. POPE.

VER. 308. *The bow'r*] This very infamous Countess of Shrewsbury was eldest daughter of Robert Brudenel Earl of Cardigan. Her husband was killed March 16, 1667. She afterwards married George Rodney Bridges, Esq. second son of Sir Thomas Bridges of Keynsham in Somersetshire, Knt. and died April 20, 1702. The noble house of Cliveden, so delightfully and superbly situated on the banks of the Thames, which had been the residence of Frederick Prince of Wales, who lived in it for many years with a proper dignity and magnificence, attended by many

of

No Wit to flatter, left of all his store !
 No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
 There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame ; this lord of uselefs thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, " Live like me."
 As well his Grace reply'd, " Like you, Sir John?
 " That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse ? 320
 Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blest'd ?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want ; he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325
 For very want ; he could not pay a dow'r.
 A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
 'Twas very want that fold them for two pound.
 What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend ? 330
 What

NOTES.

of the first geniuses of the age, was unfortunately burnt to the ground in May 1795, and nothing of its elegant furniture preserved from the flames but the fine tapestry that represented the Duke of Marlborough's victories. The beautiful Mask of Alfred was written and acted at Cliveden in 1744. In the duel mentioned above, the Duke of Buckingham had for his two seconds, captain Holmes and Mr. Jenkins. The Earl of Shrewsbury's seconds were Sir John Talbot of Laycock, and Mr. Bernard Howard. The Duke of Buckingham mortally wounded the Earl.

WARTON.

What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had !

Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,

“ Virtue ! and Wealth ! what are ye but a name ! ”

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd ?

Or are they both, in this, their own reward ? 336

A knotty point ! to which we now proceed.

But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale.—B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies

Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies ; 340

There

VARIATIONS.

VER. 337. in the former Editions :

That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,

Or tell a tale ?—A Tale.—It follows thus.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 339. *Where London's column, &c.*] For, the foregoing examples of *profusion* and *avarice* having been given, to shew that wealth misapplied was not *enjoyed*, it only remained to prove, that, in such circumstances, wealth became the *heaviest punishment* ; and this was the very point to conclude with, as it is the great MORAL of this instructive Poem ; which is to teach us, *how miserable men make themselves by not endeavouring to restrain the Ruling Passion, though it be indeed implanted in us by the Author of our Nature* ; while, at the same time, it is an answer to the latter part of the question,

“ Say,

NOTES.

VER. 339. *Where London's column,*] The Monument built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists. POPE.

VER. 340. *Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies ;*] It were to be wished, the *City monument* had been compared to something of more dignity : As, to the *Court-champion*, for instance, since, like him, it only spoke the sense of the Government. SCRIBL.

WARBURTON.

There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,
 A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious,

COMMENTARY.

“ Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar’d ?

Or are they both, in this, their own reward ?”

For the solution of which only, this Example was jocularly pretended to have been given.

All this, the Poet has admirably supported in the artful construction of his fable of Sir Balaam ; whose character is so drawn, as to let the Reader see he had it in his power to regulate the *ruling Passion* by Reason, as having in himself the seeds of integrity, religion, and sobriety. These are all gradually worked out by an insatiable *thirst of wealth* ; and this again (through a false sense of his own abilities in acquiring it) succeeded by as immoderate a *vanity* : Which will lead us to another beauty in the management of the Story. For, in order to see, in one concluding Example, the miseries of exorbitant wealth, ill employed, it was necessary to set before the Reader, at once, all the misuse that flowed both from *avarice* and *profusion*. The vices of the CITIZEN and the NOBLE, therefore, which were separated, and contrasted in the foregoing instances, are here shewn incorporated in a *Courtly Cit.* Perhaps it will be said, that the character has, by this means, the appearance of *two ruling Passions* : but those studied in human nature know the contrary ; and that *alieni appetens sui profusus*, is frequently as much one as either the profuse or avaricious apart. Indeed, this is so far from an inaccuracy, that it produces a new beauty. The *Ruling Passion* is of two kinds, the simple and the complex. The first sort, the Poet had given examples of before. Nothing then remained to complete his philosophic plan, but to conclude with the other. Let me only observe further, that the

Author,

NOTES.

VER. 341. *There dwelt a Citizen*] This tale of Sir Balaam, his progress and change of manners, from being a plodding, sober, plain, and punctual citizen, to his becoming a debauched and dissolute courtier and senator, abounds in much knowledge of life, and many strokes of true humour, and will bear to be compared to the exquisite history of Eugenio and Crofodes in one of Swift's *Intelligencers*.

WARTON.

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords, 345
 An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's :
 Constant at Church, and 'Change ; his gains were
 sure,

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Dev'l was piqu'd such faintship to behold,
 And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old : 350
 But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep ;

Then

COMMENTARY.

Author, in this Tale, has artfully summed up and recapitulated those three principal mischiefs in the *abuse* of money, which the *satirical* part of this Poem throughout was employed to expose, namely **AVARICE**, **PROFUSION**, and **PUBLIC CORRUPTION**.

“ Constant at Church, and 'Change ; his gains were sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.”——

“ Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the fair)
 The well-bred Cuckolds in St. James's air.”——

“ In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
 And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.”——

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 346. *An added pudding*] It would be curious to trace the origin of this old English custom :

“ With a pudding on *Sunday*, with stout humming liquor,
 And remnants of **LATIN**, to welcome the vicar !”

See that *old* excellent ballad, the “ Old Man's Wish,” where there is this note :

“ Though the *Poet* never eats any, yet he provides this dish for his guests ; but principally in observance of the *old* English custom, to let no Sunday pass without a pudding !”

Then full against his Cornish lands they roar, 355
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes :
“ Live like yourself,” was soon my Lady’s word ;
And lo ! two puddings smoak’d upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a Gem away :
He pledg’d it to the Knight, the Knight had wit,
So kept the Di’mond, and the rogue was bit. 364
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas’d his thought,
“ I’ll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;
“ Where once I went to church, I’ll now go twice—
“ And am so clear too of all other vice.”

The Tempter saw his time ; the work he ply’d ;
Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev’ry side, 370
Till

NOTES.

VER. 355. *Cornish*] The Author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives : When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off ; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people : Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities. POPE.

VER. 356. *lucky shore*.] The common people in Cornwall call, as impiously as inhumanely, a shipwreck on their shores, “ a God-send.” A ship, whose owner was unknown, if lost on the coast of Cornwall, would in general belong to the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall. There are, however, many exceptions. The Arundel Family claim any ship lost in Mount’s Bay. It is not generally known, that if there is a *living creature* on board, a cat or a dog, when a vessel is stranded, it is not considered in law as a wreck.

Till all the Demon makes his full descent
 In one abundant show'r of Cent per Cent,
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
 Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit, .375
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;
 What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,
 And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.

Things

NOTES.

VER. 377. *What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit, &c.*
 This is an admirable picture of human nature: In the entrance into life, all, but coxcombs-born, are modest; and esteem the favours of their superiors as marks of their benevolence: But if these favours happen to increase; then, instead of advancing in gratitude to our benefactors, we only improve in the good opinion of ourselves; and the constant returns of such favours make us consider them no longer as accommodations to our wants, or the hire of our service, but debts due to our merit: Yet, at the same time, to do justice to our common nature, we should observe, that this does not proceed so often from downright vice as is imagined, but frequently from mere infirmity; of which the reason is evident; for, having small knowledge, and yet an excessive opinion of ourselves, we estimate our merit by the passions and caprice of others; and this perhaps would not be so much amiss, were we not apt to take their favours for a declaration of their sense of our merits. How often, for instance, has it been seen, in the three learned Professions, that a Man, who, had he continued in his primeval meanness, would have circumscribed his knowledge within the modest limits of Socrates; yet, being *pushed up*, as the phrase is, has felt himself growing into a *Hooker*, a *Hales*, or a *Sydenham*; while, in the rapidity of his course, he imagined he saw, at every new station, a new door of science opening to him, without so much as staying for a Flatterer to let him in?

“ — Beatus enim jam

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia.” WARBURTON.

Things change their titles, as our manners turn :
 His Compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn ;
 Seldom at Church ('twas such a busy life) 381
 But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
 My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight ; 385
 He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite :
 Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please 'the fair)
 The well-bred cuckolds in 'St. James's air :
 First, for his Son a gay Commission buys,
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies : 390
 His Daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife ;
 She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.

In Britain's Senate he a feat obtains,
 And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.
 My Lady falls to play ; so bad her chance, 395
 He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;
 The House impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;
 The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs :
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown : 400
 The Devil and the King divide the Prize,
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

NOTES.

VER. 401. *The Devil and the King divide the Prize,*] This is to be understood in a very sober and *decent* sense ; as a Satire only on such Ministers of State (which History informs us have been found) who

IMITATIONS.

VER. 394. *And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.*]

“ ——— atque unum civem donare Sibylle.”

Juv.

who aided the *Devil* in his *temptations*, in order to foment, if not to make, Plots for the sake of confiscations. So sure always, and just, is our Author's satire, even in those places where he seems most to have indulged himself only in an elegant *badinage*. But this Satire on the abuse of the general laws of forfeiture for high treason, which laws all well-policed communities have found necessary, is by no means to be understood as a reflection on the Laws themselves; whose necessity, equity, and even lenity, have been excellently well vindicated in that very learned and elegant Discourse, intitled, *Some Considerations on the Law of Forfeiture for High Treason. Third Edition*, London, 1748. WARBURTON.

Methinks it was better in the former Editions, because shorter :

“ Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy prize,

And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.” WARTON.

VER. 402. *curse God*] Alluding to the second chapter of the Book of Job ; on which passage Warburton made (Divine Legislation, Book vi.) the following remarkable observation : “ The wife of Job acts a small part in this drama, but a very spirited one. Then said his wife unto him, ‘ Dost thou still retain thy integrity ? Curse God and die.’ Tender and pious ! He *might* see by this *prelude* of his spouse, what he was to expect from his friends. The Devil, indeed, *assaulted* Job, but he seems to have got possession of his wife !” p. 261. WARTON.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

 ARGUMENT.
Of the Use of RICHES.

THE Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the Word Taste, Ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is Good Sense, Ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, Ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and Rules will be but perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous, Ver. 65, &c. to 92. A description of the false Taste of Magnificence; the first grand Error of which is to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, Ver. 97. and the second, either in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the Repetition of the same too frequently, Ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false Taste in Books, in Music, in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments, Ver. 133, &c. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner,

manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and laborious part of mankind, Ver. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, Ver. 159, &c.] What are the proper Objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of Great Men, Ver. 177, &c. and finally the Great and Public Works which become a Prince, Ver. 191, to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

'Tis strange, the Miser should his Cares employ
 To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy :
 Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?

Not

COMMENTARY.

[EPISTLE IV.] The extremes of *Avarice* and *Profusion* being treated of in the foregoing Epistle ; this takes up one branch of the latter, the *Vanity of expensive Taste*, in people of wealth and condition ; and is therefore a corollary to the preceding, just as the Epistle on the *Characters of Women* is to that of the *Knowledge and Characters of Men*. It is equally estimable with the rest, as on other accounts, so likewise for exactness of method. But the nature of the subject, which is less philosophical, makes it capable of being analysed in a less compass.

VER. 1. 'Tis strange, &c.] The Poet's introduction (from ver. 1 to 39.) consists of a very curious remark, arising from his intimate knowledge of nature ; together with an illustration of that remark, taken from his observations on life. It is this, that Prodigal no more *enjoys* his profusion, than the Miser his rapacity. It was generally thought that *Avarice* only *kept*, without enjoyment ; but the Poet here first acquaints us with a circumstance in human life much more to be lamented, viz. that *Profusion* too can *communicate*, without it ; whereas *Enjoyment* was thought to be as peculiarly the reward of the *beneficent* passions (of which this has the appearance), as *want of enjoyment* was the punishment of the *selfish*. The phenomenon observed is odd enough. But if we look

NOTES.

VER. 1. 'Tis strange,] This Epistle was written and published before the preceding one ; and the placing it after the third, has occasioned some awkward anachronisms and inconsistencies.

WARTON.

Not for himself he fees, or hears, or eats ; 5
 Artists must chuse his Pictures, Music, Meats :
 He buys for Topham, Drawings and Designs,
 For Pembroke, Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins ;
 Rare

COMMENTARY.

look more narrowly into this matter, we shall find, that Prodigality, when in pursuit of *Taste*, is only a *mode of vanity*, and consequently as *selfish* a passion as even Avarice itself ; and it is of the ordonnance and constitution of all selfish passions, when growing to an excess, to defeat their own end, which is *Self-enjoyment*. But besides the accurate philosophy of this observation, there is a fine morality contained in it ; namely, that *ill-got* Wealth is not only as *unreasonably*, but as *uncomfortably*, squandered, as it was raked together ; which the Poet himself further insinuates in ver. 15.

“ What brought Sir Visto’s *ill-got wealth* to waste ? ”

—He then illustrates the above observation by divers examples in every branch of *wrong Taste* ; and to set their absurdities in the strongest light, he, in conclusion, contrasts them with several instances of the *true*, in the Nobleman to whom the Epistle is addressed. This disposition is productive of various beauties ; for, by this means, the introduction becomes an epitome of the body of the Epistle ; which, as we shall see, consists of general reflections on *Taste*, and particular examples of bad and good. And his friend’s example concluding the introduction, leads the Poet gracefully into the subject itself ; for the Lord, here celebrated for his good *Taste*, was now at hand to deliver the first and fundamental precept of it himself, which gives authority and dignity to all that follow.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 7. *Topham*,] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings.

POPE.

VER. 8. *For Pembroke, Statues*,] “ The soul of Inigo Jones,” says Mr. Walpole, “ which had been patronized by the ancestors of Henry Earl of Pembroke, seemed still to hover over its favourite Wilton, and to have assisted the Muses of Arts in the education of this noble person. The towers, the chambers, the scenes which Holbein, Jones, and Vandyck had decorated, and which Earl Thomas had enriched with the spoils of the best ages, received the last touches of beauty from Earl Henry’s hand.”

WARTON.

Rare monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone,
 And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane. 10
 Think we all these are for himself? no more
 Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
 Only to show, how many Tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste? 15
 Some Demon whisper'd, " Visto! have a Taste."
 Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,
 And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
 See! sportive Fate, to punish aukward pride,
 Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a Guide: 20
 A standing

NOTES.

VER. 9. *Hearne*] Well known as an Antiquarian.

VER. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.*] Two eminent Physicians: the one had an excellent Library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity. POPE.

VER. 11. *Think we all these*] The ostentation of this man of false taste is only here ridiculed; he has no enjoyment of either of the two objects of false magnificence here mentioned. WARTON.

VER. 17. *Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,*] The present rage of *Taste*, in this overflow of general Luxury, may be very properly represented by a *desolating pestilence*, alluded to in the word *visit*. WARBURTON.

VER. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a first Minister, who raised him to an Architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public Buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of Works. POPE.

Mr. Walpole speaks more favourably of this architect.

WARTON.

VER. 19. *See! sportive Fate, to punish aukward pride,*] Pride is one of the greatest mischiefs, as well as highest absurdities of our nature; and therefore, as appears both from profane and sacred

A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

You shew us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of Use.

Yet

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 22. in the MS.

Must Bishops, Lawyers, Statesmen have the skill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the Gospel, Gibbs the Law?

NOTES.

History, has ever been the more peculiar object of divine vengeance. But *awkward Pride* intimates such abilities in its owner, as eases us of the apprehension of much mischief from it; so that the Poet supposes such a one secure from the serious resentment of Heaven, though it may permit *fate* or *fortune* to bring him into that public contempt and ridicule, which his natural badness of heart so well deserves.

WARBURTON.

VER. 20. *Bids Bubo build,*] He means Bub Dodington's magnificent palace at Eastbury near Blandford, which he had just finished.

VER. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

POPE.

VER. 23. *You shew us, Rome*] “Never was protection and great wealth*,” says an able judge of the subject, “more generously and judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and artist, except envy. Though his own designs were more chaste and classic than Kent’s, he entertained him in his house till his death, and was more studious to extend his friend’s fame than his own. As we have few samples of architecture more antique and imposing than the colonnade within the court of his house in Piccadilly, I cannot help mentioning the effect it had on myself. I had not only never seen it, but had never heard of it, at least with any attention, when, soon after my return from Italy, I was invited

* Mr. Walpole, p. 108. Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iv.

Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules, 25
Fill half the land with Imitating Fools ;

Who

NOTES.

invited to a ball at Burlington-house. As I passed under the gate by night, it could not strike me. At day-break, looking out of the window to see the sun rise, I was surpris'd with the vision of the colonnade that fronted me. It seem'd one of those edifices in Fairy tales, that are rais'd by genii in a night's time." Pope having appear'd an excellent moralist in the foregoing Epistles, in this appears to be as excellent a connoisseur, and has given not only some of our first, but our best rules and observations on architecture and gardening, but particularly on the latter of these useful and entertaining arts, on which he has dwelt more largely, and with rather more knowledge of the subject. The following is copied *verbatim* from a little paper which he gave to Mr. Spence : " Arts are taken from nature ; and, after a thousand vain efforts for improvements, are best when they return to their first simplicity. A sketch or analysis of the first principles of each art, with their first consequences, might be a thing of most excellent service. Thus, for instance, all the rules of architecture might be reducible to three or four heads ; the justness of the openings ; bearings upon bearings ; the regularity of the pillars, &c. That which is not just in buildings is disagreeable to the eye (as a greater upon a lesser, &c.), and this may be called *the reasoning of the eye*. In laying out a garden, the first and chief thing to be consider'd is the genius of the place. Thus at Risks, now call'd Piercy Lodge, Lord * * * should have rais'd two or three mounts, because his situation is all a plain, and nothing can please without variety."

Mr. Walpole, in his elegant and entertaining History of Modern Gardening, has clearly prov'd that Kent was the artist to whom the English nation was chiefly indebted for diffusing a taste in laying out grounds, of which the French and Italians have no idea. But he adds, much to the credit of our Author, that Pope undoubtedly contributed to form Kent's taste. The design of the Prince of Wales's garden at Carlton House was evidently borrow'd from the Poet's at Twickenham. There was a little affected modesty in the latter, when he said, of all his Works he was most proud of his garden. And yet it was a singular effort of art and

Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make ;

Load

NOTES.

taste to impress so much variety and scenery on a spot of five acres. The passing through the gloom from the grotto to the opening day, the retiring and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the termination at the cypresses that lead up to his mother's tomb, are managed with exquisite judgment ; and though Lord Peterborough assisted him

“ To form his quincunx, and to rank his vines,” those were not the most pleasing ingredients of his little perspective. I do not know whether the disposition of the garden at Rousham, laid out by General Dormer, and, in my opinion, the most engaging of all Kent's works, was not planned on the model of Mr. Pope's, at least in the opening and retiring “ shades of Venus's Vale.”

It ought to be observed, that many years before this Epistle was written, and before Kent was employed as an improver of grounds, even so early as the year 1713, Pope seems to have been the very first person that censured and ridiculed the formal French, Dutch, false and unnatural mode in gardening, by a paper in the Guardian, No. 173, levelled against capricious operations of art, and every species of verdant sculpture and inverted nature ; which paper abounds with wit as well as taste, and ends with a ridiculous catalogue of various figures cut in evergreens. Neither do I think that these four lines in this Epistle,

“ Here Amphitrite fails thro' myrtle bow'rs ;

There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs :

Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,

And swallows roost on Nilus' dusty urn ;”

do at all excel the following passage in his Guardian :

“ A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guildhall. I know of an eminent cook who beautified his country-seat with a coronation dinner in greens, where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at the end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.”

But

Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
 Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate ; 30
 Reverse

NOTES.

But it was the vigorous and creative imagination of Milton, superior to the prejudices of his time, that exhibited in his Eden the first hints and outlines of what a beautiful garden should be ; for even his beloved Ariosto and Tasso, in their luxuriant pictures of the gardens of Alcina and Armida, shewed they were not free from the unnatural and narrow taste of their countrymen ; and even his master, Spenser, has an artificial fountain in the midst of his bower of bliss.

I cannot forbear taking occasion to remark in this place, that in the sacred drama, intitled L'Adamo, written and published at Milan, in the year 1617, by Gio Battista Andreini, a Florentine, which Milton certainly had read, (and of which Voltaire has given so false and so imperfect an account in his *Essays on the Epic Poets*,) the prints that are to represent Paradise are full of clipt hedges, square parterres, straight walks, trees uniformly lopt, regular knots and carpets of flowers, groves nodding at groves, marble fountains, and water-works. And yet these prints were designed by Carlo Antonio Proccachini, a celebrated landscape painter of his time, and of the school of the Carraches : many of those works are still admired at Milan. To every scene of this drama is prefixed a print of this artist's designing. The poem, though wild and incorrect, has many strokes of genius. The author was an actor.

It hence appears, that this enchanting art of modern gardening, in which this kingdom claims a preference over every nation in Europe, chiefly owes its origin and its improvements to two great poets, Milton and Pope. May I be suffered to add, in behalf of a favourite author, and who would have been a first-rate poet, if his style had been equal to his conceptions, that the Seasons of Thomson have been very instrumental in diffusing a general taste for the beauties of nature and landscape ?

WARTON.

VER. 29. *Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,*] In which there is a complication of absurdities, arising both from their different *natures* and *forms* : For the one being for *religious service*, and the other only for *civil amusement*, it is impossible that the profuse and lascivious ornaments of the latter should become the

modesty

Reverse your Ornaments ; and hang them all
 On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall ;
 Then

NOTES.

modesty and sanctity of the other. Nor will any examples of this vanity of dress in the sacred buildings of antiquity justify this imitation ; for those ornaments might be very suitable to a Temple of Bacchus, or Venus, which would ill become the sobriety and purity of the Christian Religion.

Besides, it should be considered, that the form of a Theatre would not permit the architectonic ornaments to be placed but on the outward face ; whereas those of a *Church* may be as commodiously, and are more properly, put within ; particularly in great and close pent-up Cities, where the incessant driving of the smoke, in a little time, corrodes and destroys all outward ornaments of this kind ; especially if the members, as in the common taste, be small and little.

Our Gothic ancestors had juster and manlier notions of magnificence, on Greek and Roman ideas, than these Mimics of *Taste*, who profess to study only classic elegance. And because the thing does honour to the genius of those Barbarians, I shall endeavour to explain it. All our ancient Churches are called, without distinction, *Gothic* ; but erroneously. They are of two sorts ; the one built in the *Saxon* times ; the other in the *Norman*. Several *Cathedral* and *Collegiate* Churches of the first sort are yet remaining, either in the whole or in part : of which, this was the Original : When the Saxon kings became Christian, their piety (which was the piety of the times) consisted in building Churches at home, and performing pilgrimages abroad, especially to the Holy Land : and these spiritual Exercises assisted and supported one another. For the most venerable as well as most elegant models of religious edifices were then in Palestine. From these, our Saxon Builders took the whole of their ideas, as may be seen by comparing the drawings which travellers have given us of the Churches yet standing in that country, with the Saxon remains of what we find at home ; and particularly in that sameness of style in the *later* religious edifices of the Knights Templars (professedly built upon the model of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem) with the earlier remains of our Saxon Edifices. Now the architecture of the Holy Land was Grecian, but greatly fallen from its ancient elegance.

Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front.

Shall

NOTES.

elegance. Our Saxon performance was indeed a bad copy of it; and as much inferior to the works of St. Helene and Justinian, as theirs were to the Grecian models they had followed: Yet still the footsteps of ancient art appeared in the circular arches, the entire columns, the division of the entablature, into a sort of Architrave, Frize, and Corniche, and a solidity equally diffused over the whole mass. This, by way of distinction, I would call the SAXON Architecture.

But our Norman works had a very different original. When the *Goths* had conquered Spain, and the genial warmth of the climate, and the religion of the old inhabitants, had ripened their wits, and inflamed their mistaken piety, (both kept in exercise by the neighbourhood of the Saracens, through emulation of their science and aversion to their superstition), they struck out a new species of Architecture unknown to Greece and Rome; upon original principles and ideas much nobler than what had given birth even to classical magnificence: For this northern people having been accustomed, during the gloom of Paganism, to worship the Deity in GROVES (a practice common to all nations), when their new religion required covered edifices, they ingeniously projected to make them resemble *Groves*, as nearly as the distance of Architecture would permit; at once indulging their old prejudices, and providing for their present conveniencies, by a cool receptacle in a sultry climate. And with what skill and success they executed the project by the assistance of Saracen Architects, whose exotic style of building very luckily suited their purpose, appears from hence, That no attentive observer ever viewed a regular Avenue of well-grown trees, intermixing their branches over head, but it presently put him in mind of the long Visto through a Gothic Cathedral; or ever entered one of the larger and more elegant Edifices of this kind, but it represented to his imagination an Avenue of trees. And this alone is what can be truly called the GOTHIC style of Building.

Under this idea, of so extraordinary a species of Architecture, all the irregular transgressions against art, all the monstrous offences against nature, disappear; every thing has its reason,
every

Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar, 35
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;

Conscious

NOTES.

every thing is in order, and an harmonious Whole arises from the studious application of means, proper and proportioned to the end. For could the *Arches* be otherwise than *pointed* when the Workman was to imitate that curve which branches of two opposite trees make by their intersection with one another? Or could the *Columns* be otherwise than split into distinct shafts, when they were to represent the Stems of a clump of Trees growing close together? On the same principles they formed the spreading ramification of the stone-work in the windows, and the stained glass in the interstices; the one to represent the branches, and the other the leaves, of an opening Grove; and both concurred to preserve that gloomy light which inspires religious reverence and dread. Lastly, we see the reason of their studied aversion to *apparent* solidity in these stupendous masses, deemed so absurd by men accustomed to the *apparent* as well as *real* strength of Grecian Architecture. Had it been only a wanton exercise of the Artist's skill, to shew he could give real strength without the appearance of any, we might indeed admire his superior science, but we must needs condemn his ill judgment. But when one considers, that this surprising lightness was necessary to complete the execution of his idea of a Sylvan place of worship, one cannot sufficiently admire the ingenuity of the contrivance.

This too will account for the contrary qualities in what I call the *Saxon Architecture*. These Artists copied, as has been said, from the churches in the Holy Land, which were built on the models of the Grecian Architecture; but corrupted by prevailing barbarism; and still further depraved by a religious idea. The first places of Christian worship were Sepulchres and subterraneous caverns, low and heavy from necessity. When Christianity became the Religion of the State, and sumptuous Temples began to be erected, they yet, in regard to the first pious ages, preserved the massive Style; made still more venerable by the *Church of the Holy Sepulchre*; where this style was, on a double account, followed and aggravated.

Such as is here described was *GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE*. And it would be no discredit to the warmest admirers of *Jones* and *Palladio* to acknowledge it hath its merit. They must at least confess

Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear : 40
Something

COMMENTARY.

VER. 39. *Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth,—]*

and in this artful manner begins the body of the Epistle.

I.

The first part of it (from ver. 38 to 99.) delivers rules for attaining to the MAGNIFICENT in just expence ; which is the same in Building and Planting, that the SUBLIME is in Painting and Poetry ; and consequently, the qualities necessary for the attainment of both must be analogous.

1. The

NOTES.

it had a nobler birth, though an humbler fortune, than the GREEK and ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.—The Reader may see Sir Christopher Wren's account of this matter from some papers of his, published since the printing this, in a book called *Parentalia*, page 273—297—306-7-8—355, and then judge for himself.

WARBURTON.

See Wren's *Parentalia*, the Preface to Bentham's History of Ely Cathedral, in which it is said he was assisted by Gray.

WARTON.

VER. 30. *Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate ;]* This absurdity seems to have arisen from an injudicious imitation of what these Builders might have heard of, at the entrance of the ancient Gardens of Rome : But they do not consider, that those were *public Gardens*, given to the people by some great man after a triumph ; to which, therefore, *Arcs* of this kind were very suitable ornaments.

WARBURTON.

VER. 36. *Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;]* In the foregoing instances, the Poet exposes the absurd imitation of foreign and discordant *manners* in *public* buildings ; here he turns to the still greater absurdity of taking their models from a discordant *climate*, in their *private* ; which folly, he supposes, may be more easily redressed, as men will be sooner brought to feel for themselves than to see for the public.

WARBURTON.

Something there is more needful than Expence,
 And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense :
 Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
 And though no Science, fairly worth the seven :
 A Light, which in yourself you must perceive ; 45
 Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,

To

COMMENTARY.

I. The first and fundamental, he shews (from ver. 38 to 47.) to be SENSE :

“ *Good Sense*, which only is the gift of Heav'n ;
 And tho' no Science, fairly worth the seven.”

And for that reason ; not only as it is the foundation and parent of them all, and the constant regulator and director of their operations ; or, as the Poet better expresses it,—*of every art the soul* ; but likewise as it alone can, in case of need, very often supply the offices of every one of them. WARBURTON.

VER. 47. *To build, to plant, &c.*] 2. The next quality, for dignity and use, is TASTE, and but the next : For, as the Poet truly observes, there is—*something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense* ; and this in the order of things : For *Sense* is a taste and true conception of *Nature* ; and *Taste* is a sense or true conception of *beautiful Nature* ; but we must first know the essences of things, before we can judge truly of their qualities : The business of *Taste*, therefore, in the pursuit of *magnificence*, is as the Poet shews us (from ver. 46 to 65.), 1. (to ver. 51.) To catch or lay hold on *Nature*, where she appears most in her charms. 2. (to ver. 57.) To adorn her, when taken, as best suits her dignity and quality ; that is, to dress her in the light and modest habit of a Virgin, not
load

NOTES.

VER. 46. *Le Nôtre*] The architect of the groves and grottos of Versailles : He came hither on a mission to improve our taste. He planted St. James's and Greenwich Parks : no great monuments of his invention. Walpole on Gardening, p. 278.

To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot ;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.

50
But

COMMENTARY.

load her with the gaudy ornaments of a Prostitute. This rule observed, will prevent a transgression in the following, which is, not to let all her beauties be seen at once, but in succession ; for that advantage is inseparable from a graceful and well-dressed person. 3. (to ver. 65.) To take care that the ornaments be well directed to that part, which it is your purpose to adorn ; and as, in dressing out a modest Fair (which is the Poet's own comparison), the colours are suited to her complexion ; the stuff, to the proportion of her person ; and the fashion, to her air and shape ; so in ornamenting a Villa, *the rise or fall of waters* should correspond to its acclivities or declivities ; the *artificial hills or vales*, to its cover or exposure ; and the manner of *calling in the country*, to the disposition of its aspect. But again, as in the illustration, whatever be the variety in colour, stuff, or fashion, they must still be so suited with respect to one another, as to produce an agreement and harmony in their assemblage : so woods, waters, mountains, vales, and vistas must, amidst all their diversity, be so disposed with a relation to each other, as to create a perfect symmetry resulting from the whole ; and this, the *Genius* of the place, when religiously consulted, will never fail to inform us of ; who, as the Poet says,

“ Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines ;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.”

And this is a full and complete description of the *office of Taste*.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 50. *In all, let Nature*] In Castell's Villas of the Ancients, folio, London, 1728, may be seen how much the celebrated Tuscan villa resembled our gardens, as they were planned a few years ago. Pliny's villa was like his genius.

WARTON.

VER. 50. *In all, let Nature*] Notwithstanding all the objections which of late have been made to the method of laying out grounds pursued by Brown, &c. it ought always to be remembered, that both Pope and Kent, and Shenstone, and afterwards Brown (for I do not mention Milton, because he was not a practical gardener), were the first who *approached* towards Nature, in discard-

ing

But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare ;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.

He

NOTES.

ing the artificial style and trim quaintnesses which were considered the great ornaments of garden-scenery before their time. Let them at least have this merit. If, as is very true, they carried their ideas *too far*—if their perpetual line of *beauty* be tiresome, and their ornaments, the laurel circus's, their “terminated points,” the *edged waters*, are to the eye of the GREAT POET OR PAINTER but so many littlenesses, as *insipid* as the artificial objects, the clipped hedges, and the cut yews they supplanted, were *unnatural* ; yet the merit of having first opened the eye of taste to *more natural* combinations of beauty, ought not to be denied them. Nor should they be decried as the *subverters* of rural beauty, instead of being considered the *first promoters* ; for no one can say but that *clumps*, however *round* and black, are handsomer, and more natural, than *trees* cut into “dragons,” &c.

It remained for an ingenious and eloquent writer of the present age, a gentleman of fortune*, of taste, and originality of thinking, accurately to distinguish the characters of the “*beautiful* and *picturesque* ;” and he has opened the English eye to ampler and nobler views of Landscape Gardening ; such as Milton, when he meditated his sublimest rural picture, would have approved. I still, however, think he carries his ideas, particularly respecting foregrounds, too far ; and that he is somewhat too hard in his strictures on those who, after all, were the first to inculcate, whatever might have been their practice,

“ ——— let NATURE never be forgot !”

Dr. Warton mentions Milton and Pope as the Poets to whom English Landscape is indebted. He forgot poor Shenstone !

VER. 53. *Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.*]

The late lamented Thomas Warton, in his excellent edition of Milton's Poems, has, as usual, with as much taste as good sense, most clearly elucidated this point :

“ Where

* Essay on Picturesque, by H. Price, Esq.

He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds, 55
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Consult the Genius of the Place in all ;
That tells the Waters, or to rise or fall ;
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the Heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale ; 60
Calls in the Country, catches op'ning Glades,
Joins willing Woods, and varies Shades from Shades ;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines ;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still

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“ Where only a little is seen, more is left to the imagination. These symptoms of an old palace, especially when thus disposed, have a greater effect, than a discovery of larger parts, and a full display of the whole. The embosomed battlements, and the spreading top of the tall grove, on which they reflect a reciprocal charm, still further interest the fancy ; whilst *just enough* of the *towering structure* is shewn, to make an accompaniment to the tufted expanse of venerable verdure, and to compose a picturesque association. Modern seats are seldom so deeply ambushed : they disclose their glories at once, and never excite expectation by concealment, by gradual approaches, and by interrupted appearances.” Edition of Milton, p. 54.

VER. 58. *That tells the Waters,*] Would it not give life and vigour to the noble *protopopæia*, if we were to venture to alter only one word, and read, in the second line,

He tells the Waters ———
instead of

That tells? ———

Our Author is never happier than in his allusions to Painting, an art he so much admired and understood : So below, at ver. 81.

“ The wood *supports* the plain, the parts *unite*,
And *strength* of *shade* contends with *strength* of *light*.”

Indeed, the two arts in question differ only in the materials which they employ

WARTON.

Still follow Sense, of ev'ry art the soul, 65
 Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole,
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike from Chance ;
 Nature

COMMENTARY.

VER. 65. *Still follow Sense, &c.*] But now when *Good Sense* has led us up to *Taste*, our fondness for the elegancies of our new mistress, oftentimes occasions us to neglect the plainness and simplicity of the old ; we are but too apt to forsake our Guide, and to give ourselves up solely to *Taste*. Our Author's next rule, therefore, 3. is, *Still to follow Sense*, and let *Sense* perpetually accompany us through all the works of *Taste*.

“ Still follow Sense, of ev'ry Art the Soul.”
 That is, *Good Sense* should never be a moment absent from the works of *Taste*, any more than the soul from the body ; for just as the soul animates and informs every air and feature of a beauteous body, so *Sense* gives life and vigour to all the productions of *Taste*.
 WARBURTON.

VER. 66. *Parts answ'ring Parts, &c.*] The Poet then explains the particular advantages of the union of *Sense* with *Taste* (from this verse to 71.). 1. That the beautiful parts which *Taste* has laid out and contrived, *Sense* makes to answer to one another, and to *slide* naturally, without violence, *into a whole*. 2. That many beauties will *spontaneously* offer themselves, suggested from the very necessity which *Sense* lays upon us, of conforming the parts to the whole, which no original invention of *Taste* would have supplied. 3. A third advantage is, that you are then always sure to have *Nature on your side* ;

“ Nature shall join you”——

The expression is important ; when we were bid to *begin with Sense*, we were shewn how this would lead us to *Taste* in the pursuit of *Nature* : but now, that he bids us to go on with *Sense*, or *still to follow it*, after having arrived at *Taste*, he tells us, that *Nature* will then join us of her own accord : This has a great beauty, which arises from the philosophic truth of the observation. For, as we observed before, *Sense* being a right conception of *Nature*, and *Taste* a right conception of *beautiful Nature* ; when these are in conjunction, *Nature* can stand out no longer, but presents herself to you without further pains or search.
 WARBURTON.

Nature shall join you ; Time shall make it grow

A Work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

70.

Without it, proud Versailles ! thy glory falls ;
And Nero's Terraces desert their walls :

The

COMMENTARY.

VER. 71. *Without it, proud Versailles ! &c.*] To illustrate this doctrine, the Poet next shews us (from ver. 70 to 99.), that without this continued support of *Good Sense*, things even of the *highest Taste* and *utmost Magnificence*, such as the Buildings of *Versailles*, the Gardens of *Villario*, and the Groves of *Sabinus* (which are the instances he gives), all, in a very little time, come to nothing ; and no wonder : for the exercise of *Taste* WITHOUT SENSE is, where something that is *not beautiful Nature* is mistaken for it, and *ornamented* as beautiful Nature should be ; these ornaments, therefore, being destitute of all real support, must be continually subject to change. Sometimes the owner himself will grow weary of them (as

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VER. 69. *Nature shall join you ;*] I recollect no Ancient that had so just a taste as Atticus, who preferred Tully's house at Arpinum to all his other houses ; declaring a contempt of the laboured magnificence, marble pavements, artificial canals, and forced streams of the villas of Italy, compared with the natural beauties of this place. De Legibus, lib. ii.

Every reader of taste, we presume, must be acquainted with the English garden of Mr. Maſon, and with the commentary and notes upon it by Mr. Burgh.

WARTON.

VER. 70. The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire.

POPE.

VER. 71. *proud Versailles !*] Every instance of false taste and false magnificence is to be found at Versailles.

WARTON.

VER. 72. This line is obscure ; it is difficult to know what is meant by the terraces *deserting* their walls. In line 172, below, is another obscurity, “ his hard heart denies,”—it does not immediately occur *whose* heart. In line 71, “ Without it,” is obscure. Without what ? Good sense, he means, which is too far disjoined in the context.

WARTON.

The vast Parterres a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo ! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake :
 Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain, 75
 You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.

Ev'n

COMMENTARY.

(as in the case of *Villario*), and find at last, that *Nature* is to be preferred before them :

“ Tir'd of the scene *Parterres* and *Fountains* yield,

He finds at last, he better likes a *Field*.”

Sometimes, again, the Heir (like *Sabinus's*) will be changing a bad Taste for a worse :

“ One *boundless green*, or *flourish'd carpet* views,

With all the *mournful family* of *Yews*.”

So that *mere Taste* standing expos'd between the *true* and *false*, like the decent man between the rigidly virtuous and thoroughly profligate, hated and despised by both, can never long support itself : and with this, the first part of the Epistle concludes.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 74. *Lo ! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake :*] An high compliment to the noble person on whom it is bestowed, as making him the *substitute of good Sense*.—This office, in the original plan of the Poem, was given to another Man of Taste, Bridgman ; who not having the Sense to see that a compliment was intended him, it convinced the Poet that it did not belong to him.

WARBURTON.

The garden at Stowe, which in Pope's time was a “ work to wonder at,” may be considered now, with its temples, shell-grottos, and *half-moon* of *Heads* (called the “ *Temple of British Worthies*”), almost as unnatural and absurd, as the gardens which Pope ridiculed. I do not deny, however, that, taken altogether, without so many obtrusive ornaments, it has an air of *beauty* and *pomp*, such as become the cultivated residence of a British Peer ; nor do I wish to take from the merit of the first designers.

VER. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,*
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.]

This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000*l.* by which means (merely to overlook a dead

Ev'n in an ornament its place remark;

Nor in an Hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten-years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet; 80
The Wood supports the Plain, the parts unite,
And strength of Shade contends with strength of
Light;

A waving

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dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

POPE.

VER. 77. *Ev'n in an ornament*] These lines are as ill-placed, and as injudicious, as the busto they were designed to censure. Pope imbibed an aversion to this excellent man from Bolingbroke, who hated Clarke, not only because he had written a book which this declamatory philosopher could not confute, but because he was a favourite of Queen Caroline. In Pope's MSS. were two lines on Dr. *Alured Clarke*, Dean of *Exeter*, who must not be confounded with the *Rector of St. James's*:

"Let Clarke tire half his days the Poor's support,

But let him pass the other half at Court;"

for he was instrumental in building our two first county hospitals at Winchester and at Exeter.

WARTON.

Dr. Clarke, in the Hermitage of Richmond Park, is not more ridiculous than the "British Worthies" are, at Stowe.

VER. 78. *set Dr. Clarke.*] Dr. S. Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Doctor duly frequented the Court.

POPE.

But he should have added—with the innocence and disinterestedness of an Hermit.

WARBURTON.

VER. 82. *And strength of Shade*] After celebrating Kent as very instrumental in promoting the new and just taste in gardening, Mr. Walpole adds, "Just as the encomiums are that I have bestowed on Kent, he was neither without assistance or faults. Whoever would search for his faults will find an ample crop in a very favourite work of his, the Prints for Spenser's Fairy Queen. As

A waving Glow the bloomy beds display,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er— 85
 Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
 Tir'd of the scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
 He finds at last, he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus
 stray'd,

Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade, 90
 With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
 His Son's fine Taste an op'ning Vista loves,
 Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;
 One boundless Green, or flourish'd Carpet views, 95
 With all the mournful family of Yews;

The

NOTES.

the drawings were exceedingly cried up by his admirers, the blame was unjustly thrown on the engraver. His celebrated monument of Shakespeare in the Abbey was preposterous. WARTON.

VER. 83. *A waving Glow*] These three lines are full of gay and florid epithets, well adapted to the subject. WARTON.

VER. 88. *he better likes a Field.*] The late Earl of Leicester, being complimented upon the completion of his great design at Holkham, replied, "It is a melancholy thing to stand alone in one's country. I look round; not a house is to be seen but mine. I am the giant of Giant-castle, and have ate up all my neighbours." WARTON.

VER. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundless Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flourish'd Carpet*, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent. POPE

The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What fums are thrown away!"

So

COMMENTARY.

II.

VER. 99. *At Timon's Villa, &c.*] As the first part ended with exposing the works of *Taste without Sense*, the second begins with a description (from ver. 98 to 173.) of *false Magnificence* WITHOUT EITHER SENSE OR TASTE, in the gardens, buildings, table furniture, library, and way of living of Lord *Timon*; who, in none of these, could distinguish between greatness and vastness; between regularity and form; between dignity and state; nor between learning and pedantry. But what then? says the Poet, resuming here the great principle of his Philosophy (which these Moral Epistles were written to illustrate, and consequently, on which they are all regulated), though

"Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy Fool,
And needs no *Rod*——"

yet the punishment is confined as it ought; and the evil is turned to the benefit of others: For

"— hence the Poor are cloth'd, the Hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his Infants bread
The Lab'rer bears; what his *hard heart* denies,
His *charitable vanity* supplies."

WARBURTON,

NOTES.

VER. 95. *Carpet views,*] His "*fine taste views,*" is an inaccurate expression, and hardly grammar; at least, an harsh combination of words.

WARTON.

VER. 96. *mournful family of Yews;*] Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of Evergreens (particularly Yews, which are the most tonsile,) as to destroy the nobler Forest-trees to make way for such little ornaments as Pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral procession. POPE.

VER. 99. *At Timon's Villa*] This description is intended to comprize the principles of a false Taste of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but Good Sense can attain it.

POPE.

So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air, 101
Soft and Agreeable come never there.

Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

To compass this, his building is a Town, 105

His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:

Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,

A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!

Lo,

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VER. 99. *Timon's Villa*] However the sacred duty of gratitude might be violated, as is generally supposed in this instance, it must be allowed that the satire on that mistaken Taste, which supposed Magnificence to consist in excessive Expence, is judicious. It is said that many particulars in the Duke of C.'s establishment corresponded with the description as minutely as the Poet could venture to make it. He seems to have fallen into an error not uncommon in the concluding verses, "Hence the Poor are fed," &c.: These effects would more certainly result from employment on *productive* labour, which, without impoverishing the proprietor, increases the public stock, and permanently improves the condition of the labourer.

VER. 103. *Greatness, with Timon,*] The first edition of this Epistle was in folio, 1731. A spurious one was published in octavo, 1732, with many severe remarks by Concanen and Welsted, as was supposed; to which was prefixed a print designed by Hogarth, in which Pope is represented standing on a builder's high stage, and white-washing the great gate-way of Burlington-house, and at the same time bespattering the coach of the Duke of Chandos passing by. Hogarth suppressed this print, which is now become very valuable. It is remarkable our Author never once names Hogarth, though he had so many opportunities of doing it.

WARTON.

VER. 104. *all Brobdignag*] It is worth mentioning, that two pieces of burlesque poetry, one on *Pygmies*, by Moreau the preceptor of Scarron, and the other by Scarron himself, on *Giants*, bear a close resemblance to the Lilliput and the Brobdignac of Swift.

WARTON.

Lo, what huge heaps of littlenefs around !
 The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground. 110
 Two Cupids squirt before : a Lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
 His Gardens next your admiration call,
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall !
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene, 115
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;
 Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other.
 The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trées ; 120
 With here a Fountain, never to be play'd ;
 And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade ;
 Here

NOTES.

VER. 109. *heaps of littleness, &c.*] After all, what is the impression we receive on viewing so magnificent a pile as Blenheim? Grandeur; which was the idea intended to be excited! Mr. Price has ably vindicated Sir John Vanburgh, notwithstanding the memorable distich :

“ Lie heavy on him, Earth ; for he
 Laid many a heavy load on thee !”

VER. 110. *a labour'd Quarry*] In his letters he applies this expression to Blenheim ; the massy magnificence of which Sir Joshua Reynolds always defended against the common cant of its being *heavy*. WARTON.

VER 121. *With here a Fountain,*] It is amusing to see how far our taste in gardening has spread. The present Empress of Russia writes thus to Voltaire, June 25, 1772 : “ J’aime à la folie présentement les jardins à l’Anglaise, les lignes courbes, les pentes douces, les étangs en forme de lacs, les archipels en terre ferme ; et j’ai un profond mépris pour les lignes droits, les allées jumelles. Je hais les fontaines, qui donnent la torture à l’eau pour lui faire prendre un cours contraire à sa nature ; les statues sont reléguées dans les galeries, les vestibules, &c. En un mot, l’Anglomanie domine dans ma plantomanie.” WARTON.

Here Amphitrite fails thro' myrtle bow'rs ;
 There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs ;
 Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn, 125
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen :
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
 First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat ; 130
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
 thighs,

Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His Study ! with what Authors is it stor'd ?
 In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord ;
 To all their dated backs he turns you round ; 135
 These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound !

Lo,

NOTES.

VER. 121. *With here a Fountain, &c.*] All this is most inimitably painted ; with the exception, perhaps, of “ die in flow'rs ;” which is obscure.

VER. 124. The two Statues of the *Gladiator pugnans*, and *Gladiator moriens*. POPE.

VER. 130. The *Approaches* and *Communication* of house with garden, or one part with another, ill-judged, and inconvenient.

POPE.

VER. 133. *His Study ! &c.*] The false Taste in Books ; a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune, than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding ; some have carried it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood ; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do.

POPE.

Lo, some are Vellum, and the rest as good
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
 For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
 These shelves admit not any modern Book. 140

And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r :
 Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
 On painted Cielings you devoutly stare, 145
 Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
 On

NOTES.

VER. 138. *but they are Wood.*] There is a flatness and insipidity in this couplet, much below the usual manner of our Author. Young has been more sprightly and poignant on the same subject, UNIVERSAL PASSION, Sat. 3. WARTON.

VER. 139. *or Milton*] Dr. Warton says, This is one of the few places in which our Author seems to speak highly of Milton : but he speaks more justly and poetically of him, in his Paraphrase of an Ode of Horace, part of the ninth Ode of the fourth Book. See Vol. VI.

“ Tho’ daring Milton *sits* sublime,
 In Spenser native Muses play.”

VER. 142. The false taste in *Music*, improper to the subjects, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organist, &c.

POPE.

VER. 145.—And in *Painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters.

POPE.

VER. 146. *Where sprawl*] This single verb has marked with felicity and force the distorted attitudes, the indecent subjects, the want of nature and grace so visible in the pieces of these two artists, employed to adorn our royal palaces and chapels. “ I cannot help thinking,” says Pope to Mr. Allen, in Letter lxxxix. vol. ix. “ and I know you will join with me, who have been

On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.
 To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
 Who never mentions Hell to ears polite. 150

But hark ! the chiming Clocks to dinner call ;
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall :
 The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
 Is this a dinner ? this a Genial room ? 155
 No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.

A solemn

NOTES.

making an altar-piece, that the zeal of the first reformers was ill-placed, in removing pictures (that is to say, examples) out of churches ; and yet suffering epitaphs (that is to say, flatteries and false history) to be a burthen to church-walls, and the shame as well as derision of all honest men." This is a sentiment, it may be said, of a papistical poet ; and yet it appears to be founded on good sense, and religion well understood. Notwithstanding the many just and well-founded arguments against Popery, yet I hope we may still, one day, see our places of worship beautified with proper ornaments, and the generosity and talents of our living artists perpetuated on the naked walls of St. Paul's. WARTON.

VER. 146. *Verrio or Laguerre*.] Verrio (Antonio) painted many cielings, &c. at Windsor, Hampton-Court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-castle, and other places. POPE.

VER. 150. *Who never mentions Hell to ears polite*.] This is a fact : A reverend Dean, preaching at Court, threatened the sinner with punishment in " a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly." POPE.

VER. 153. Taxes the incongruity of *Ornaments* (though sometimes practised by the ancients), where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c. are introduced into Grottos or Buffets. POPE.

VER. 155. *Is this a dinner ? &c.*] The proud Festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where Pride destroys the ease, and

A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread Doctor, and his Wand were there.
 Between each Act the trembling salvers ring, 161
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God blefs the King.
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, carefs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave, 165
 Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
 And swear no Day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the Poor are cloth'd, the Hungry fed;
 Health to himself, and to his Infants bread 170
 The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
 His charitable Vanity supplies.

Another

NOTES.

and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment. POPE.

VER. 160. *Sancho's dread Doctor,*] See *Don Quixote*, chap. xlvii. POPE.

VER. 169. *Yet hence the Poor, &c.*] This is the *Moral* of the whole; where PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Riches to those who squander them in this manner. A bad Taste employs more hands, and diffuses wealth more usefully than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii. Ver. 230—7, and in the Epistle preceding this, Ver. 161, &c. POPE.

This reflection is very different from the flagitious principle of Mandeville, that private vices are public benefits. Of whom, says Hume very shrewdly, “Is it not very inconsistent for an author to assert in one page, that moral distinctions are inventions of politicians for public interest; and in the next page maintain, that vice is advantageous to the public?” WARTON.

Another Age shall see the golden Ear
 Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
 Deep Harvests bury all his pride has plann'd, 175
 And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who

COMMENTARY.

VER. 173. *Another Age, &c.*] But now a difficulty sticks with me (answers an objector); this load of evil still remains a monument of folly to future ages; an incumbrance to the plain on which it stands; and a nuisance to the neighbourhood round about, filling it

“ — with imitating fools.”

For men are apt to take the example next at hand; and aptest of all to take a bad one. No fear of that, replies the Poet (from ver. 172 to 177.). Nothing absurd or wrong is exempt from the jurisdiction of Time; which is always sure to do full justice on it;

“ Another Age shall see the golden Ear
 Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
 Deep Harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
 And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.”

For the prerogative of

“ — Time shall make it grow,”

is only due to the designs of *true Taste* joined to *use*: And

“ 'Tis *use* alone that *sanctifies* expence;”

and nothing but the sanctity of *that* can arrest the justice of Time: And thus the second part concludes; which, consisting of an *example* of *false Taste* in every attempt to Magnificence, is full of concealed *precepts* for the *true*: As the first part, which contains *precepts* for *true Taste*, is full of *examples* of the *false*.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 173. *Another Age, &c.*] Had the Poet lived but three years longer, he had seen his general prophecy against all ill-judged magnificence fulfilled in a very particular instance. WARBURTON.

In the edition of 1751, this note ran thus: “ Had the Poet lived three years longer he had seen this prophecy fulfilled:” which so plainly pointed at what had happened at Canons, that it was altered as it here stands.

WARTON.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil ?
 Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like
 BOYLE.

'Tis

COMMENTARY.

III.

VER. 177. *Who then shall grace, &c.*] We come now to the third and last part (from ver. 176 to the end), and, as in the first, the Poet had given examples of wrong-judged *Magnificence*, in things of *Taste*, *without Sense*; and, in the second, an example in others, *without either Sense or Taste*; so the third presents us with two examples of *Magnificence* in *Planting and Building*, where *both Sense and Taste* highly prevail: The one, in him to whom this Epistle is addressed; and the other, in the noble person whose amiable character bore so conspicuous a part in the foregoing:

“ Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil ?

Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.”

Where, in the fine description he gives of these two species of *Magnificence*, he artfully insinuates, that though, when executed in a *true Taste*, the great end and aim of both be the same, viz. the *general* good in use or ornament; yet that their progress to this end is carried on in direct contrary courses; that, in *Planting* and culture, the private advantage of the neighbourhood is first promoted, till, by time, it rises up to a public benefit:

“ Whose ample Lawns are not ashamed to feed
 The milky heifer, and deserving steed;
 Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show,
 But future Buildings, future Navies, grow.”

“ Bid

NOTES.

VER. 176. *And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.*] Warburton says, “ He has so disposed a *trite classical* figure, as not only to “ make it do its vulgar office, of representing a very *plentiful harvest*, “ but also to assume the personage of *Nature*, re-establishing herself “ in her rights, and mocking the vain efforts of magnificence, which “ would keep her out of them ! !” Without all this *refinement*, surely no one can be insensible to the beauty of this animated passage; but it ought to be observed, that all the images describe only one thing. “ Imbrown the slope,” means corn; “ deep Harvests,” the same; and “ laughing Ceres,” the same; but the *personification* in the last line is an unexpected and beautiful addition.

'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expence,
 And Splendor borrows all her rays from Sense. 180
 His

COMMENTARY.

" Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
 Bid Temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
 Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous flood contain;
 The Mole projected break the roaring Main."

And when the public hath been properly accommodated and adorned, then, and not till then, the works of private *Magnificence* may take place. This was the order observed by those two great Empires, from whom we received all we have of this polite art: We do not read of any *Magnificence* in the private Buildings of Greece or Rome, till the generosity of their public spirit had adorned the State with Temples, Emporiums, Council-houses, Common-porticos, Baths, and Theatres. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 179, 180. '*Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expence,
 And Splendor borrows all her rays from Sense.*]

Here the Poet, to make the *examples* of good Taste the better understood, introduces them with a summary of his *Precepts*, in these two sublime lines; for, the consulting *Use* is *beginning with Sense*, and the making *Splendor* or *Taste* borrow all its rays from thence, is *going on with Sense*, after she has led us up to *Taste*. The art of this disposition of the thought can never be sufficiently admired. But the Expression is equal to the Thought. This *sanctifying* of expence gives us the idea of something consecrated and set apart for sacred uses; and indeed it is the idea under which it may be properly considered; for wealth employed according to the intention of Providence is its true consecration; and the real uses of humanity were certainly *first* in its intention.

WARBURTON.

Lord Chesterfield wrote the following lines, intending to shew that Lord Burlington did not always attend to this rule of our Poet:

" Possess'd of one great hall for state,
 Without one room to sleep or eat,
 How well you build, let flattery tell,
 And all mankind, how ill you dwell." WARTON.

VER. 180. '*Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expence, &c.*]

These maxims are indisputably just: Opulence, employed for purposes of utility,

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encrease :
 Whose cheerful Tenants bless their yearly toil,
 Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil ;
 Whose ample Lawns are not asham'd to feed 185
 The milky heifer, and deserving steed ;
 Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show,
 But future Buildings, future Navies, grow :
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a Country, and then raise a Town. 190
 You too proceed ! make falling Arts your care,
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair ;

Jones

NOTES.

utility, and Magnificence, consistent with discretion, excite sentiments of respect ; they otherwise provoke ridicule or indignation.

VER. 182. *if he encrease :*] Badly expressed. WARTON.

VER. 185. *not asham'd to feed*] Cattle, and not deer.

WARTON.

VER. 191. *You too proceed !*] This is not fulsome adulation, but only such honest praise as the noble Lord, whom he addressed, strictly deserved ; who inherited all that love of science and useful knowledge for which his family has been so famous. The name of Boyle is indeed auspicious to literature. That sublime genius and good man, Bishop Berkley, owed his preferment chiefly to this accomplished peer : For it was he that recommended him to the Duke of Grafton, in the year 1721, who took him over with him to Ireland when he was Lord Lieutenant, and promoted him to the Deanery of Derry in the year 1724. Berkley gained the patronage and friendship of Lord Burlington, not only by his true politeness, and the peculiar charms of his conversation, which was exquisite, but by his profound and perfect skill in architecture ; an art which he had very particularly and accurately studied in Italy, when he went and continued abroad four years with Mr. Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher. With an insatiable and philosophic attention.

Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
 And be whate'er Vitruvius was before :
 Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind, 195
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
 Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
 Bid Temples, worthier of the God, ascend ;
 Bid

NOTES.

attention, Berkley surveyed and examined every object of curiosity. He not only made the usual tour, but went over Apulia and Calabria, and even travelled on foot through Sicily, and drew up an account of that very classical ground ; which was lost in a voyage to Naples, and cannot be sufficiently regretted. His generous project for erecting an university at Bermudas, the effort of a mind truly active, benevolent, and patriotic, is sufficiently known.

WARTON.

VER. 193. *Jones*] See an accurate and judicious account of his Works in Walpole's Anecdotes, vol. ii. from page 261 to page 280. full of curious particulars. Dr. Clarke, of All Souls College, Oxford, had Jones's Palladio, with his own notes and observations in Italian, which the Doctor bequeathed to Worcester College.

WARTON.

VER. 195. 197, &c. *Till Kings—bid Harbours open, &c.*] The Poet, after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This Poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to in our Author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. ii.

“ Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall ?)”

others were vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs ; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly passable ; and most of those which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself. The proposal of building a Bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and rejected ;

Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
 The Mole projected break the roaring Main ; 200
 Back to his bounds their subject Sea command,
 And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land :
 These Honours, Peace to happy BRITAIN brings,
 These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

NOTES.

rejected ; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge passed through both Houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above mentioned, who would have made it a *wooden one* ; to which our Author alludes in these lines :

“ Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile ?

Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.”

See the notes on that place.

POPE.

VER. 197. *Bid Harbours open,*] No country has been enriched and adorned, within a period of thirty or forty years, with so many works of public spirit, as Great Britain has been ; witness our many extensive roads, our inland navigations, (some of which excel the boasted canal of Languedoc,) the lighting, and the paving, and beautifying our cities, and our various and magnificent edifices. A general good taste has been diffused in gardening, planting, and building. The ruins of Palmyra, the antiquities of Athens and Spalatro, and the Ionian antiquities, by Wood, Stuart, Adam, and Chandler, are such magnificent monuments of learned curiosity as no country in Europe can equal. Let it be remembered, that these fine lines of Pope were written when we had no Wyatt or Brown, Brindley or Reynolds ; no Westminster Bridge, no Pantheon, no Royal Academy, no king that is at once a judge and a patron of all those fine arts, which ought to be employed in raising and beautifying a palace equal to his dignity and his taste.

On the whole, this Epistle contains rather strictures on the false taste *, than illustrations of the true ; which circumstance gave room to Mr. Mason to treat the subject in a more open and ornamental manner, and with more picturesque and poetical imagery in his English Garden.

WARTON.

* It was first published with the title of False Taste, which seems more appropriate than that afterwards adopted.

THIS Epistle was first published with the title of "False Taste," in 1731. Pope had been received at Canons, a splendid and ostentatious seat of the Duke of Chandos, with respect and kindness; in return, he held up the house and gardens to ridicule, and descended to throw out personalities against its owner, whom he calls

"A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze."

This circumstance excited considerable odium against Pope; and well it might.

As Pope was the first to deal in *personalities*, the following severe retaliation was published in the Papers of the time:

"Let Pope no more what Chandos builds deride,

"Because he takes not NATURE for his guide;

"Since, wond'rous critic! in thy form we see,

"That *Nature* may mistake, as well as he."

Pope's observations on false magnificence evince his own elegant taste and accurate discrimination, which will appear the more striking when we consider the state of gardening and rural embellishments at the time. Though we do not now admire either Stowe, or the plan of his own little garden at Twickenham (both of which appear to us as *puerile* and affected, as the Queen's Hermitage, with Dr. Clarke, appeared to him), yet sufficient justice has not been always done to Pope's taste, or to the taste of those who pursued his ideas of embellishing rural scenery. Every art must have its beginning; and the rapidity of improvement cannot be better determined, than by comparing our English gardens (for I do not speak of buildings), as they existed in the time of Sir William Temple, 1685, and at the period when our Author published this Poem, 1731. Let the reader decide, when he has perused the following extract from Sir William Temple:

"The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago, &c.

"Because I take the garden I have named to have been in all kinds the most *beautiful and perfect*, at least in *figure and disposition*, that I have ever seen. I will describe it, for a *model* to those

"that

“ that meet with such a situation, &c. It lies on the side of a hill *,
 “ but not very steep. The length of the house, where the best
 “ rooms and of most use and pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of
 “ the garden; the great parlour opens into the middle of a terrace
 “ gravel-walk, &c., the border set with *standard laurels*, &c. : from
 “ this walk are three descents by many stone-steps, in the middle
 “ and at each end, with a very *large parterre*. This is divided into
 “ *quarters* by gravel-walks, and adorned with *two fountains* and *eight*
 “ *statues* : at the end of the terrace-walk are *two summer-houses*,
 “ &c.”

This will, perhaps, be sufficient to give a picture of the place, according to Sir William Temple's idea of *rural perfection*. It would be entertaining to compare the present state of what is now called Landscape Gardening. We have gone from one extreme to the other, in some things. The Artificial, connected with the house; the avenues, the “high embowered roofs,” &c. have been, by the followers of Brown, too much exploded; but Art and Nature never appeared so reconciled in picturesque yet cultivated variety, as at some of the seats of our Nobility and Gentlemen:—witness, Downton Castle†; the amenity and richness of Fonthill; the stately magnificence, in some points of view, of Long Leat; the dark amphitheatre of ascending oaks, shading the venerable castle of Wardour; the Grecian elegance of Stourhead; and let me add, the Leafowes; the murmurs of whose retired stream I have never heard without a sigh, remembering its elegant but unfortunate designer and owner, Shenstone.

* It should be remembered, that gardens like these, formed, as it were, a part of the house, connected by terrace-stairs, and that they comprised the flower-garden, fruit-garden, and ornamented plantation.

† Downton Castle, near Ludlow, the seat of Mr. Knight, a poet, a lover and judge of painting, and, with Mr. Price, an eloquent advocate for the genuine picturesque in Landscape Gardening.



Engraved by C. Heath, from a Drawing by G. Kneller.

MR ADDISON,

From a Picture by Richardson.

in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at St.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON.

Occasioned by his *Dialogues on MEDALS.

SEE the wild Waste of all-devouring years !
 How Rome her own sad Sepulchre appears !
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread !
 The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead !

Imperial

NOTES.

THIS was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals ; it was some time before he was Secretary of State ; but not published till Mr. Tickle's Edition of his works : at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

POPE.

* *Dialogues on Medals.*] This treatise on Medals was written by Addison in that pleasing form of composition, so unsuccessfully attempted by many modern authors, Dialogues. In no one species of writing have the Ancients so indisputable a superiority over us. The dialogues of Plato and Cicero, especially the former, are perfect dramas ; where the characters are supported with consistency and nature, and the reasoning suited to the characters.

" There are in English three dialogues, and but three," says a learned and ingenious author†, who has himself practised this agreeable way of writing, " that deserve commendation, namely, the Moralists in Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Addison's Treatise on Medals, and the Minute Philosopher of Bishop Berkley." Alciphron did, indeed, well deserve to be mentioned on this occasion ; notwithstanding it has been treated with contempt by writers much inferior to Berkley in learning, genius, and taste. Omitting those passages in the fourth dialogue, where he has introduced his fanciful and whimsical opinions about *vison*, an attentive reader will find that there is scarce a single argument than can be urged in defence of Revelation, but what is here placed in the

Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations spoil'd, 5
Where, mix'd with Slaves, the groaning Martyr
toil'd :

Huge

NOTES.

clearest light, and in the most beautiful diction: In this work there is a happy union of reasoning and imagination. The two different characters of the two different sorts of free-thinkers, the sensual and the refined, are strongly contrasted with each other, and with the plainness and simplicity of Euphranor.

These dialogues of Addison are written with that sweetness and purity of style which constitute him one of the first of our prose-writers. The chief imperfection of his Treatise on Medals is, the persons introduced as speakers, in direct contradiction to the practice of the Ancients, are *fictitious*, not *real*; for Cynthio, Philander, Palæmon, Eugenio, and Theocles, cannot equally excite and engage the attention of the reader, with Socrates and Alcibiades, Atticus and Brutus, Cowley and Spratt, Maynard and Somers. It is somewhat singular, that so many of the modern dialogue-writers should have failed in this particular, when so many of the most celebrated wits of modern Italy had given them eminent examples of the contrary proceeding, and, closely following the steps of the Ancients, constantly introduced living and real persons in their numerous compositions of this sort; in which they were so fond of delivering their sentiments, both on moral and critical subjects; witness the *Il Cortegiano* of B. Castiglione, the *Asolanæ* of P. Bembo, *Dialoghi del S. Sperone*, and the great Galileo, the *Naugerius* of Fracastorius, and *Lil. Gyraldus de Poetis*, and many others. In all which pieces the famous and living geniuses of Italy are introduced discussing the several different topics before them. WARTON.

VER. 1. *See the wild Waste*] The opening of this beautiful little Poem is highly impressive and poetical. The attention is awakened in the most powerful manner by the abrupt address, as if the Poet pointed with a pensive dignity to the awful monuments of past ages:

“ See the wild Waste of all-devouring years !” &c.

All the most interesting and picturesque remains of the silent havoc of Time, are then immediately brought before the eye, with the force and effect of the finest painting—“ *Hugh Theatres,*”

“ *Fanes,*”

Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her Floods :
 Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
 Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they ! 10
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

Perhaps,

NOTES.

“ Fanes,” “ Statues,” &c. After the impressive commencement, and the immediate sight, as it were, of the ruins around him, the Poet naturally introduces History,—“ Some Papal Fury,” &c. Then the brief and beautiful personification of Ambition appears. The whole, indeed, shews the hand of a master.

VER. 2. *her own sad Sepulchre*] St. Jerome says, “ Roma quondam orbis caput, postea populi Romani sepulchrum.” WARTON.

VER. 2. *her own sad Sepulchre*]

“ O Solyman, for her art thou become

A heap of stones, and to thyself a tomb.”

From Sandys's Psalms; one of the most extraordinary productions in verse, that the English language can produce. As a translation, it is infinitely superior to any other, both for fidelity, music, and strength of versification. It was published with Lawes's Airs, which are simple and expressive. I cannot but lament, that such music, and such words, should not be used in our parochial churches, instead of the wretched metre of Sternhold and Hopkins, or the empty and inadequate paraphrases of Tate and Brady, often set to as bad music.

VER. 6. *Where, mix'd with Slaves, the groaning Martyr toil'd :*] Palladio, speaking of the Baths of Dioclesian, says, “ Nell' edificazione delle quali, Dioclesiano tenne molti anni 140 mila Christiani a edificarle.”

WARBURTON.

VER. 6. *groaning Martyr*] Dodwell, in his *Dissertationes Cyprianicæ*, has undertaken to prove that the number of Martyrs was far less than hath been usually imagined. His opinion is combated by Mosheim in the 5th chapter of his excellent History of the Church.

WARTON.

Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
 Some bury'd marble half preserves a name ;
 That Name the Learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd : She found it vain to trust
 The faithless Column, and the crumbling Bust : 20
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to
 shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more !
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin.
 A narrow ORB each crowded conquest keeps, 25
 Beneath her Palm here sad Judea weeps.
 Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ;
 A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
 And little Eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Through climes and ages bears each form and name :
 In one short view subjected to our eye
 Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.

With

NOTES.

VER. 18. *And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.*] A fine insinuation of the want both of taste and learning in Antiquaries ; whose ignorance of characters misleads them (supported only by a name) against reason and history. WAREURTON

VER. 19. *Ambition sigh'd :*] Such short *personifications* have a great effect. "*Silence was pleas'd,*" says Milton ; which personification is taken, though it happens not to have been observed by any of his commentators, from the Hero and Leander of Musæus, v. 280. WARTON.

With sharpen'd fight pale Antiquaries pore, 35
 Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
 To gain Pescennius one employs his Schemes,
 One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams. 40
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd :
 And Curio, restless by the Fair One's side,
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs

NOTES.

VER. 35. *With sharpen'd fight pale Antiquaries pore,*] *Microscopic glasses*, invented by Philosophers to discover the beauties in the minuter works of Nature, ridiculously applied by Antiquaries to detect the cheats of counterfeit medals. WARBURTON.

VER. 37. *This the blue varnish, that the green endears,*] *i. e.* This a collector of silver ; that, of brass coins. WARBURTON.

VER. 39. *To gain Pescennius*] The lively and ingenious Young says, in his 4th Satire,

“ How his eyes languish ! how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat which Joseph never wore !
 He shews, on holidays, a sacred pin,
 That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.”

How much wit has been wasted and misplaced in endeavouring to ridicule antiquarians, whose studies are not only pleasing to the imagination, but attended with many advantages to society, especially since they have been improved, as they lately have been, with singular taste and propriety, in elucidating what, after all, is the most interesting and important part of *all* history—the *history of manners* ! WARTON.

VER. 41. *Poor Vadius,*] See his history, and that of his Shield, in the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*. WARBURTON.

Vadius was Dr. Woodward. I cannot conceive why Pope should have so often attempted to ridicule him. Their studies were totally different ; there could be neither envy nor jealousy. Pope introduced him in his unfortunate farce, “ Three Weeks after Marriage,” written in conjunction with Gay.

Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine : 45
 Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine ;
 Her Gods, and godlike Heroes rise to view,
 And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.

Nor

NOTES.

VER. 43. *And Curio, reflects, &c.*] The Historian Dio has given us a very extraordinary instance of this Virtuoso-taste. He tells us, that one Vibius Rufus, who, in the reign of Tiberius, was the fourth husband to Cicero's widow, Terentia, then upwards of an hundred years old, used to value himself on his being possessed of the two noblest pieces of Antiquity in the world, TULLY'S WIDOW and CÆSAR'S CHAIR, that Chair in which he was assassinated in full Senate.

WARBURTON.

VER. 44. *Sighs for an Otho,*] Charles Patin was banished from the Court, because he sold Louis XIV. an Otho that was not genuine. Patin's Treatise on Medals is a good one. Ficoroni, the celebrated virtuoso at Florence, said to Mr. Spence, "Addison did not go any great depth in the study of medals; all the knowledge he had of that kind, I believe, he received of me; and I did not give him above twenty lessons on that subject." WARTON.

VER. 48. *her faded*] In Winkelman's History of Art among the Ancients, is to be found perhaps the best account of the gradual decay of painting, architecture, and medals, that can be read; abounding with many instances of the fate that has befallen many exquisite pieces of art. Amongst the rest he says, that when the Austrians took Madrid, Lord Galloway searched for a very celebrated Busto of Caligula, that he knew Cardinal G. Colonna had conveyed to Spain; which fine Busto he at last found in the Escorial, where it served for a weight of the church-clock. What Winkelman says of the Laocoon, vol. ii. sect. 3. is a capital piece of criticism and just taste; which he finishes by mentioning a matchless absurdity, worthy of the country where it is to be found, that in the Castle of St. Ildephonso in Spain, there is a Relief of this group of Laocoon and his sons, with a figure of Cupid fluttering over their heads, as if flying to their assistance. As to the revival of arts in Italy, we have lately been gratified with a curious account of this important event, in the elegant History of the Life of Lorenzo de Medici, their chief restorer and protector. See, particularly, chapter ix. p. 196. WARTON

Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage ;
 These pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage ; 50
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
 And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame ?
 In living medals see her wars enroll'd, 55
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold ?
 Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face ;
 There Warriors frowning in historic brass :
 Then future ages with delight shall see
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree ; 60
 Or in fair series laurel'd Bards be shown,
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.

Then

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage ;*] A senseless affectation, which some Authors of eminence have betrayed ; who, when fortune or their talents have raised them to a condition to do without those arts, for which only they gained our esteem, have pretended to think letters below their character. This false shame M. Voltaire has very well, and with proper indignation, exposed in his account of Mr. Congreve : " He had one defect, which was, his entertaining too mean an idea of his first profession, (that of a Writer,) though it was to this he owed his fame and fortune. He spoke of his works as of trifles that were beneath him ; and hinted to me, in our first conversation, that I should visit him upon no other footing than that of a gentleman who led a life of plainness and simplicity. I answered, that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman, I should never have come to see him ; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity." *Letters concerning the English Nation*, xix. WARBURTON.

VER. 53. *Oh when shall Britain, &c.*] A compliment to one of Mr. Addison's papers in the *Spectator*, on this subject.

WARBURTON.

Then shall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
 On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine ;
 With aspect open, shall erect his head, 65
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
 “ Statesman, yet friend to Truth ! of soul sincere,
 “ In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
 “ Who

NOTES:

VER. 62. *A Virgil there,*] Copied evidently from Tickell to Addison on his Rosamond :

“ Which gain’d a Virgil and an Addison.”

This elegant copy of Verses was so acceptable to Addison, that it was the foundation of a lasting friendship betwixt them. Tickell deserves a higher place among poets than is usually allotted to him.

WARTON.

VER. 67. *Statesman, yet friend to Truth, &c.*] It should be remembered, that this poem was composed to be printed before Mr. Addison’s *Discourse on Medals*, in which there is the following censure of *long legends* upon coins: “ The first fault I find with a modern legend is its diffusiveness. You have sometimes the whole side of a medal over-run with it. One would fancy the Author had a design of being Ciceronian—but it is not only the tediousness of these inscriptions that I find fault with ; supposing them of a moderate length, why must they be in verse ? We should be surpris’d to see the title of a serious book in rhyme.”
Dial. iii.

WARBURTON.

VER. 67. *Statesman,*] These nervous and finished lines were afterwards inscribed as an epitaph on this worthy man’s monument in Westminster Abbey, with the alteration of two words in the last verse, which there stands thus :

“ Prais’d, wept, and honour’d by the Muse he lov’d.”

It was Craggs, who, having rais’d himself by his abilities, in the most friendly manner offer’d our Author a pension of three hundred pounds per annum.

Though Pope enlisted under the banner of Bolingbroke, in what was call’d the country party, and in violent opposition to the measures of Walpole, yet his clear and good sense enabled him to see the follies and virulence of all parties ; and it was his favourite

“ Who broke no promise, serv’d no private end,
 “ Who gain’d no title, and who lost no friend ; 70
 “ Ennobled by himself, by all approv’d,
 “ And prais’d unenvy’d, by the Muse he lov’d.”

NOTES.

favourite maxim, that, however factious men thought proper to distinguish themselves by names, yet, when they got into power, they all acted much in the same manner ; saying,

“ I know how like Whig ministers to Tory.”

And among his manuscripts were four very sensible, though not very poetical lines, which contain the most solid apology that can be made for a minister of this country :

“ Our ministers like gladiators live :

’Tis half their business blows to ward, or give :

The good their virtue would effect, or sense,

Dies between exigents and self-defence.”

Yet he appears sometimes to have forgotten this candid reflection.

WARTON.

VER. 72. *And prais’d unenvy’d, by the Muse he lov’d.*] It was not likely that men acting in so different spheres, as were those of Mr. Craggs and Mr. Pope, should have their friendship disturbed by Envy. We must suppose then that some circumstances in the friendship of Mr. Pope and Mr. Addison are hinted at in this place.

WARBURTON.

WHO that reads this highly finished composition, but must lament to find the *same person*, here celebrated, addressed in *very different tones* by the *same Author* :

“ Who would not weep if Atticus were he !”

I am myself satisfied, that the breach between Addison and Pope was certainly owing to Pope’s jealousy, and not to any indirect and unhandsome conduct in Addison. Some reasons for this opinion, the reader will see in Volume IV., where the subject is mentioned. Pope, considering Addison as the author of the translation of the first book of Homer, which came out at a time when it could be only considered as the rival to his own, felt no doubt aggrieved : but there is no *evidence* that the translation was Addison’s, farther

than Pope's surmise and assertion; and a candid person will consider what credit is due, when the testimony is against a person, in all other points of most exemplary character, to such *proof* as Pope sums up his accusation with.—“Tickel himself, who is a fair man, *has since, in a manner, as good as, owned it to me!*”—Pope's own words to Spence, on which he seems to rest the *certainty of the fact*. But what was mentioned many years *since the death of the person* accused, what Tickel, “*in a manner,*” *as good as, “own'd,”* surely is not entitled to much credit. But be this as it may, the beauty of this Poem, both in versification and imagery, is in its kind unrivalled, dignified, melodious, and poetical. It is to be lamented, that, like the Essay on Criticism, it contains any stroke of ill-nature. VADIUS here is introduced with the same effect, as APPIUS in the Essay. Nothing can so strongly evince Pope's turn to Satire.

APPENDIX.

THE END OF THE WORLD

AN
ESSAY ON SATIRE,
OCCASIONED BY
THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

Inscribed to Mr. WARBURTON.

By J. BROWN, A.M.

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P A R T I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow sped;
 And POPE lies number'd with the mighty Dead!
 Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
 That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN'S
 Heart :

4

You mourn : but BRITAIN, lull'd in rest profound,
 (Unconscious BRITAIN !) slumbers o'er her wound.
 Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting Light,
 And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night :
 Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
 And counts the Triumphs of her growing Reign : 10
 With inextinguishable rage they burn ;
 And snake-hung ENVY hisses o'er his Urn :
 Th' envenom'd Monsters spit their deadly foam,
 To blast the Laurel that surrounds his Tomb.

But You, O WARBURTON ! whose eye refin'd 15
 Can see the greatness of an honest mind ;
 Can see each Virtue and each Grace unite,
 And taste the Raptures of a *pure* Delight ;
 You visit oft his awful Page with Care,
 And view that bright Assemblage treasur'd there ; 20
 You trace the Chain that links his deep design,
 And pour new Lustre on the glowing Line.

Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
 Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues :
 Intent from this great Archetype to draw 25
 SATIRE's bright Form, and fix her equal law ;
 Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may compre-
 hend,

And rev'rence His and SATIRE's gen'rous End.

In ev'ry Breast there burns an active flame,
 The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame : 30
 The Passion ONE, tho' various it appear,
 As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
 The lisping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
 And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire :
 The Charms of Praise the Coy, the Modest woo, 35
 And only fly, that Glory may pursue :
 She, Pow'r resistless, rules the wise and great ;
 Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet ;
 Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
 And sways alike the Sceptre and the Spade. 40

Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
 To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame :
 But Man, vain Man, in folly only wise,
 Rejects the Manna sent him from the Skies :
 With rapture hears corrupted Passion's call, 45
 Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
 As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
 He for the *imag'd* Substance quits the *true* ;
 Eager to catch the visionary Prize,
 In quest of Glory, plunges deep in Vice ; 50

Till

Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry Praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious NATURE plies her part ;
And still her Dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each Pow'r that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy, 55
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er destroy :
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The Passions rage, obstructed in their course ;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those Virtues which they fed before. 60

And sure, the deadliest Foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worst of Evils, is *perverted Shame*.
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own !
Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd, 65
We seek our Virtues in each other's breast ;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign Vice,
Another's weakness, int'rest, or caprice.
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state, 70
Tir'd in the treach'rous Chace, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like SYLLA, quit the field :
The demon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, “ The World will call you
Fool.”

Behold yon Wretch, by impious fashion driv'n, 75
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heav'n.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow Coxcombs thrown ;

Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod ;
To Man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God. 80

Faith, Justice, Heav'n itself now quit their hold,
When to false Fame the captiv'd heart is sold :
Hence, blind to truth, relentless *Cato* dy'd ;
Nought could subdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
Hence chaste *Lucretia's* Innocence betray'd 85
Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.

Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence SATIRE'S pow'r : 'tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild disorders of the heart. 90

She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise :
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire ;
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise, 95
And bids the Hag in native horror rise ;
Strikes tow'ring Pride, and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Tho' oft she mourn those ills she cannot cure. 100
The

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *To Man a Coward, &c.*]

“ Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans son Ame il croit ?
Il iroit embrasser la Verité, qu'il voit ;
Mais de ses faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par Poltronnerie.”

BOILEAU, Ep. iii.

Part I. ESSAY ON SATIRE.

The Worthy court her, and the Worthless fear :
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to Wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, Pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain ;
Desponding Fops resign the *clouded cane* : 106
Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art most subtly true,
From pois'nous Vice she draws a healing dew : 110
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind :
Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles ;
And Force strong sinew'd rends th' unequal toils :
The stream of Vice impetuous drives along, 115
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too strong.
Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, seeks refuge with the Wise ;
The Crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain. 120
But SATIRE's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast :
She plays a *ruling passion* on the rest :
Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that Earth and Heav'n defy'd.

When

IMITATIONS.

VER. IIC. *From pois'nous Vice, &c.*] Alluding to these lines of Mr. Pope :

“ In the nice Bee what Art so subtly true
From pois'nous Herbs extracts a healing Dew ?”

When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd, 125
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground ;
Swift to redress an injur'd People's groan,
Bold SATIRE shakes the Tyrant on her throne ;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the sordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants surround in vain. 130

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is Spleen ; all just reproof, Ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill ;
Well may they tremble, when she draws her quill :
Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's spear, 135
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear :
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral shapes,
Turns Duchesses to strumpets, Beaux to apes ;
Drags the vile Whisp'rer from his dark abode,
Till all the Demon starts up from the toad. 140

O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile !
In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of Virtue makes her scorn of Vice :
Where Justice calls, 'tis Cruelty to save ; 145
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend ;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end :
To Guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind. 150

Scarce more the friend of Man, the wise must own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown :
This to chastize, as That to bless, was giv'n ;
Alike the faithful Ministers of Heav'n.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent : 155
Tho' strong th' example, weak the punishment.
They least are pain'd, who merit Satire most ;
Folly the *Laureat's*, Vice was *Chartres'* boast :
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to shame? 160
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful Surgeon's part ;
Gen'rous and kind, tho' painful is her art :
With caution bold, she only strikes to heal ;
Tho' folly raves to break the friendly steel.
Then sure no fault impartial SATIRE knows, 165
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs :
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

P A R T II.

D^A*RE* nobly then : But conscious of your trust,
 As ever warm and bold, be ever just : 170
 Nor court applause in these degen'rate days :
 The Villain's censure is extorted praise.

But chief, be steady in a noble end,
 And shew mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
 'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write, 175
 As Foplings grin to shew their teeth are white :
 To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
 Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile :
 'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
 You fix an arrow in a blameless heart. 180
 O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
 Thou Fiend accurs'd, thou Murderer of Fame !
 Fell Ravisher, from Innocence to tear
 That name, than liberty, than life more dear !
 Where shall thy baseness meet its just return ! 185
 Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn ?
 And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil :
 Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil ;
 With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart ;
 And empty all its poison in thy heart. 190

With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply ;
 An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye :

Let

Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confest, 195
Because blind *Ridicule* conceives a jest :
Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd Victim shall be led :
Lo, *Shaftsb'ry* rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own : 200
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Prophaneness spawns, pert Dunces nurse the joke !
Come, let us join awhile this titt'ring crew,
And now the *Ideot Guide* for once is true ;
Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule, 205
Who *therefore* smil'd, *because* they saw a Fool ;
Sublimer logic now adorns our isle,
We *therefore* see a Fool, *because* we smile.
'Truth in her gloomy Cave why fondly seek ?
Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimple cheek : 210
Contemns each surly academic foe,
And courts the spruce Freethinker and the Beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty *Ridicule's* all-conqu'ring hand 215
Shall work *Herculean* wonders through the Land :
Bound in the magic of her cob-web chain,
You, mighty *WARBURTON*, shall rage in vain,
In vain the trackless maze of Truth you scan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man : 220
No more shall Reason boast her pow'r divine,
Her Base eternal shook by Folly's mine !

Truth's sacred Fort th' exploded laugh shall win ;
And Coxcombs vanquish BERKLEY by a grin.

But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule, 225
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule :

On truth, on falsehood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all ;
As the gay Prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye. 230

Beware the mad Advent'rer : bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with ev'ry wind ;
Deaf as the storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's destruction, or her own.

Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside, 235
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide ;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reason can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to shore.

Tho' distant Times may rise in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis Her's to draw the *present Age* : 240
With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning Manners by the past :
Bid *Britain's* Heroes (awful Shades !) arise,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice :
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair, 245
Till the Sons blush at what their Fathers were :
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust ;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just ;
When *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falsify'd the card, or cogg'd the die ; 250
Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chastity was carted for the Whore ;

Vice

Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of freedom dress'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jest.

Be ever, in a just expression, bold, 255
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a Scold :
Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile, and let her frown with grace :
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen ;
Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene. 260

Deep let her wound, not rankle to a fore,
Nor call his Lordship —, her Grace a — :
The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
When wrapt in *Irony's* transparent veil :
Her beauties half conceal'd, the more surprize,
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes. 266

Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd :
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Bufa* chaste.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye :
 Whoe'er discharg'd Artillery on a Fly? 270
 Deride not Vice: Absurd the thought and vain,
 To bind the Tiger in so weak a chain.

Nay more : when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The Knave exults : to smile is to approve.
The Muse's labour then success shall crown, 275
When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what Measures to each Theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies. 280
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.

In artless numbers paint th' ambitious Peer
 That mounts the box, and shines a Charioteer :
 In strains familiar sing the midnight toil 285
 Of Camps and Senates disciplin'd by *Hoyle* ;
 Patriots and Chiefs, whose deep design invades
 And carries off the captive King—of *Spades* !
 Let SATIRE here in milder vigour shine,
 And gayly graceful sport along the line ; 290
 Bid courtly fashion quit her thin pretence,
 And smile each Affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
 Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muse's aid :
 When *crimes*, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
 Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day ; 296
 Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
 And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires ;
 When rank Adultery on the genial bed
 Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head : 300
 When private Faith and public Trust are sold,
 And Traitors barter Liberty for Gold :
 When fell Corruption, dark and deep, like fate,
 Saps the foundation of a sinking State :
 When Giant-Vice and Irreligion rise, 305
 On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies :
 Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
 And all her smiles are darken'd into rage :
 On eagle-wing she gains *Parnassus*' height,
 Not lofty EPIC soars a nobler flight : 310
 Then keener indignation fires her eye ;
 Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly ;

Wide

Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.

Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien, 315
And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene :
She wounds reluctant ; pours her balm with joy ;
Glad to commend where Worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when Virtue, Learning, Arts decline,
She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine ; 320
Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the close of Britain's day :
With joy she sees the stream of Roman art
From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart :
Sees YORKE to Fame, ere yet to Manhood known,
And just to ev'ry Virtue but his own : 326
Hears unstain'd CAM with gen'rous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name :
Beholds, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend : 330
To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view ;
And culls each flow'r, to form a Wreath for You.

But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round : 334
Truth be your guide : disdain Ambition's call ;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native lustre* that must shine ;
The Poet can but *set it* in his line :
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *sordid pebble* meanly grac'd with gold ? 340
Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,
For Shame attends on prostituted praise :

And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
But make us grieve you want an honest heart.

Nor think the Muse by SATIRE's Law confin'd :

She yields description of the noblest kind. 346

Inferior art the Landscape may design,

And paint the purple ev'ning in the line :

Her daring thought essays a higher plan ;

Her hand delineates Passion, pictures Man. 350

And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,

To paint the heart, and catch internal grace ;

By turns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,

Now bid a *Wolsey*, or a *Cromwell* rise ;

Now with a touch more sacred and refin'd, 355

Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind.

Here sweet or strong may ev'ry Colour flow :

Here let the pencil warm, the canvass glow :

Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,

And wake each striking feature into life. 360

P A R T III.

THROUGH Ages thus has SATIRE keenly shin'd,
 The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind :
 Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had sprung,
 And Man was guilty ere the Poet sung.
This Muse in silence joy'd each better Age, 365
 Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
 Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
 And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
 First on the Sons of *Greece* she prov'd her art,
 And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart *. 370
 To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew :
 The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS † drew ;
 With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,
 And conscious Villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then sportive HORACE ‡ caught the gen'rous fire ;
 For SATIRE's bow resign'd the sounding lyre : 376
 Each

NOTES.

* " Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo." HOR.

† " Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
 Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
 Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa." JUV. S. i.

‡ " Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
 Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso." PERS. S. i.

Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
Politely fly, cajol'd the foes of sense : 380
He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
But while he sported, drove it to the heart.

In graver strains majestic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought :
Greatly sedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign, 385
And lash'd Corruption with a calm disdain.

More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page,
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And swept audacious Greatness to its doom ; 390
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.

But lo ! the fatal Victor of Mankind !
Sworn *Luxury* !—pale *Ruin* stalks behind !
As countless Insects from the north-east pour, 395
To blast the Spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r :
So barb'rous Millions spread contagious death :
The sick'ning Laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the Poppy sprung. 400
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulness nodded in the Muse's grove :
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as Sense.

At length, again fair Science shot her ray, 405
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.

Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now, load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!
'Tis done!—See, great ERASMUS breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell! 410

(In vain the solemn Cowl furrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her four grimace,)
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reason urg'd by Wit. 414

'Twas then plain DONNE in honest vengeance rose,
His Wit harmonious, tho' his Rhyme was prose:
He 'midst an age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine sense, and Roman strength of thought.

Yet scarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muse records her Country's shame,)
Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence, 421
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Sense.

Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
Whom latest Time shall view with just disdain:
A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line 425
Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine;
Wit's shatter'd Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the sight.

Dry Morals the Court-Poet blush'd to sing:
'Twas all his praise to say, "*the oddest thing.*"
Proud for a jest obscene, a Patron's nod, 431
To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Ill-fated DRYDEN ! who unmov'd can see
 Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in Thee !
 Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred skies,
 Low creeping in the putrid sink of vice ; 436
 A Muse whom Wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
 The Pimp of Pow'r, the Prostitute to Gain :
 Wreaths that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
 To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants vilely thrown :
 Unrival'd parts, the scorn of honest fame ; 441
 And Genius rise, a Monument of shame !

More happy *France* : immortal BOILEAU there
 Supported Genius with a Sage's care :
 Him with her love propitious SATIRE blest, 445
 And breath'd her airs divine into his breast :
 Fancy and Sense to form his line conspire,
 And faultless Judgment guides the purest Fire,
 But see at length the *British* Genius smile,
 And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd Isle : 450
 Behold for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
 And centers ev'ry Poet's pow'r in *one* :
 Each *Roman*'s force adorns his various page,
 Gay smiles, corrected strength, and manly rage.
 Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight, 455
 As Spectres vanish at approaching light :
 In this clear Mirror with delight we view
 Each image justly fine, and boldly true :
 Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
 Beholds and hates her own deformity : 460

While

While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joy surveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But faintly to express the Poet's mind !
Who yonder Star's effulgence can display, 465
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray ?
Who paint a God, unless the God inspire ?
What catch the Lightning, but the speed of fire ?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy Genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own. 470
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove ;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant-tongue.
Next, to her Bard majestic Wisdom came ; 475
The Bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame :
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty Greatness bribe ;
At Fancy's call, who rear the wanton fail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale : 480
Sublimar views *thy* daring Spirit bound ;
Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round ;
Intent new Worlds of Wisdom to explore,
And bless Mankind with Virtue's sacred store ;
A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart ; 485
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic Wit shoots momentary fires,
And, like a Meteor, while we gaze, expires :

Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of Vice,
 Like the blue Light'ning, while it shines, destroys :
 But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray, 491
 Burns clear and constant, like the source of day :
 Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd,
 Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind ;
 Mildly dispels each wintry Passion's gloom, 495
 And opens all the Virtues into bloom.
 This Praise, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n :
 Thy Genius was indeed a *Gift* from Heav'n.
 Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line
 Reason and Wit, with strength collected shine ; 500
 Where matchless Wit but wins the second praise,
 Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.
 Did FRIENDSHIP e'er mislead thy wand'ring Muse ?
 That Friendship sure may plead the *great* excuse :
 That sacred Friendship which inspir'd thy Song,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong. 506
 Error like this ev'n Truth can scarce reprove ;
 'Tis almost Virtue when it flows from Love.

Ye deathless Names, ye Sons of endless praise,
 By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays ! 510
 Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
 Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire ?
 Or if, O WARBURTON ! inspir'd by You,
 The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
 By You inspir'd, on trembling pinion soar, 515
 The sacred founts of social bliss explore,

In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
And bid *her Country's Glory* fire her page :
If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end : 520
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit ;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline 525
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine ;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking Censer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed Bards may see,
That Guilt is doom'd to sink in Infamy. 530

A LETTER^a

TO

A NOBLE LORD^b,

ON OCCASION OF SOME LIBELS WRITTEN AND PROPAGATED AT COURT, IN THE YEAR 1732-3.

MY LORD,

Nov. 30, 1733.

YOUR Lordship's ^cepistle has been published some days, but I had not the pleasure and pain of seeing it till yesterday: Pain, to think your Lordship should attack me at all; Pleasure, to find that
you

^a This Letter (which was first printed in the Year 1733) bears the same place in our Author's prose that the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot does in his poetry. They are both Apologetical, repelling the libellous slanders on his Reputation: with this difference, that the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, his friend, was chiefly directed against *Grub-street Writers*, and this Letter to the Noble Lord, his enemy, against *Court Scribblers*. For the rest, they are both Master-pieces in their kinds; *That* in verse, more grave, moral, and sublime; *This* in prose, more lively, critical, and pointed; but equally conducive to what he had most at heart, the vindication of his moral Character: the only thing he thought worth his care in literary altercations; and the first thing he would expect from the good offices of a surviving Friend. WARBURTON.

^b Lord Hervey, who, together with Lady M. W. Montagu, had written some severe lines on him, but certainly after provocation on his part. Lord Hervey is satirized by him under the name of Lord Fanny, and Sporus. He was certainly affected. In one of his Letters from Bath, he says, "The Duchefs of Marlborough,

you can attack me so weakly. As I want not the humility, to think myself in every way but *one* your inferior, it seems but reasonable that I should take the only method either of self-defence or retaliation, that is left me against a person of your quality and power.

And

Marlborough, Congreve, and Lady Rich, are the only people whose faces I know, whose names I ever heard, or who, *I believe, have any names belonging to them.* The rest are a swarm of *wretched beings*, some with *half-limbs*, some with *none*, the ingredients of Pandora's Box PERSONIFIED," &c. Again, "I do not meet a *creature* without saying to myself, as Lady — did of her *femme de chambre*, 'Regardez cet animal, considérez ce neant, voila un bel ame pour etre immortel!'"

He was also very effeminate in person, and used paint. His speeches in Parliament prove he had more than "*florid impotence.*" He was Vice-Chamberlain and Privy-Seal to George II. There was an excellent caricature-print published of the combatants, when he fought with Pulteney. Sir Robert Walpole was drawn standing as Lord Hervey's Second. For further particulars of this Nobleman, I must refer to Mr. Coxe's Memoirs.

* Intituled, *An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court, Aug. 28, 1733*, and printed the November following for J. Roberts. Fol.

The following advertisement appeared in the Papers, 1733, respecting this Letter :

"Whereas a great demand hath been made for an *Answer* to "a certain scurrilous *Epistle* from a Nobleman to 'Dr. Sh-r-n ; "this is to acquaint the Public, that it hath been hitherto hindered by what seemed a denial of that *Epistle* by the Noble "Lord, in the Daily Courant of Nov. 22., affirming that no such "Epistle was written by him. But whereas that declaration hath "since been undeclared by the Courant ; this is to certify, that "unless the said Noble Lord shall this next week, in a manner as "public as the injury, deny the said Poem to be his, or contradict the aspersions therein contained, there will with all speed be "published, a *most proper* reply to the same.

"1733."

And as by your choice of this weapon, your pen, you generously (and modestly too, no doubt) meant to put yourself upon a level with me; I will as soon believe that your Lordship would give a wound to a man unarmed, as that you would deny me the use of it in my own defence.

I presume you will allow me to take the same liberty in my answer to so *candid, polite, and ingenious* a Nobleman, which your Lordship took in yours, to so *grave, religious, and respectable* a clergyman^d: As you answered his *Latin* in *English*, permit me to answer your *Verse* in *Prose*. And though your Lordship's reasons for not writing in *Latin*, might be stronger than mine for not writing in *Verse*, yet I may plead *Two good* ones, for this conduct:—the one that I want the talent of spinning *a thousand lines in a Day*^e, (which, I think, is as much *Time* as this subject deserves,) and the other, that I take your Lordship's *Verse* to be as much *Prose* as this letter. But no doubt it was your choice, in writing to a friend, to renounce all the pomp of Poetry, and give us this excellent model of the familiar.

When I consider the *great difference* betwixt the rank your Lordship holds in the *World*, and the rank which your *writings* are like to hold in the *learned world*, I presume that distinction of style is but
necessary,

^d Dr. S.

^e And *Pope*, with justice, of such lines may say,
 His Lordship spins a thousand in a day. Epist. p. 6.

neceſſary, which you will ſee obſerved through this letter. When I ſpeak of *you*, my Lord, it will be with all the deference due to the inequality which Fortune has made between you and myſelf: but when I ſpeak of your *writings*, my Lord, I muſt, I can do nothing but trifle:

I ſhould be obliged indeed to leſſen this *Reſpect*, if all the Nobility (and eſpecially the elder brothers) are but ſo many hereditary fools^f, if the privilege of Lords be to want brains^g, if noblemen can hardly write or read^h, if all their buſineſs is but to dreſs and voteⁱ, and all their employment in court, to tell lies, flatter in public, ſlander in private, be falſe to each other, and follow nothing but ſelf-intereſt^k. Bieſs me, my Lord, what an account is this you give of them? and what would have been ſaid of me, had I immolated, in this manner, the whole body of the Nobility, at the ſtall of a well-fed Prebendary?

Were it the mere *Exceſs* of your Lordſhip's *Wit*, that carried you thus triumphantly over all the bounds
of

^f That to good blood by old preſcriptive rules,
Gives right hereditary to be Fools.

^g Nor wonder that my Brain no more affords,
But recollect the privilege of Lords.

^h And when you ſee me fairly write my name;
For *England's* ſake wiſh all could do the ſame.

ⁱ Whiſt all our buſineſs is to dreſs and vote. Epift. p. 6.

^k Courts are only larger families,
The growth of each, few truths, and many lies:
in private ſatyriſe, in public flatter.

Few to each other, all to one point true;
Which one I ſhan't, nor need explain. Adieu.

of decency, I might consider your Lordship on your *Pegasus*, as a sprightly hunter on a mettled horse; and while you were trampling down all our works, patiently suffer the injury, in pure admiration of the *Noble Sport*. But should the case be quite otherwise, should your Lordship be only like a *Boy* that is *run away with*; and run away with by a *Very Foal*; really common charity, as well as respect for a noble family, would oblige me to stop your career, and to *help you down* from *this Pegasus*.

Surely the little praise of a *Writer* should be a thing below your ambition: You, who were no sooner born, but in the lap of the Graces; no sooner at school, but in the arms of the Muses; no sooner in the World, but you practised all the skill of it; no sooner in the Court, but you possessed all the art of it! Unrival'd as you are, in making a figure, and in making a speech, methinks, my Lord, you may well give up the poor talent of turning a Distich. And why this fondness for Poetry? Prose admits of the two excellencies you most admire, Diction and Fiction: It admits of the talents you chiefly possess, a most fertile invention, and most florid expression; it is with prose, nay the plainest prose, that you best could teach our nobility to vote, which you justly observe, is half at least of their business¹: And give me leave to prophesy, it is to your talent in prose, and not in verse,

to

¹ All their business is, to dress, and vote.

to your speaking, not your writing, to your art at court, not your art of poetry, that your Lordship must owe your future figure in the world.

My Lord, whatever you imagine, this is the advice of a Friend, and one who remembers he formerly had the honour of some profession of Friendship from you : Whatever was his *real share* in it, whether small or great, yet as your Lordship could never have had the least *Loss* by continuing it, or the least *Interest* by withdrawing it ; the misfortune of losing it, I fear, must have been owing to his own *deficiency* or *neglect*. But as to any *actual fault* which deserved to forfeit it in such a degree, he protests he is to this day guiltless and ignorant. It could at most be but a fault of *omission* ; but indeed by omissions, men of your Lordship's uncommon merit may sometimes think themselves so injured, as to be capable of an inclination to injure another ; who, though very much below their quality, may be above the injury.

I never heard of the least displeasure you had conceived against me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of ^m *Horace* had offended some persons, and among them your Lordship. I could not have apprehended that a few *general strokes* about a *Lord scribbling carelessly*, a *Pimp*, or a *Spy* at Court, a *Sharper* in a gilded chariot, &c. that these, I say, should be ever applied as they have been, by *any*
malice

* The first Satire of the second Book, printed in 1732.

malice but that which is the greatest in the world, *the Malice of Ill people to themselves.*

Your Lordship so well knows, (and the whole Court and Town through your means so well know,) how far the resentment was carried upon that imagination, not only in the *Nature* of the *Libel*^o you propagated against me, but in the extraordinary *manner, place, and presence*, in which it was propagated^p; that I shall only say, it seemed to me to exceed the bounds of justice, common sense, and decency.

I wonder yet more, how a *Lady*, of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry, (between whom and your Lordship there is a *natural, a just, and a well-grounded esteem*,) could be prevailed upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your resentments against me indeed might be equal, as my offence to you both was the same; for neither had I the least misunderstanding with that Lady, till after I was the *Author* of my own misfortune in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleasing to either of you; I assure you my reason for so doing, was merely that you had both *too much wit* for me^q; and that I could not do with
mine,

^o *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, afterwards printed by J. Roberts, 1732. fol.

^p It was for this reason that this Letter, as soon as it was printed, was communicated to the Queen.

^q Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing—a female Wit.

See the Letter to Dr. ARBUTHNOT, amongst the Variations.

mine, many things which you could with *yours*. The injury done you in withdrawing myself could be but small, if the value you had for me was no greater than you have been pleased since to profess. But surely, my Lord, one may say, neither the Revenge, nor the Language you held, bore any *proportion* to the pretended offence: The appellations of ^a *Foe* to *humankind*, an *Enemy* like the *Devil* to all that have *Being*; *ungrateful*, *unjust*, deserving to be *whipt*, *blanketed*, *kicked*, nay *killed*: a *Monster*, an *Assassin*, whose conversation every man ought to *shun*, and against whom *all doors* should be shut; I beseech you my Lord, had you the least right to give, or to encourage or justify any other in giving such language as this to me? Could I be treated in terms more strong or more atrocious, if during my acquaintance with you I had been a *Betrayer*, a *Backbiter*, a *Whisperer*, an *Eves-dropper*, or an *Informer*? Did I in all that time ever throw a *false Dye*, or palm a *foul Card* upon you? Did I ever *borrow*, *steal*, or accept, either *Money*, *Wit*, or *Advice* from you? Had I ever the honour to join with either of you in one *Ballad*, *Satire*, *Pamphlet*, or *Epigram*, on any person *living* or *dead*? Did I ever do you so great an *Injury* as to put off *my own verses* for *yours*, especially on *those Persons* whom they might *most offend*? I am confident you cannot answer in the affirmative; and I can truly affirm, that ever since I lost the happiness of

^a See the afore said *Verses* to the *Imitator* of *Horace*.

of your conversation, I have not published or written one syllable of or to either of you; never hitched your *names* in a *Verse*, or trifled with your *good names* in company. Can I be honestly charged with any other crime but an *Omission* (for the word *Neglect*, which I used before, slipped my pen unguardedly) to continue my admiration of you all my life, and still to contemplate, face to face, your many excellencies and perfections? I am persuaded you can reproach me truly with no great *Faults*, except my *natural ones*, which I am as ready to own, as to do all justice to the contrary *Beauties* in you. It is true, my Lord, I am short, not well shaped, generally ill-dressed, if not sometimes dirty: Your Lordship and Ladyship are still in bloom; your Figures such, as rival the *Apollo* of *Belvedere*, and the *Venus* of *Medicis*; and your faces so finished, that neither sickness or passion can deprive them of *Colour*; I will allow your own in particular to be the finest that ever *Man* was blest with: preserve it, my Lord, and reflect, that to be a Critic, would cost it too many *frowns*, and to be a Statesman, too many *wrinkles*! I further confess, I am now somewhat old; but so your Lordship and this excellent Lady, with all your beauty, will (I hope) one day be. I know your Genius and hers so perfectly *tally*, that you cannot but join in admiring each other, and by consequence in the contempt of all such as myself. You have both, in my regard, been

like—(your Lordship, I know, loves a *Simile*, and it will be one suitable to your *Quality*)—you have been like *Two Princes*, and I like a *poor Animal* sacrificed between them to cement a lasting league: I hope I have not bled in vain; but that such an amity may endure for ever! For though it be what common *understandings* would hardly conceive, *Two Wits* however may be persuaded that it is in friendship as in enmity, The more *danger* the more *honour*.

Give me the liberty, my Lord, to tell you, why I never replied to those *Verses* on the *Imitator* of *Horace*? They regarded nothing but my *Figure*, which I set no value upon; and my *Morals*, which, I knew, needed no defence: Any honest man has the pleasure to be conscious, that it is out of the power of the *Wittiest*, nay the *Greatest Person* in the kingdom, to lessen him *that way*, but at the expence of his own *Truth*, *Honour*, or *Justice*.

But though I declined to explain myself just at the time when I was fillily threatened, I shall now give your Lordship a frank account of the offence you imagined to be meant to you. *Fanny* (my Lord) is the plain English of *Fannius*, a real person, who was a foolish Critic, and an enemy of *Horace*: perhaps a Noble one, so (if your Latin be gone in earnest^s) I must

^s All I learn'd from Dr. Freind at school,
Has quite deserted this poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native English in its stead.

must acquaint you, the word *Beatus* may be construed ;

*Beatus Fannius ! ultro
Delatis capsis et imagine.*

This *Fannius* was, it seems, extremely fond both of his *Poetry* and his *Person*, which appears by the pictures and *Statues* he caused to be made of himself, and by his great diligence to propagate *bad Verses* at Court, and get them admitted into the library of *Augustus*. He was moreover of a delicate or *effeminate complexion*, and constant at the Assemblies and Operas of those days, where he took it into his head to *flander poor Horace* ;

Ineptus

Fannius, *Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli* ; till it provoked him at last just to name him, give him a *lash*, and send him whimpering to the *Ladies*.

Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

So much for *Fanny*, my Lord. The word *spins* (as Dr. *Freind* or even Dr. *Sherwin* could assure you) was the literal translation of *deduci* ; a metaphor taken from a *Silk-worm*, my Lord, to signify any *slight, filken*, or (as your Lordship and the Ladies call it) ' *flimsy* piece of work. I presume your Lordship has enough of this, to convince you there was nothing *personal* but to *that Fannius*, who (with all his fine accomplishments) had never been heard of, but for *that Horace* he injured.

In

‘ Weak texture of his flimsy brain.

In regard to the right honourable Lady, your Lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her^w, as that of *Sappho*; a name prostituted to every infamous Creature that ever wrote Verse or Novels. I protest I never *applied* that name to her in any verse of mine, *public* or *private*; (and I firmly believe) not in any *Letter* or *Conversation*. Whoever could invent a
Falsehood

^w Pope avers that he was far from designing a *Lady* of Lady Mary's condition by a name so derogatory to her as *Sappho*; yet that very *Sappho* is said to "wear diamonds*;" and he talks of meaning many *Sappho*'s, yet in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot he has

"Still *Sappho*———"

and

"Why she and *Sappho* rose that monstrous fum."

By which quotation, and several others, the unity is decided. It therefore remains to ascertain the person whom he intended to satirize; and it would not be difficult to select many passages in which Lady Mary is mentioned by name.

Pope says, he himself discontinued her acquaintance, because "*she had too much wit for him*." The explanatory note to which words, in Warburton's edition, consists of the following couplet:

"Once, and but once, his heedless youth was *bit*,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit."

Pope's avowed reason for discontinuing Lady Mary's acquaintance was, therefore, that she had outwitted him; and the *truth*, by the corrected lines,

"Yet soft by Nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was *bit*;"

is most fairly proved: for if he *were outwitted* by a female wit, and by *Sappho*, and yet outwitted but *once*, *Sappho* and Lady Mary must of course be the same identical person.

Dallaway's Memoirs of Lady M. W. Montagu.

* See argument further pursued in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1791, p. 420.

Falsehood to support an accusation, I pity ; and whoever can believe such a Character to be theirs, I pity still more. God forbid the Court or Town should have the complaisance to *join* in that opinion ! Certainly I meant it only of such modern *Sappho's*, as imitate much more the *Lewdness* than the *Genius* of the ancient one ; and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently bestow both the *Name* and the *Qualification* there mentioned*.

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a *Lady's* (on the printer's word in the title-page,) and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that *Sex* in *altercation* : For I never was so mean a creature as to commit my Anger against a *Lady* to *paper*, though but in a *private Letter*. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a Noble person of *real Honour* and *Truth*. Your Lordship indeed said you had it from a Lady, and the Lady said it was your Lordship's ; some thought the beautiful by-blow had *Two Fathers*, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) *Two Mothers* ; indeed I think *both Sexes* had a share in it, but which was *uppermost*, I know not : I pretend not to determine the exact method of this *Witty Fornication* : and if I call it *Yours*, my Lord

it

* From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

1 Sat. B. ii. HOR.

it is only because, whoever got it, you *brought it forth*.

Here, my Lord, allow me to observe, the different proceeding of the *Ignoble Poet*, and his *Noble Enemies*. What he has written of *Fanny*^{*}, *Adonis*, *Sappho*, or who you will, he owned he published, he set his name to: What they have *published* of him, they have denied to have *written*; and what they have *written* of him, they have denied to have *published*. One of these

* All the topics of contempt, ridicule, and satire that are used in this letter against Lord Hervey, had been used before, 1731, by the Author of a Reply to a late Scurrilous Libel; particularly the topics of the delicacy of his manners, and the foppery of his dress, and the effeminacy of his person. He is there said "to be such a composition of the two sexes, that it is difficult to distinguish which is most predominant." My friend Horace hath described him much better than I can:

"Quem si puellarum infereres choro,
Mire sagaces falleret hospites
Discrimen obscurum, solutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu."

And it is added, "Though it would be barbarous to handle such a delicate hermaphrodite, such a pretty little master-miss, too roughly, yet you must give me leave, my dear, to give you a little gentle correction for your good." Page 6.

Lord Hervey left behind him Memoirs of his own Times, said to be full of curious matter, and which, it is to be hoped, will one day be published; Mr. Hans Stanley told me he had read them.

In the second volume of the Letters of Voltaire, page 305, is a very long and curious letter to Lord Hervey, full of high encomiums on this Peer, and still higher of Louis XIV. and his reign. From whence it appears that Lord Hervey had made some objections to this work of Voltaire; and particularly for his intitling it, *The Age of Louis XIV.*

In a celebrated pamphlet, intitled *The Court Secret*, written on occasion of the death of Lord Scarborough, Lord Hervey was very severely satirized under the name of Ibrahim. 8vo. 1791.

these was the case in the past Libel, and the other in the present. For though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny in the most particular terms, to the great person whose opinion *concerned him most*. Yet, my Lord, this Epistle was a piece not written in *haste*, or in a *passion*, but many months after all pretended provocations ; when you was at *full leisure* at Hampton-court, and I the object *singled*, like a *Deer out of Season*, for so ill-timed and ill-placed a diversion. It was a *deliberate* work, directed to a *Reverend Person*^y, of the most *serious and sacred* character, with whom you are known to cultivate a *strict correspondence*, and to whom it will not be doubted but you open your *secret Sentiments*, and deliver your *real judgment* of men and things. This, I say, my Lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my *Reflection* and *Attention*. Your Lordship's opinion of me as a *Poet*, I cannot help ; it is yours, my Lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man ; but it is not yours *alone*, you must be content to share it with the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad*, and (it may be) with many *more innocent and ingenious men*. If your Lordship destroys my *poetical* character, *they* will claim their part in the glory : but, give me leave to say, if my *moral* character be ruined, it must be *wholly* the work of *your Lordship* ; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I *myself co-operate*.

How

How can you talk (my most worthy Lord) of all *Pope's Works* as so many *Libels*, affirm, that *he has no invention* but in *Defamation*^a, and charge him with *selling another man's labours printed with his own name*^b; Fye, my Lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the *Odyssey*. I can only suppose your Lordship (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) despised to look upon the *Translation*; and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the Translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my Lord, when you said he *sold* another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he *bought* them, which very much *alters the Case*. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your Lordship. I dare not affirm that he was as *well paid* as *some Writers* (much his inferiors) have been since; but your Lordship will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to *buy* or *sell* scribbling so high: and that I have neither *Place, Pension*, nor *Power* to reward for *Secret Services*. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least *Envy* to such an author as I: but were that *possible*, it were much better gratified by employing *not your own*, but some of *those low and ignoble pens* to do you this mean office.

a

To his eternal shame

Prov'd he can ne'er invent but to defame.

b And sold Broom's labours printed with Pope's name. P. 7.

office. I dare engage you will have them for less than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not raised the market: Let them drive the bargain for you, my Lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) Verses, as these of your Lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot *Curl* do the same? nay has he not done it before your Lordship, in the same *kind of Language*, and almost the *same words*? I cannot but think the worthy and *discreet clergyman* himself will agree, it is *improper*, nay *unchristian*, to expose the *personal* defects of our brother: that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same *Maker*; who *fashioneth his Vessels* as he pleaseth, and that it is not from their *shape* we can tell whether they are made for *honour* or *dishonour*. In a word, he would teach you Charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my Lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a Poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my Lord, as to the *Obscurity of my Birth*, (a reflection copy'd also from Mr. *Curl* and his brethren,) I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my *Family* in the same leaf with your Lordship's: but my Father had the honour in one instance to resemble you, for he was a *younger Brother*.

Brother. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his *elder Brother*, though he had one who wanted some of those good qualities which *yours* possessed. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young Nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much *Wit* and *Honour* as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as to my Father, I could assure you, my Lord, that he was no mechanic, (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your Lordship yet better, a Cobler,) but, in truth, of a very tolerable family : And my Mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that ^c*Lady*, whom your Lordship made choice of to be the *Mother of your own Children* ; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a *better present* than even the noble blood they derive *only* from *you*. A mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect, as to say, she *spoiled me*^d. And a Father, who never found himself obliged to say of me that he *disapproved my conduct*. In a word, my Lord, I think it enough that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a *Blush* ; and that their Son, such as he is, never cost them a *Tear*.

I have purposely omitted to consider your Lordship's Criticisms on my *Poetry*. As they are exactly
the

^c Pope's former acquaintance, Mary Le Pell, now Lady Hervey. See Note at the end.

^d A noble Father's heir spoil'd by his mother.

His Lordship's account of himself, p. 7.

the same with those of the *forementioned Authors*, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to *you* what belongs to *them*; or paid more distinction to the *same things* when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be shewing both them and you (my Lord) a *more particular respect*, to observe how much they are honoured by *your Imitation of them*, (which indeed is carried through your whole Epistle. I have read somewhere at *School*, (though I make it no *Vanity* to have forgot where,) that *Tully* naturalized a few phrases at the instance of some of his friends. Your Lordship has done more in honour of these Gentlemen; you have authorized not only their *Affertions*, but their *Style*. For example, *A Flow that wants skill to restrain its ardour,—A Dictionary that gives us nothing at its own expence.—As luxuriant branches bear but little fruit, so Wit unprun'd is but raw fruit—While you rehearse ignorance, you still know enough to do it in Verse—Wits are but glittering ignorance.—The account of how we pass our time—and The Weight on Sir R. W—'s brain, You can ever receive from no head more than such a head (as no head) has to give: Your Lordship would have said, never receive instead of ever, and any head instead of no head: but all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language.*

You are merry, my Lord, when you say, *Latin and Greek*

Have quite deserted your poor *John Trot-head*,
And left plain native English in their stead;

for (to do you justice) this is nothing less than *plain English*. And as for your *John Trot-head*, I can't conceive why you should give it that name; for by some* papers I have seen sign'd with that name, it is certainly a head *very different* from your Lordship's.

Your Lordship seems determined to fall out with every thing you have learned at school: you complain next of a *dull Dictionary*,

That gives us nothing at his own expence,
But a few modern words for ancient Sense.

Your Lordship is the first man that ever carried the love of Wit so far, as to expect a *witty Dictionary*. A Dictionary that gives us *any thing but words*, must not only be an *expensive* but a very *extravagant Dictionary*^f. But what does your Lordship mean by its giving us but *a few modern words for ancient Sense*? If by *Sense* (as I suspect) you mean *words*, (*a mistake not unusual*,) I must do the Dictionary the justice to say, that he gives us *just as many modern words as ancient ones*. Indeed, my Lord, you have more need to complain of a bad Grammar than of a dull Dictionary.

Doctor

* See some Treatises printed in the Appendix to the *Craftsman*, about that time.

WARTON.

^f Pope takes this opportunity of paying a compliment to his friend Bolingbroke, who was chiefly concerned in the *Craftsman*, a periodical publication, whose pointed shafts were all levelled against Sir Robert Walpole's administration.

Doctor *Freind*, I dare answer for him, never taught you to talk

of Sapphic, Lyric, and Iambic Odes.

Your Lordship might as well bid your present Tutor, your Taylor, make you a *Coat, Suit of Cloaths*, and *Breeches*: for you must have forgot your Logic, as well as Grammar, not to know, that Sapphic and Iambic are both included in Lyric; that being the *Genus*, and those the *Species*,

For all cannot *invent* who can *translate*,

No more than those who *clothe* us, can *create*.

Here your Lordship seems in labour for a meaning. Is it that you would have *Translations, Originals*? for it is the common opinion, that the *business* of a Translator is to *translate*, and not to *invent*; and of a Taylor to *cloath*, and not to *create*. But why should you, my Lord; of all mankind, abuse a Taylor? not to say *blaspheme* him; if he can (as some think) at least go halves with God Almighty in the formation of a *Beau*. Might not Dr. *Sherwin* rebuke you for this, and bid you *Remember your Creator in the days of your youth*?

From a *Taylor*, your Lordship proceeds (by a beautiful gradation) to a *Silkman*.

Thus *P—pe* we find

The gaudy *Hinchcliff* of a beauteous mind.

Here too is some ambiguity. Does your Lordship use *Hinchcliff* as a *proper name*? or as the Ladies say a *Hinchcliff* or a *Colmar*, for a *Silk* or a *Fan*? I will venture to affirm, no Critic can have a perfect taste
of

of your Lordship's works, who does not understand both your *Male Phrase* and your *Female Phrase*.

Your Lordship, to finish your Climax, advances up to a *Hatter*; a Mechanic, whose Employment, you inform us, is not (as was generally imagined) to *cover people's heads*, but to *dress their brains*^f. A most useful Mechanic indeed! I cannot help wishing to have been one, for some people's sake.—But this too may be only another *Lady-Phrase*: Your Lordship and the Ladies may take a *Head-dress* for a *Head*, and understand, that to *adorn the Head* is the same thing as to *dress the Brains*.

Upon the whole, I may thank your Lordship for this high Panegyric: For if I have but *dressed up Homer*, as your *Taylor, Silkman, and Hatter have equipped your Lordship*, I must be owned to have dressed him *marvellously indeed*, and no wonder if he is *admired by the Ladies*^g.

After all, my Lord, I really wish you would learn your *Grammar*. What if you put yourself awhile under the Tuition of your Friend *W——m*? May not I with all respect say to you, what was said to *another Noble Poet* by Mr. Cowley, *Pray, Mr. Howard*^h, *if you did read your Grammar, what harm would it do you?* You yourself wish all Lords would
learn

^f For this Mechanic's like the Hatter's pains,
Are but for dressing other people's brains.

^g ——— by Girls admir'd. P. 6.

^h The Honourable Mr. Edward Howard, celebrated for his poetry.

*learn to write*ⁱ; though I do not see of what use it could be, if their whole business is to *give their Votes*^k: It could only be serviceable in *signing their Protests*. Yet surely this small portion of learning might be indulged to your Lordship, without any Breach of that *Privilege*^l you so generously assert to all those of your rank, or too great an Infringement of that *Right*^m which you claim as *Hereditary*, and for which, no doubt, your Noble Father will thank you. Surely, my Lord, no Man was ever so bent upon depreciating himself!

All your Readers have observed the following Lines :

How oft we hear some Witling pert and dull,
By fashion Coxcomb, and by nature Fool,
With hackney Maxims, in dogmatic strain,
Scoffing Religion and the Marriage chain ?
Then from his Common-place-book he repeats,
The Lawyers all are rogues, and Parsons cheats,
'That Vice and Virtue's but a jest,
And all Morality Deceit well-drest ;
That Life itself is like a wrangling game, &c.

The whole Town and Court (my good Lord) have heard *this Witling* ; who is so much every body's acquaintance

ⁱ And when you see me fairly write my name,
For England's sake with all Lords did the same.

^k —All our business is to dress and vote. P. 4.

^l The want of brains. Ibid.

^m To be fools. Ibid.

acquaintance but his own, that I will engage *they all name the same Person*. But to hear you say, that this is only—*of whipt Cream a frothy Store*, is a sufficient proof, that never mortal was endued with so humble an opinion both of himself and his own Wit, as your Lordship: For, I do assure you, these are by much the best Verses in your whole Poem.

How unhappy is it for me, that a Person of your Lordship's *Modesty* and *Virtue*, who manifests so tender a regard to *Religion*, *Matrimony*, and *Morality*; who, though an ornament to the Court, cultivate an exemplary Correspondence with the *Clergy*; nay, who disdain not charitably to converse with, and even assist, some of the very worst of Writers (so far as to cast a few *Conceits*, or drop a few *Antitheses*, even among the *Dear Joys* of the *Courant*); that you, I say, should look upon Me alone as reprobate and unamendable! Reflect what *I was*, and what *I am*. I am even *annihilated* by your anger: For in these Verses you have robbed me of *all power to think*ⁿ, and, in your others, of the very *name* of a *Man*! Nay, to shew that this is wholly your own doing, you have told us that before I wrote my *last Epistles*, (that is, before I unluckily mentioned *Fanny* and *Adonis*, whom, I protest, I knew not to be your Lordship's Relations,) *I might have lived and died in glory*^o.

What

ⁿ P—e, who ne'er cou'd think. P. 7.

^o In glory then he might have liv'd and dy'd. Ibid.

What would I not do to be well with your Lordship? Though, you observe, I am a mere *Imitator* of *Homer*, *Horace*, *Boileau*, *Garth*, &c. (which I have the less cause to be ashamed of, since they were *Imitators of one another*), yet what if I should solemnly engage never to imitate *your* Lordship? May it not be one step towards an accommodation, that while you remark my *Ignorance in Greek*, you are so good as to say, you have *forgot your own*? What if I should confess I translated from *D'Acier*? That surely could not but oblige your Lordship, who are known to prefer *French* to all the learned Languages. But allowing that in the space of *twelve years* acquaintance with *Homer*, I might unhappily contract as much *Greek* as your Lordship did in *Two* at the University, why may not I, forget it again as happily?

Till such a reconciliation take effect, I have but one thing to entreat of your Lordship. It is, that you will not decide of my *Principles* on the same grounds as you have done of my *Learning*: Nor give the same account of my *Want of Grace*, after you have lost all acquaintance with my *Person*, as you do of my *Want of Greek*, after you have confessedly lost all acquaintance with the *Language*. You are too generous, my Lord, to follow the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad* quite so far, as to seek my utter *Perdition*; as *Nero* once did *Lucan's*, merely for presuming to be a *Poet*, while one of so much greater quality was a

Writer. I therefore make this humble request to your Lordship, that the next time you please *to write of me, speak of me, or even whisper of me*^p, you will recollect it is full *eight Years* since I had the honour of *any conversation or correspondence* with your Lordship, except *just half an hour* in a Lady's Lodgings at Court, and then I had the happiness of her being present all the time. It would therefore be difficult even for your Lordship's penetration to tell, to what, or from what *Principles, Parties, or Sentiments*, Moral, Political, or Theological, I may have been converted, or perverted in all that time, I beseech your Lordship to consider the injury a Man of your *high Rank and Credit* may do to a *private Person*, under *Penal Laws* and many other disadvantages, not for want of *honesty or conscience*, but merely perhaps for having *too weak a head, or too tender a heart*^q. It is by *these alone* I have hitherto lived excluded from all *posts of Profit or Trust*: As I can interfere with the *Views* of no man, do not deny me, my Lord, *all that is left*, a little *Praise*, or the common *Encouragement* due, if not to my *Genius*, at least to my *Industry*.

Above all, your Lordship will be careful not to wrong my *Moral Character* with THOSE^r under whose

^p "The *whisper*, that, to greatness still too near,

"Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear."

Epist. to Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

^q See Letters to Bishop ATTERBURY, Lett. iv.

^r The K. and Q.

whose *Protection* I live, and through whose *Lenity* alone I can live with Comfort. Your Lordship, I am confident, upon consideration will think, you inadvertently went a little *too far* when you recommended to THEIR perusal, and strengthened by the weight of your Approbation, a *Libel*, mean in its reflections upon my poor *figure*, and scandalous in those on my *Honour* and *Integrity*: wherein I was represented as “*an Enemy* to Human Race, a *Murderer* of Reputations, and a *Monster* marked by God like *Cain*, deserving to wander accursed through the world.”

A strange Picture of a Man, who had the good fortune to enjoy many friends, who will be always remembered as the first ornaments of their Age and Country; and no Enemies that ever contrived to be heard of, except Mr. *John Dennis*, and your Lordship: A Man, who never wrote a line in which the *Religion* or *Government* of his Country, the *Royal Family*, or their *Ministry*, were disrespectfully mentioned; the Animosity of any one Party gratified at the expence of another; or any Censure past, but upon *known Vice*, *acknowledged Folly*, or *aggressing Impertinence*. It is with infinite pleasure he finds, that *some Men*, who seem *ashamed* and *afraid* of *nothing else*, are so very sensible of *his Ridicule*: And it is for that very reason he resolves (by the grace of God, and your Lordship's good leave)

That, while he breathes, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.

This, he thinks, is rendering the best Service he can to the Public, and even to the good Government of his Country ; and for this, at least, he may deserve some Countenance, even from the GREATEST PERSONS in it. Your Lordship knows of WHOM I speak. Their NAMES I shall be as sorry, and as much ashamed to place near *yours*, on such an occasion, as I should be to see *You*, my Lord, placed so near *their* PERSONS, if you could ever make so ill an Use of their Ear^s as to asperse or misrepresent any innocent man.

This is all I shall ever ask of your Lordship, except your pardon for this tedious Letter. I have the honour to be, with equal *Respect* and *Concern*,

My Lord,

Your truly devoted Servant,

A. POPE.

NOTWITHSTANDING Pope's violent agitation and anger against Lord Hervey, it is pleasing to see him pay a handsome compliment to his old acquaintance, Lady Hervey: "That Lady, whom your Lordship made choice of to be the mother of *your own children*; whose *merit, beauty, and vivacity*, if transmitted to your posterity, will be a *better present* than even the *noble blood* they derive from *you*."

She

She had by Lord Hervey four sons and four daughters. Caroline, the youngest daughter, is mentioned by Churchill, as amply inheriting her mother's "*merit, beauty, and vivacity.*"

"That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,
Those pow'rs of pleasing, with that will to please;
By which LEPELL, when in her youthful days,
Ev'n from the curriish POPE extorted praise,
We see transmitted in her daughter shine,
And view a new LEPELL in CAROLINE."

That her wit and vivacity remained, when her bloom of beauty was past, will appear from the following original Letter from her to Dodington, which I offer as a curiosity :

"Paris, Oct. 7th, 1755.

"I did not venture to write to you till I could tell you with certainty that my journey was fixed, &c. If you will send the *Porpus*, or the *ambling Dolphin* (for I do not chuse the *Whales*), I shall prefer them to the *Packet-boat*, &c.

"I heard last month from Mr. Morris, who is charmed with your house, with yourself, and with your reception of him. You have, by your kindness to him, very effectually obliged two very *honest*, sincere, and insignificant people.

"I received a few days ago, with the greatest pleasure, the news of our friend Mr. Fox's being in the situation I have so long wished for him. I believe you will be as much pleased with it as I am; and I am sure there is nothing he desires more, than that you should be so: his future situation must chiefly depend on the success of his first act of administration, the support of the subsidies to Russia and Hesse-Cassel; the chief, nay, probably, the only question of dispute this Session. Whoever therefore wishes him well, must and will join him in the support of that measure. Judge, therefore, how much I desire to hear you will be of that number, &c.

"I hope at my return I shall have the satisfaction of seeing all these things go on as I wish, and the pleasure of often giving a little dinner to a small but chosen company, of which you can easily guess *two*. What you need not *guess*, but be sure of, is the truth, esteem, and regard, with which I am, dear Sir,

"Your very faithful and obedient humble servant."

THAT the reader may judge of the spirit of satirical abuse, which called forth this indignant reply, I have thought it best to insert the most material parts; from which he will be enabled to see, at one view, the *force* of the Answer to the several passages. It should be remembered, that Pope was the aggressor (notwithstanding what he says) in satirising Lord H. as *Lord Fanny*, and Lady M. W. Montagu as *Sappho*:

VERSES *addressed to the Imitator of the first Satire of the second Book of Horace.*

“ IN two large columns on thy motley page,
Where Roman wit is strip’d with English rage;
Where ribaldry to satire makes pretence,
And modern scandal rolls with ancient sense:
Whilst on one side we see how Horace thought;
And on the other how he never wrote:
Who can believe, who view the bad, the good,
That the dull copyist better understood
That spirit, he pretends to imitate,
Than heretofore that Greek he did translate?

“ Thine is just such an image of *his* pen,
As thou thyself art of the sons of men:
Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
A sign-post likeness of the human race;
That is at once resemblance and disgrace.

“ Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear,
You only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer:
His style is elegant, his diction pure,
Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure;
Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure.——

“ Then whilst with coward hand you stab a name,
And try at least t’ assassinate our fame,
Like the first bold assassins be thy lot,
Ne’er be thy guilt forgiven, or forgot;
But as thou hat’st, be hated by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind,
Mark’d on thy back, like Cain, by God’s own hand,
Wander, like him, accursed through the land.”

Extract from the Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity (Dr. Sherwin).

[The passages are printed in Italics, to which Pope replies.]

“ *Guiltless of thought, each Blockhead* may compose
 This nothing-meaning Verse, as well as Prose ;
 And Pope with justice of such lines may say,
 His Lordship “ *spins a thousand such a day.*”
 Such Pope himself might write, who *ne’er* could think,
 He who at *crambo* plays with pen and ink,
 And is call’d Poet, ’cause in rhyme he wrote
 What Dacier constru’d, and what Homer thought.
 But in reality this jingler’s claim——
 A judge of writing would no more admit,
 Than each dull *Dictionary*’s claim to wit,
 That nothing gives you at its own expence,
 But a few modern words for ancient sense.
 ’Tis thus whate’er Pope writes, he’s forc’d to go
 To beg a *little sense*, as school-boys do :
 For all cannot invent who can translate,
 No more than those who *clothe* us can *create*.
 When we see Celia shining in brocade,
 Who thinks ’tis *Hinchcliff* all the *beauty* made ?
 And Pope in his best works we only find,
 The gaudy *Hinchcliff* of a beauteous mind.
 To bid his genius work without that aid,
 Would be as much mistaking of his trade,
 As ’twould to bid your *Hatter make a head* ;
 Since this *Mechanic*’s, like the other’s pains,
 Are all for *dressing other people’s brains,*” &c.

This is “ *Impar congressus Achilli!*”

I ought to mention, that Mr. Hayley thinks Pope was *not* the aggressor in this wretched personal business ; and that *Lady Mary’s Verses ought to be suppressed*. From all I have read, I am convinced Pope *was* the aggressor. Mr. Hayley’s chief argument against the supposition, is Pope’s “ *ipse dixit.*” *Valeat quantum valere potest* ; but while Pope’s scandalous couplet remains, I do not see why the “ *Audi alteram*” should be denied to the Lady.

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS,

BY

GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

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NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I. P. II.

Ver. 41. ——— YONDER argent fields above.—

Milton's phrase, in Par. Lost, iii. 460.

Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd ;
Those *argent fields* more likely habitants,
Translated faints or middle spirits, hold.

Ver. 43. Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That Wisdom Infinite must from the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man.

" Since *infinite wisdom* not only established the end, but directed
" the means, the system of the universe must necessarily be *the best*
" *of all possible systems.*"——" It implies no contradiction to say,
" that God made a system of creation *infinitely wise, and the best of*
" *all possible systems.*"——" It might be determined in the divine
" ideas, that there should be a gradation of life and intellect
" throughout the universe. In this case *it was necessary, that there*
" *should be some creatures at our pitch of rationality—from the insect*
" *up to man.*" Bolingbroke, Frag. 43 and 44. Compare below
ver. 239 to 241.

Again in Fragment 49. " If a gradation of animal beings
" appeared necessary or fit—to the supreme or divine reason
" and intention—; why should not we be the creatures we
" are?"

Ver. 51. Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.

" The lowest employments to which legislators and magistrates
" subject some of the persons they govern in political societies,
" considered

“ considered as parts of a general system, wherein the most minute
 “ are necessary to make the whole complete, compose an end
 “ worthy of them.” Bolingbroke, Frag. 49.

“ The seeming imperfection of the parts is necessary to the real
 “ perfection of the whole.” Frag. 50.

Ver. 53. In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain :
 In God's, one single can its end produce,
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

“ *We labour hard*, we complicate various means to arrive at one
 “ end ; and several systems of conduct are often employed by us to
 “ bring about *some one* paultry purpose : but God neither contrives,
 “ nor executes like man. His means are simple, his purposes
 “ various ; and the same system, that answers the greatest, an-
 “ swers the least.” Bolingbroke, Frag. 43.—Again, in Frag. 63.
 “ *In the works of men*, the most complicated schemes produce,
 “ very hardly and very uncertainly, one single effect : *in the works*
 “ *of God*, *one single scheme produces a multitude of different effects*, and
 “ answers an immense variety of purposes.”

And in Frag. 43. “ We ought to consider the world we inhabit
 “ no otherwise than as *a little wheel* in our solar system ; nor our
 “ solar system any otherwise than as a little but larger wheel in
 “ the immense machine of the universe ; and both the one and the
 “ other necessary, perhaps, to the motion of the whole, and to the
 “ pre-ordained revolutions in it.”

Ver. 267. All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
 That (chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same ;
 Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame)
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

The sentiments of this passage are not original : but such a preg-
 nant concentration of them into poetic numbers of the most beau-
 tiful

tiful embellishment was not to be achieved but by the powers of our unrivalled artist.

A passage from *Clemens Alexandrinus* will not be unseasonable here, Strom. ii. sect. 19. ed. Oxon. "The Stoics assert, that "Nature, meaning God, extends even to plants, and seeds, and "trees, and stones." And our Poet is certainly indebted to the following verses of Mrs. *Chandler*, on Solitude:

Earth's verdant scenes, the all-surrounding skies,
Employ my wond'ring thoughts, and feast my eyes;
Nature in ev'ry object points the road,
Whence Contemplation wings my soul to God.
He's all in all: his wisdom, goodness, pow'r,
Spring in each blade, and bloom in ev'ry flow'r;
Smile o'er the meads, and bend in ev'ry hill,
Glide in the stream, and murmur in the rill:
All Nature moves obedient to his will:
Heav'n shakes, earth trembles, and the forests nod,
When awful thunders speak the voice of God.

In this passage there are some lines after the very best manner of *Pope* himself. *Dryden*, in the State of Innocence, where he imitates some well-known lines of the sixth *Æneid*, was probably also in our Poet's recollection: Act v.

Where'er thou art, he is; th' eternal mind
'Acts thro' all places, is to none confin'd;
Fills ocean, earth, and air, and all above,
And thro' the universal mass does move.

These sublime sentiments were derived from the Greek philosophers, and may be found in Cicero, Virgil, Lucan, Apuleius, and many others.

Ver. 285. Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

"If death translate us, we change our state, but we are still the "creatures of the same God. He made us to be happy here; he "may make us happy in another system of being." Bolingbroke, *Fragm.* 51. And again soon after: "Let the tranquillity "of my mind rest on this immoveable rock, that my future, as "well as my present, state is ordered by an almighty and all-wise
"Creator."

“ Creator.” And in *Fragm.* 67. “ Be there two worlds, or
 “ be there twenty, the same God is the God of all ; and, where-
 “ ever we are, we are equally in his power.”

EPISTLE II. P. 63.

Ver. 3. Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state ;
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great.

This is a pleasing variation from the similitude of his preceptor ; which, however, might probably suggest the former clause of the second verse. “ This is the condition of humanity. *We are placed* “ as it were, *in an intellectual twilight*, where we discover but few “ things clearly, and none entirely ; and yet see just enough to “ tempt us with the hope of making better and more discoveries.” *Bolingbroke's Letters to Pope.*

Ver. 23. Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair.

It was the opinion of Plato and his followers, that every thing excellent or great in man and the universe, and even the universe itself, were but adumbrations of the perfect archetypes of excellence, previously existing in the divine mind, and emanations from it. The reader will find some pleasing illustrations of this doctrine in *Spencer's Hymn to Heavenlie Beauty*, and in the eighteenth song of *Drummond's Poems*, part ii. but the passages are too long for quotation in this place. This notion will reflect light on *Milton's Par. Lost*, vii. 557. where the expression derives its colouring from that Platonic theory :

Thence to behold this new created world,
 Th' addition of his empire ; how it show'd
 In prospect from his throne, *how good, how fair :*
Answering his great idea.

EPISTLE III. P. 101.

Ver. 45. While man exclaims, “ See all things for my use !”
 See man for mine !” exclaims a pamper'd goose.

Cowley, in his *Plagues of Ægypt*, stanza i.

All creatures the Creator said were thine :

No creature but might since say, “ *Man is mine !*”

a passage

a passage, which our poet might have in view ; as well as *Gay*, in fable 49. part i. where the sentiment itself is happily illustrated throughout :

When with huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend,
The Snail looks round on flow'r and tree,
And cries, " All these were made for me ! "

" The hypothesis, that assumes the world made for man, and man solely to be happy, is not founded in reason, and is contradicted by experience." *Bolingbroke*, *Fragm.* 43.

Ver. 112. On mutual wants built mutual happiness.

" We are designed to be social, not solitary creatures. *Mutual wants* unite us : and natural benevolence and political order, on which our *happiness* depends, are founded in them." *Bolingbroke*, *Fragm.* 51. So *Gray*, very beautifully, in his unfinished *Essay* :

" While mutual wishes, mutual woes, endear ;
The social smile, and sympathetic tear."

Ver. 124. They love themselves, a third time, in their race.

" As our parents loved themselves in us, *so we love ourselves in our children*, and in those to whom we are most nearly related by blood. Thus far instinct improves self-love. Reason improves it further. We love ourselves in our neighbours and in our friends.—We love ourselves in loving the political body whose members we are ; and we love ourselves, when we extend our benevolence to all mankind." *Bolingbroke*, *Fragm.* 51. with which compare below, ver. 134.

VER. 249. She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's
found,

When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they.

This is exactly *Lucretius*, v. 1217.

Præterea, cui non animus formidine Divum
Contrahitur, cui non conrepunt membra pavore,
Fulminis horribili cum plagâ torrida tellus
Contremittit, et magnum percurrunt murmura cælum ?
Non populi gentesque tremunt, regesque superbi—?
Denique, sub pedibus tellus cum tota vacillat,

Concuſſæque cadunt urbes, dubiæque minantur ;
 Quid mirum, ſi ſe temnunt mortalia ſæcla,
 Atque poteſtates magnas miræque relinquunt
 In rebus vireis Divûm, quæ cuncta gubernent ?

What boſom ſhrinks not with an awe divine,
 Whoſe fleſh with terror creeps not, when the ground,
 Smit with the ſtroke of thunder, flaming, ſhakes,
 And murmurs roll through the long vault of heaven ?
 Quake not whole nations with their haughty kings ?
 When Earth's broad ſurface rocks beneath our feet,
 When craſhing cities fall, or tottering threat,
 What wonder, if frail man himſelf deſpiſe ;
 If wond'rous powers, and vaſt, to Gods he give,
 To guide this univerſe with boundleſs ſway ?

EPISTLE IV. P. 145.

Ver. 107. Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
 When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death ?
 Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me ?

Archbiſhop *Sheldon*, and others, muſt ſhare in this praiſe of the good biſhop of Marſeilles ; ſee Pennant's London, p. 328. and the two miniſters of Tideſwell in Derbyſhire ; ſee Dr. Aikin's Environs of Manchester, p. 485. And in the former couplet our poet might profit from ſome anonymous verſes in *Dryden's* Miſcellanies, vi. p. 76.

When Nature ſickens, and with fainting breath
 Struggles beneath the bitter pangs of death :
 as the third verſe is a palpable imitation of *Virgil*, *Æn.* x. 861,
Rhœbe, diu, res ſi qua diu mortalibus ulla eſt,
Viximus.

O Rhœbus, we have liv'd too long for me,
 If life and long were terms that could agree.

Dryden.

Ver. 289. In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray !
 Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
 From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe ;
 In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man.

Now

Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill-exchang'd for gold.
 'Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Oh wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame !
 What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas ! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day ;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale, that blends their glory with their shame !

I have extracted the whole of this sublime invective, that the particular aspect of our satirist on the circumstances of *Marlborough's* life may be more distinctly seen amidst this general censure of military glories.

The second clause of the first verse, and the second couplet, relate to his intrigue with the Duchess of *Cleveland*, for which I refer the reader to the *Biographia Britannica*, vol. iii. p. 563, or *Lediard's* life, pp. 18 and 19.

The third and fourth couplets have a view to his supposed speculation as commander in chief, and his prolongation of the war on this account, to which we must refer also the discarded variation at his first Moral Essay, ver. 86.

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
 Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread :
 As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought ;
 Now save a people, and now save a groat.

The sixth couplet is explained by that charge of avarice which is usually brought against him, and which gave rise to that epigram upon the bridge in *Blenheim-Park* :

The spacious arch his vast ambition shows ;
 The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

The application of the following lines to his Duchess, the palace at *Blenheim*, and his second infancy, so finely touched by *Johnson* in his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, is too obvious to need more than a simple admonition to direct the attention of the reader.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER. P. 197.

Ver. 17. What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away ;
 For God is paid when Man receives :
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Athenaus, in his compilations, ii. 3. quotes a passage from *Alexis*, which contains a pleasing sentiment of the same complexion, as follows :

Let Fortune's fav'rites in broad sunshine live,
 And God's benignity display to all.
 Then, only then, the bounteous Donor reaps
 His recompense, when man enjoys the boon.
 The niggard and penurious, who shuts up
 The stores cœlestial with close-handed care,
 He views displeas'd, and soon withdraws the gift.

Ver. 49. To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies.

Lucan, ix. 578. has an admirable passage of this kind :

Estne Dei sedes, nisi terra, et pontus, et ær,
 Et cœlum, et virtus ? Superos quid quærimus ultra ?
 Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.
 Is there a place, that God would choose to love
 Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heaven above,
 And virtuous minds, the noblest throne of Jove ?
 Why seek we farther then ? Behold around,
 How all thou seest does with the God abound ;
 Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.

Rowe.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I. P. 207.

Ver. 256. *Euclio* was designed for *Sir Charles Duncombe* of *Helmſley*; who is alluded to again in *Imitations of Horace*, ii. Sat. ii. fin.

And *Helmſley*, once proud *Buckingham's* delight,
Slides to a ſcriv'ner, or a *city knight* :

and who divided his eſtates in *Yorkſhire* and *Wilts* among different branches of his family. B.

See note A. in the *Biog. Brit. Art. Duncombe William*.

EPISTLE II. P. 245.

Ver. 17. Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !

Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air ;

Chufe a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it

Catch, e'er ſhe change, the *Cynthia* of this minute.

This paſſage, of elegance ſo exquisitely curious, is indebted for the original conception to *Cowley*, *David*. ii. 807.

This he with ſtarry vapours ſpangles all,

Took in their prime, e'er they grow ripe and fall :

Of a new rainbow, e'er it fret or fade,

The choicest piece took out, the ſcarf is made.

EPISTLE III. P. 271.

Ver. 127. The crown of *Poland*, venal twice an age,

To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt *Gage*.

But nobler ſcenes *Maria's* dreams unfold,

Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.

Congenial ſouls ! whoſe life one av'rice joins,

And one fate buries in th' *Aſturian* mines.

A *Mr. Gage*, of *Sir Thomas Gage's* family, of *Hengrave*, I think, near *Bury*, *Suffolk*; and *Lady Mary Herbert* (daughter of the *Marquis of Powis*), whoſe mother was a natural daughter
of

of James II. ; whence the phrase *hereditary* realms. In Bowles's *Travels into Spain*, is some account of this scheme of working the Asturian mines. B.

Ver. 291. When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end.

Edmund Boulter, Esq. executor to Vulture Hopkins, made so splendid a funeral for him, that the expences amounted to 7666l. B.

Ver. 333. Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue ! and Wealth ! what are ye but a name ?"

Dion Cassius, xlvii. 49. "Brutus made an effort to force his way
"from the strong position, whither he had retreated, into the
"camp ; but, finding this impracticable and learning that some
"of his soldiers had submitted to the conquerors, he abandoned
"himself to despair : but, disdaining captivity, he resolved on
"death ; and desired some of his attendants to dispatch him,
"after he had repeated with a loud voice that exclamation of
"Hercules, in the Tragedy :

"Ah ! hapless Virtue ! deem'd a truth by me ;

"But Fortune's slave thou wert, and a mere empty name."

EPISTLE IV. P. 321.

Ver. 117. Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

An author of congenial taste ; and, on a similar subject, has made use of this most happy couplet :

And scatter'd clumps, that nod at one another,
Each stiffly waving at its formal brother.

* Landscape, ii. 6.

a poem, which the elegant and ingenious author, by a few lectures on versification, relative to modes of expression too undignified for poetry, and a languishing imbecillity of numbers, would soon polish into greater excellence. The address of Sir Edward Winington is an admirable specimen of fine taste and noble sentiment.

Ver.

Ver. 149. *The soft Dean* is said to be Dr. *Alured Clarke*, Dean of Peterborough. B.

Ver. 204. These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

From *Dryden's Virgil*, vi. 1177.

Those are imperial arts, and worthy thee.

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